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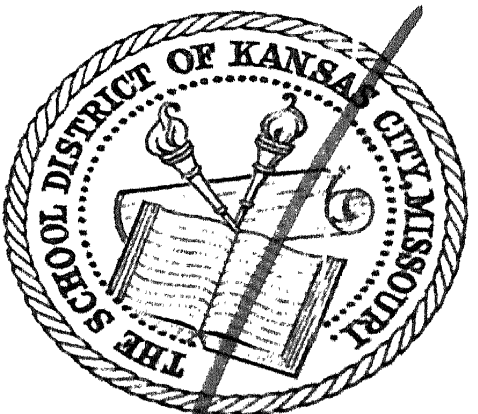

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MISSOURI LITERATURE.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

Under the head of Missouri Literature are included selections from the literary productions of writers identified with the State either by birth or by residence. If an author was born in Missouri, no matter where he afterwards lived and wrote, he is counted as a Missouri writer; and, on the other hand, no matter where an author was born, if his book was written on the soil of Missouri, he also is included. On this basis of inclusion, Mark Twain, for instance, born in Missouri, and John N. Edwards, born in Virginia, are both represented in this collection.

In the matter of selection, hundreds of books have been read, and the greatest care has been taken to avoid fragmentary extracts. The selections will be found complete in themselves and readily understood apart from the context. It will, doubtless, cause surprise to some of our readers to find that many names of well-known books and writers of distinction are omitted altogether. Numerous selections had to be laid aside because of the refusal of publishers to make any concession in the matter of copyright, or because, on the final revision, the selection seemed to

represent unfairly the work from which it was taken or to be unsuitable for the purposes of this collection, designed primarily for use in the schools of the State as supplementary reading. But with all our care and pains there is no doubt much good literature we have failed to secure. The more important omissions we shall note, as attention is called to them, with the expectation of including them in a second volume.

In the choice of selections we found it necessary to restrict ourselves, for the most part, to publications in book form. There is an abundance of literary material appearing from time to time in newspapers and magazines, well written and of interest to Missourians, but, if we had attempted to include all that was worthy from a literary point of view, this little book would have expanded into several volumes. It will be readily observed also that some of the selections were chosen on account of their historical interest and are not to be judged wholly from a literary standpoint. Several of these are taken from books now out of print and inaccessible to a majority of readers; to the present generation, therefore, they will be fresh and entertaining, and should prove, moreover, of great interest to all Missourians, young or old, who feel a justifiable pride in the early history of our State.

It is a matter of regret that some of the familiar verses of Eugene Field had to be left out altogether, but the publishers who own the copyright, Messrs. Chas. Scribner's

Sons, have seen fit to decline every request on our part for permission to include them in this collection.

It gives us pleasure to make grateful acknowledgement to publishers and authors who have generously allowed us to use the selections from books owned by them. This acknowledgment will be found under the title of each selection. The selections in verse were taken mostly from "A Little Book of Missouri Verse," edited by Mr. J. S. Snoddy, to whom we feel specially indebted for the free use we have made of his book. In this connection we wish to make special mention of the very full bibliography of Missouri writers, prepared with great care, through years of laborious research, by F. A. Sampson, Esq., of Sedalia, Missouri, to whose labor of love we are indebted for most valuable aid in the preparation of this book. It is a pleasure to record here that Mr. Sampson has generously presented his extensive library of Missouri authors to the State Historical Society, to be deposited in the University of Missouri.

In the copying of selections we have followed closely the text, but we have not hesitated occasionally to make slight verbal changes whenever for the sake of clearness it seemed desirable. We shall be thankful to any reader who will kindly send us a note of any error or omission which may be detected.

R. H. J.
E. A. A.

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MISSOURI LITERATURE.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

By MARK TWAIN.

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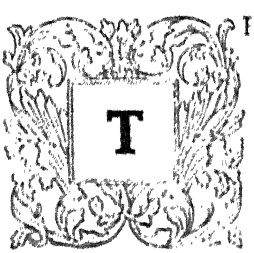


HE Mississippi is well worth reading about. It is not a commonplace river, but on the contrary is in all ways remarkable. Considering the Missouri, its main branch, it is the longest river in the world—four thousand three hundred miles. It seems safe to say that it is also the crookedest river in the world, since in one part of its journey it uses up one thousand three hundred miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in six hundred and seventy-five. It discharges three times as much water as the St. Lawrence, twenty-five times as much as the Rhine, and three hundred and thirty-eight times as much as the Thames. No other river has so vast a drainage-basin: it draws its water supply from twenty-eight States and Territories; from Delaware, on the Atlantic seaboard, and from all the country between

that and Idaho on the Pacific slope—a spread of forty-five degrees of longitude. The Mississippi receives and carries to the Gulf water from fifty-four subordinate rivers that are navigable by steamboats, and from some hundreds that are navigable by flats and keels. The area of its drainage-basin is as great as the combined areas of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Turkey; and almost all this wide region is fertile; the Mississippi valley, proper, is exceptionally so.

It is a remarkable river in this: that instead of widening toward its mouth, it grows narrower; grows narrower and deeper. From the junction of the Ohio to a point half way down to the sea, the width averages a mile in high water: thence to the sea the width steadily diminishes, until, at the "Passes," above the mouth, it is but little over half a mile. At the junction of the Ohio the Mississippi's depth is eighty-seven feet; the depth increases gradually, reaching one hundred and twenty-nine just above the mouth.

The difference in rise and fall is also remarkable—not in the upper, but in the lower river. The rise is tolerably uniform down to Natchez (three hundred and sixty miles above the mouth)—about fifty feet. But at Bayou La Fourche the river rises only twenty-four feet; at New Orleans only fifteen, and just above the mouth only two and one-half.

An article in the New Orleans "Times-Democrat," based upon reports of able engineers, states that the river annually empties four hundred and six million tons of mud into the Gulf of Mexico—which brings to mind Captain Marryat's rude name for the Mississippi—"the Great Sewer." This mud, solidified, would make a mass a mile square and two hundred and forty-one feet high.

The mud deposit gradually extends the land—but only gradually; it has extended it not quite a third of a mile in the two hundred years which have elapsed since the river took its place in history. The belief of the scientific people is, that the mouth used to be at Baton Rouge, where the hills cease, and that the two hundred miles of land between there and the Gulf was built by the river. This gives us the age of that piece of country, without any trouble at all—one hundred and twenty thousand years. Yet it is much the youthfulest batch of country that lies around there anywhere.

The Mississippi is remarkable in still another way—its disposition to make prodigious jumps by cutting through narrow necks of land, and thus straightening and shortening itself. More than once it has shortened itself thirty miles at a single jump. These cut-offs have had curious effects: they have thrown several river towns out into the rural districts, and built up sandbars and forests in front of them. The town of Delta used to be three miles below Vicksburg: a recent cut-off has radically changed the position, and Delta is now two miles above Vicksburg.

Both of these river towns have been retired to the country by that cut-off. A cut-off plays havoc with boundary lines and jurisdictions: for instance, a man is living in the State of Mississippi to-day, a cut-off occurs to-night, and to-morrow the man finds himself and his land over on the other side of the river, within the boundaries and subject to the laws of the State of Louisiana. Such a thing, happening in the upper river in the old times, could have transferred a slave from Missouri to Illinois and made a free man of him.

The Mississippi does not alter its locality by cut-offs alone: it is always changing its habitat *bodily*—is always moving bodily

sidewise. At Hard Times, Louisiana, the river is two miles west of the region it used to occupy. As a result, the original site of that settlement is not now in Louisiana at all, but on the other side of the river, in the State of Mississippi. Nearly the whole of that one thousand three hundred miles of old Mississippi River which La Salle floated down in his canoes, two hundred years ago, is good solid dry ground now. The river lies to the right of it, in some places, and to the left of it in other places.

Although the Mississippi's mud builds land but slowly, down at the mouth, where the Gulf's billows interfere with its work, it builds fast enough in better protected regions higher up: for instance, Prophet's Island contained one thousand five hundred acres of land thirty years ago; since then the river has added seven hundred acres to it.

Let us drop the Mississippi's physical history, and say a word about its historical history—so to speak.

The date 1542, standing by itself, means little or nothing to us; but when one groups a few neighboring historical dates and facts around it, he adds perspective and color, and then realizes that this is one of the American dates which is quite respectable for age.

For instance, when the Mississippi was first seen by a white man, less than a quarter of a century had elapsed since Francis I.'s defeat at Pavia; the death of Raphael; the death of Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche;* the driving out of the Knights-Hospitallers from Rhodes by the Turks; and the placarding of the Ninety-Five Propositions—the act which began the Reformation. When De Soto took his glimpse of the river, Ignatius Loyola was an obscure name; the order of the Jesuits was not yet a year old; Michael Angelo's paint was not yet dry on the Last

Judgment in the Sistine Chapel; Mary Queen of Scots was not yet born, but would be before the year closed. Catherine de Medici was a child; Elizabeth of England was not yet in her teens; Calvin, Benvenuto Cellini, and the Emperor Charles V. were at the top of their fame, and each was manufacturing history after his own peculiar fashion; Margaret of Navarre was writing the "Heptameron" and some religious books—the first survives, the others are forgotten, (wit and indelicacy being sometimes better literature-preservers than holiness); lax court morals and the absurd chivalry business were in full feather, and the joust and the tournament were the frequent pastime of titled fine gentlemen who could fight better than they could spell, while religion was the passion of their ladies, and the classifying their offspring into children of full rank and children by brevet their pastime. In fact, all around, religion was in a peculiarly blooming condition: the Council of Trent was being called; the Spanish Inquisition was roasting, and racking, and burning, with a free hand; elsewhere on the continent the nations were being persuaded to holy living by the sword and fire; in England, Henry VIII. had suppressed the monasteries, burnt Fisher and another bishop or two, and was getting his English reformation and his harem effectively started. When De Soto stood on the banks of the Mississippi, it was still two years before Luther's death; eleven years before the burning of Servetus; thirty years before the St. Bartholomew slaughter; Rabelais was not yet published; "Don Quixote" was not yet written; Shakspeare was not yet born; a hundred long years must still elapse before Englishmen would hear the name of Oliver Cromwell.

Unquestionably the discovery of the Mississippi is a datable fact which considerably mellows and modifies the shiny newness

of our country, and gives her a most respectable outside-aspect of rustiness and antiquity.

De Soto merely glimpsed the river, then died and was buried in it by his priests and soldiers. One would expect the priests and the soldiers to multiply the river's dimensions by ten—the Spanish custom of the day—and thus move other adventurers to go at once and explore it. On the contrary, their narratives when they reached home, did not excite that amount of curiosity. The Mississippi was left unvisited by whites during a term of years which seems incredible in our energetic days. One may "sense" the interval to his mind, after a fashion, by dividing it up in this way: After De Soto glimpsed the river, a fraction short of a quarter of a century elapsed, and then Shakspeare was born; lived a trifle more than half a century, then died; and when he had been in his grave considerably more than half a century, the *second* white man saw the Mississippi. In our day we don't allow a hundred and thirty years to elapse between glimpses of a marvel. If somebody should discover a creek in the county next to the one that the North Pole is in, Europe and America would start fifteen costly expeditions thither: one to explore the creek, and the other fourteen to hunt for each other.

For more than a hundred and fifty years there have been white settlements on our Atlantic coasts. These people were in intimate communication with the Indians; in the south the Spaniards were robbing, slaughtering, enslaving, and converting them; higher up, the English were trading beads and blankets to them for a consideration, and throwing in civilization and whiskey "for lagniappe;" and in Canada the French were schooling them in a rudimentary way, missionarying among them, and drawing whole populations of them at a time to Que-

bec, and later to Montreal, to buy furs of them. Necessarily, then, these various clusters of whites must have heard of the great river of the far west; and indeed, they did hear of it vaguely—so vaguely and indefinitely, that its course, proportions, and locality were hardly even guessable. The mere mysteriousness of the matter ought to have fired curiosity and compelled exploration; but this did not occur. Apparently nobody happened to want such a river, nobody needed it, nobody was curious about it; so, for a century and a half the Mississippi remained out of the market and undisturbed. When De Soto found it, he was not hunting for a river, and had no present occasion for one; consequently he did not value it or even take any particular notice of it.

But at last La Salle the Frenchman conceived the idea of seeking out that river and exploring it. It always happens that when a man seizes upon a neglected and important idea, people inflamed with the same notion crop up all around. It happened so in this instance.

Naturally the question suggests itself, Why did these people want the river now when nobody had wanted it in the five preceding generations? Apparently it was because at this late day they thought they had discovered a way to make it useful; for it had come to be believed that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of California, and therefore afforded a short cut from Canada to China. Previously the supposition had been that it emptied into the Atlantic, or Sea of Virginia.

LEWIS AND CLARK'S EXPEDITION.—UP THE MISSOURI TO THE PLATTE.

By Lewis and Clark.

From History of the Expedition under the command of Lewis and Clark, ed. Elliott Coues, 4 vols. New York: Frances P. Harper. Copyright, 1893, by F. P. Harper.

ON the acquisition of Louisiana, in the year 1803 (April 30th), the attention of the Government of the United States was earnestly directed toward exploring and improving the new territory. Accordingly, in the summer of the same year, an expedition was planned by the President (Jefferson) for the purpose of discovering the courses and sources of the Missouri, and the most convenient water communication thence to the Pacific ocean. His private secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, and Captain William Clark, both officers of the Army of the United States, were associated in the command of this enterprise. After receiving the requisite instructions, Captain Lewis left the seat of Government (July 5th, 1803), and being joined by Captain Clark at Louisville, in Kentucky, proceeded to St. Louis, where they arrived in the month of December. Their original intention was to pass the winter at La Charrette, the highest settlement on the Missouri. But the Spanish commandant of the province, not having received an official account of its transfer to the United States, was obliged by the general policy of his government to prevent strangers from passing through the Spanish territory. They therefore camped at the mouth of Wood (Du Bois) river, on the

eastern side of the Mississippi, out of his jurisdiction, where they passed the winter in disciplining the men, and making the necessary preparations for setting out early in the spring before which the cession was officially announced.

The party consisted of two officers; nine young men from Kentucky; fourteen soldiers of the United States Army, who had volunteered their services; two French watermen (Cruzatte, Labiche); an interpreter and hunter (Drewyer); and a black servant (York) belonging to Captain Clark. All these, except the last, were enlisted to serve as privates during the expedition, and three sergeants (Floyd, Ordway, Pryor) were appointed from among them by the captains. In addition to these were engaged a corporal and six soldiers, and nine watermen, to accompany the expedition as far as the Mandan nation, in order to assist in carrying the stores, or in repelling an attack, which was most to be apprehended between Wood river and that tribe. The necessary stores were subdivided into seven bales, and one box containing a small portion of each article in case of accident. They consisted of a great variety of clothing, working utensils, locks, flints, powder, ball, and articles of the greatest use. To these were added fourteen bales and one box of Indian presents, distributed in the same manner, and composed of richly laced coats and other articles of dress, medals, flags, knives, and tomahawks for the chiefs, with ornaments of different kinds, particularly beads, looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, paints, and generally such articles as were deemed best calculated for the taste of the Indians. The party was to embark on board of three boats; the first was a keel-boat 55 feet long, drawing three feet of water, carrying one large square-sail and 22 oars. A deck of ten feet in the bow and stern formed a forecastle and cabin, while the middle was covered by lockers,

which might be raised so as to form a breastwork in case of attack. This was accompanied by two perioques or open boats, one of six and the other of seven oars. Two horses were at the same time to be led along the banks of the river for the purpose of bringing home game, or hunting in case of scarcity.

All the preparations being completed, we left our camp on Monday, May 14th, 1804. This spot is at the mouth of Wood (Du Bois) river, a small stream which empties into the Mississippi on the east side, opposite the entrance of the Missouri Not being able to set sail before 4 p. m., we did not make more than four miles, and camped on the first island, opposite a small creek called Cold-water.

May 15th. The rain, which had continued yesterday and last night, ceased this morning. We then proceeded, and after passing two small islands about ten miles further, stopped for the night at Piper's landing, opposite another island. The water is here very rapid, and the banks are falling in. We found that our boat was too heavily laden in the stern, in consequence of which she ran on logs three times to-day. It became necessary to throw the greatest weight on the bow of the boat, a precaution very necessary in ascending both the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, in the beds of which lie great quantities of concealed timber.

The next morning (May 16th) we set sail at five o'clock. At the distance of a few miles, we passed a remarkable large coal hill on the north side, called by the French, La Charbonniere, and arrived at the town of St. Charles at 2 p. m. Here we remained a few days.

St. Charles is a small town on the north bank of the Missouri, about 21 miles from its confluence with the Mississippi. It is situated in a narrow plain, sufficiently high to protect it

from the annual rising of the river in June, and at the foot of a range of small hills, which have occasioned its being called Petite Cote, a name by which it is more known to the French than by that of St. Charles. One principal street, about a mile in length and running parallel with the river, divides the town, which is composed of nearly 100 small wooden houses, besides a chapel. The inhabitants, about 450 in number, are chiefly descendants from the French of Canada. In their manners they unite all the careless gayety and amiable hospitality of the best times of France. Yet, like most of their countrymen in America, they are but ill qualified for the rude life of the frontier. Not that they are without talent, for they possess much natural genius and vivacity; not that they are destitute of enterprise, for their hunting excursions are long, laborious and hazardous; but their exertions are all desultory; their industry is without system and without perseverance. The surrounding country, therefore, though rich, is not generally well cultivated; the inhabitants chiefly subsist by hunting and trade with the Indians, and confine their culture to gardening, in which they excel.

LEWIS AND CLARK'S EXPEDITION—DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT FALLS.

By Lewis and Clark.

From History of the Expedition under the command of Lewis and Clark, ed. Elliott Coues, 4 vols. New York: Francis P. Harper. Copyright, 1893, by F. P. Harper.

THEY left camp at sunrise, and ascending the river-hills went for six miles in a course generally southwest, over a country which though more waving than that of yesterday, may still be considered level. At the extremity of this course they overlooked a most beautiful plain, where were infinitely more buffalo than we had ever before seen at a single view. To the southwest arose from the plain two mountains of a singular appearance more like ramparts of high fortifications than works of nature. They are square figures with sides rising perpendicularly to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, formed of yellow clay, and the tops seemed to be level plains. Finding that the river here bore considerably to the south, and fearful of passing the falls before reaching the Rocky mountains, they changed their course to the south, and leaving those insulated hills to the right, proceeded across the plain.

In this direction Captain Lewis had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water, and as he advanced a spray, which

seemed driven by the high southwest wind, arose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Toward this point he directed his steps; the noise increased as he approached, and soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for anything but the Great Falls of the Missouri. Having traveled seven miles after first hearing the sound, he reached the falls about twelve o'clock. The hills as he approached were difficult of access and two hundred feet high. Down these he hurried with impatience; and, seating himself on some rocks under the center of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object, which since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert, unknown to civilization.

The river immediately at this cascade is three hundred yards wide, and is pressed in by a perpendicular cliff on the left, which rises to about one hundred feet and extends up the stream for a mile; on the right the bluff is also perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or one hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice of at least eighty feet. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself with a more rapid current, but being received as it falls by the irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below, forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam, two hundred yards in length and eighty in perpendicular elevation. This spray is dissipated into a thousand shapes, sometimes flying up in columns of fifteen or twenty feet which are then oppressed by larger masses of the white foam, on which the sun impresses the brightest colors of the rainbow. As it rises from the fall it beats with fury against

a ledge of rocks which extend across the river at one hundred and fifty yards from the precipice. From the perpendicular cliff on the north, to the distance of one hundred and twenty yards, the rocks rise only a few feet above the water; when the river is high the stream finds a channel across them forty yards wide and near the higher parts of the ledges which then rise about twenty feet and terminate abruptly within eighty or ninety yards of the southern side. Between them and the perpendicular cliff on the south the whole body of water runs with great swiftness. A few small cedars grow near this ridge of rocks, which serves as a barrier to defend a small plain of about three acres, shaded with cottonwood, at the lower extremity of which is a grove of the same tree, where are several Indian cabins of sticks; below the point of them the river is divided by a large rock, several feet above the surface of the water, and extending down the stream for twenty yards. At the distance of three hundred yards from the same ridge is a second abutment of solid perpendicular rock about sixty feet high, projecting at right angles from the small plain on the north for one hundred and thirty-four yards into the river. After leaving this, the Missouri again spreads itself to its usual distance of three hundred yards, though with more than its ordinary rapidity.

The hunters who had been sent out now returned loaded with buffalo meat, and Captain Lewis camped for the night under a tree near the falls. The men were again dispatched to hunt for food against the arrival of the party, and Captain Lewis walked down the river to discover, if possible, some place where the canoes might be safely drawn on shore, in order to be transported beyond the

falls. He returned, however, without discovering any such spot, the river for three miles below being one continued succession of rapids and cascades, overhung with perpendicular bluffs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high; in short, it seems to have worn itself a channel through the solid rock. In the afternoon they caught in the falls some of both kinds of the white fish, and half a dozen trout from sixteen to twenty-three inches long, precisely resembling, in form and in the position of the fins, the mountain or speckled trout of the United States, except that the specks of the former are of a deep black, while those of the latter are of a red or gold color. They have long sharp teeth on the palate and tongue, and generally a small speck of red on each side, behind the front ventral fins; the flesh is of a pale yellowish-red, or when in good order of a rose-colored red.

June 14. This morning one of the men (J. Fields) was sent to Captain Clark with an account of the discovery of the falls, and after employing the rest in preserving the meat which had been killed yesterday, Captain Lewis proceeded to examine the rapids above. From the falls he directed his course southwest up the river. After passing one continued rapid, and three small cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached at the distance of five miles a second fall. The river is about four hundred yards wide, and for the distance of three hundred yards throws itself over to the depth of nineteen feet, so irregularly that he gave it the name of Crooked Falls. From the southern shore it extends obliquely upward about one hundred and fifty yards, and then forms an acute angle downward nearly to the commencement of four small islands, close to the

northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards the water glides down a sloping rock, with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall. Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward.

While viewing this place Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and crossing the point of a hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature.

The whole of the Missouri is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile. Over this the water precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet to the perpendicular depth of fifty feet, whence dashing against the rocky bottom it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presented was indeed singularly beautiful, since, without any of the wild, irregular sublimity of the lower falls, it combined all the regular elegances which the fancy of a painter would select to form a beautiful waterfall. The eye had scarcely been regaled with this charming prospect, when at the distance of half a mile, Captain Lewis observed another of a similar kind. To this he immediately hastened, and found a cascade stretching across the whole river for a quarter of a mile, with a descent of fourteen feet, though the perpendicular pitch was only six feet. This too, in any other neighborhood, would have been an object of great magnificence; but after what he had just seen, it became of secondary interest. His curiosity being, however, awak-

ened, he determined to go on, even should night overtake him, to the head of the falls.

He therefore pursued the southwest course of the river, which was one constant succession of rapids and small cascades, at every one of which the bluffs grew lower, or the bed of the river became more on a level with the plains. At the distance of two and one-half miles he arrived at another cataract, of twenty-six feet. The river is here six hundred yards wide, but the descent is not immediately perpendicular, though the river falls generally with a regular and smooth sheet; for about one-third of the descent a rock protrudes to a small distance, receives the water in its passage, and gives it a curve. On the south side is a beautiful plain, a few feet above the level of the falls; on the north, the country is more broken, and there is a hill not far from the river. Just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river, well covered with timber. Here on a cottonwood tree an eagle had fixed her nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it, and which is further secured by the mist rising from the falls. This solitary bird could not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls, which now proves to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to the height. Just above this is a cascade of about five feet, beyond which, as far as could be discerned the velocity of the water seemed to abate.

Captain Lewis now ascended the hill which was behind him, and saw from its top a delightful plain, extending

from the river to the base of the Snow (Rocky) mountains, to the south and southwest. Along this wide level country the Missouri pursued its winding course, filled with water to its even and grassy banks, while, about four miles above, it was joined by a large (Medicine or Sun) river, flowing from the northwest through a valley three miles in width, and distinguished by the timber which adorned its shores. The Missouri itself stretches to the south in one unruffled stream of water, as if unconscious of the roughness it must soon encounter, and bearing on its bosom vast flocks of geese; while numerous herds of buffalo are feeding on the plains which surround it.

Captain Lewis then descended the hill, and directed his course toward the river falling in from the west. He soon met a herd of at least 1,000 buffalo, and being desirous of providing for supper, shot one of them. The animal immediately began to bleed, and Captain Lewis, who had forgotten to reload his rifle, was intently watching to see him fall, when he beheld a large brown bear which was stealing on him unperceived, and was already within twenty steps. In the first moment of surprise he lifted his rifle, but remembering instantly that it was not charged, and that he had no time to reload, he felt that there was no safety but in flight. It was in the open level plain—not a bush nor a tree within three hundred yards, the bank of the river sloping and not more than three feet high, so that there was no possible mode of concealment. Captain Lewis therefore thought of retreating in a quick walk, as fast as the bear advanced, toward the nearest tree; but as soon as he turned, the bear ran open-mouthed and at full speed upon him. Captain Lewis ran about eighty yards, but

finding that the animal gained on him fast, it flashed on his mind that, by getting into the water to such a depth that the bear would be obliged to attack him swimming, there was still some chance of his life; he therefore turned short, plunged into the river about waist deep, and facing about presented the point of his espontoon. The bear arrived at the water's edge within twenty feet of him; but as soon as he put himself in this posture of defense, the bear seemed frightened, and wheeling about, retreated with as much precipitation as he had pursued. Very glad to be released from this danger, Captain Lewis returned to the shore, and observed him run with great speed, sometimes looking back as if he expected to be pursued, till he reached the woods. He could not conceive the cause of the sudden alarm of the bear, but congratulated himself on his escape when he saw his own track torn to pieces by the furious animal, and learned from the whole adventure never to suffer his rifle to be a moment unloaded.

He now resumed his progress in the direction which the bear had taken, toward the western (Sun) river, and found it a handsome stream about two hundred yards wide, and its banks wide, apparently deep, with a gentle current; its waters clear, and its banks, which were formed principally of dark brown and blue clay, about the same height as those of the Missouri—that is, from three to five feet. What is singular is, that the river does not seem to overflow its banks at any season, while it might be presumed, from its vicinity to the mountains, that the torrents arising from the melting of the snows would sometimes cause it to swell beyond its limits. . The contrary fact would induce a belief that the Rocky mountains yield their snows

very reluctantly and equably to the sun, and are not often drenched by very heavy rains. This river is no doubt that which the Indians call Medicine river, which they mentioned as emptying into the Missouri just above the falls.

After examining Medicine river, Captain Lewis set out at half past six o'clock in the evening, on his return to the camp, which he estimated to be at the distance of twelve miles. In going through the low grounds on Medicine river, he met an animal which at a distance he thought was a wolf; but on coming within sixty paces, it proved to be some brownish-yellow animal standing near its burrow, which, when he came nigh, crouched, and seemed as if about to spring on him. Captain Lewis fired, and the beast disappeared in its burrow. From the track and the general appearance of the animal he supposed it to be of the tiger kind. He then went on; but, as if the beasts of the forest had conspired against him, three buffalo bulls, which were feeding with a large herd at the distance of half a mile, left their companions and ran at full speed toward him. He turned round, and unwilling to give up the field advanced toward them. When they came within one hundred yards they stopped, looked at him for some time, and then retreated as they came. He now pursued his route in the dark, reflecting on the strange adventures and sights of the day, which crowded on his mind so rapidly that he would have been inclined to believe it all enchantment, if the thorns of the prickly-pear, piercing his feet, had not dispelled at every moment the illusion. He at last reached the party who had been very anxious for his safety, and who had already decided on the route which each should take in the morning to look for him. Being

much fatigued, he supped and slept well during the night.

June 15. The men were again sent out, to bring in the game Drewyer killed yesterday and to procure more. They also obtained a number of fine trout, and several small catfish, weighing about four pounds, and differing from the white catfish lower down the Missouri. On awaking this morning Captain Lewis found a large rattlesnake coiled on the trunk of a tree under which he had been sleeping. He killed it and found it like those we have seen before, differing from those of the Atlantic states, not in its colors, but in the form and arrangement of them; it had one hundred and seventy-six scuta on the abdomen, and seventeen half-formed scuta on the tail. There is a heavy dew on the grass about camp every morning, which no doubt proceeds from the mist of the falls, as it takes place nowhere in the plains or on the river, except here.

THE PARTING.

By William Vincent Byars.

She was a maiden, sweet and tender;
He was a soldier, young and gay;
The hand she gave was white and slender;
He kissed it twice and rode away.

Ah, war must rend true hearts asunder!
He rode away—she stayed and wept;
Next day she heard the cannon's thunder
Far off where charging squadrons swept.

The flower she gave—her soldier wore it
In the fierce battle's rushing tide.
Straight to the cannon's mouth he bore it,
And kissed it twice before he died.

DANIEL BOONE.

By Bryan and Rose.

From "A History of the Pioneer Families of Missouri," by Wm. S. Bryan and Robert Rose. St. Louis: Bryan, Brand & Co. Copyright, 1876, by William S. Bryan.

ONE of the pioneers of Missouri, who is still living, in St. Charles county, in his 79th year, and who knew Daniel Boone intimately, as a youth knows an old man, thus describes his personal appearance during the last nineteen years of his life.

"He was below the average height of men, being scarcely five feet eight inches, but was stout and heavy, and, until the last year or two of his life, inclined to corpulency. His eyes were deep blue, and very brilliant, and were always on the alert, passing quickly from object to object, a habit acquired, doubtless, during his hunting and Indian fighting experiences. His hair was gray, but had been originally light brown or flaxen, and was fine and soft. His movements were quick, active and lithe, his step soft and springy, like that of an Indian. He was nearly always humming or whistling some kind of tune, in a low tone; another habit of his lonely days in the woods. He was never boisterous or talkative, but always cool and collected, and, though he said but little, his words carried weight with them, and were respected and heeded by his hearers. I never saw him angry or disconcerted in the least, and his manners were so kind and gentle towards every one, that all who knew him loved him. During the last year or two of his life, he became feeble and emaciated, and

could no more enjoy himself at his favorite pastime of hunting; but his grand spirit never faltered or clouded, and, to the day of his death, he was the same serene, uncomplaining man he had always been."

The historian Peck, who visited Boone in 1818, two years before his death, thus speaks of him:

"In boyhood I had read of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, the celebrated hunter and Indian-fighter; and imagination had portrayed a rough, fierce-looking, uncouth specimen of humanity and unattractive old man. But in every respect the reverse appeared. His high, bold forehead was slightly bald, and his silvered locks were combed smooth; his countenance was ruddy and fair, and exhibited the simplicity of a child. His voice was soft and melodious. A smile frequently played over his features in conversation. At repeated interviews, an irritable expression was never heard. His clothing was the coarse plain manufacture of the family; but everything about him denoted that kind of comfort, which was congenial to his habits and feelings, and evinced a happy old age. * * * * * *

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, October 22, 1734.

When Daniel was a small boy, his father removed to Berks county, not far from Reading, which was then a frontier settlement, exposed to assaults from the Indians and abounding with game. Panthers, wild-cats, and other dangerous wild animals were numerous and young Daniel, at a very early age, began to exhibit both skill and courage in hunting them.

His school days came to a sudden and rather violent end. The teacher, a dissipated Irishman, kept his bottle of whisky hid in a thicket near the school house, and visited it frequently during the day for refreshment and consolation. The boys

noticed that after these visits he was always crosser and used the rod more freely than at other times, but they did not suspect the cause. One day, young Boone, while chasing a squirrel, came accidentally upon the teacher's bottle, and at the first opportunity informed his playmates of his discovery. They decided, upon consultation, to mix an emetic with the liquor, and await the result. The emetic was procured that night, and promptly placed in the bottle next morning. A short time after school opened, the teacher retired for a few minutes, and when he came back he was very sick and very much out of humor. Daniel Boone was called up to recite his lesson in arithmetic, and upon his making a slight mistake, the teacher began to flog him. The boy, smarting with pain, made known the secret of the whiskey bottle, which so enraged the schoolmaster that he laid on harder and faster than ever. Young Boone, being stout and athletic for his age, grappled with the teacher; the children shouted and roared, and the scuffle continued until Boone knocked his antagonist down on the floor, and fled out of the room. Of course the story spread rapidly over the neighborhood, and the teacher was dismissed in disgrace. Daniel was rebuked by his parents; and so ended his school days.

When Daniel was about eighteen years of age, his father moved his family to North Carolina, and settled on the Yadkin river, in the northwestern part of the state, about eight miles from Wilkesboro. Here game was abundant, and the young hunter spent much of his time in pursuit of his favorite amusement.

He was often accompanied on his hunting expeditions by one or more of the sons of Mr. William Bryan, a well-to-do farmer who lived near his father's. * * * * *

But it was not farmer Bryan's sons, alone, that drew Daniel

Boone so often to the house. There were other attractions there in the bright eyes of a daughter named Rebecca, and it soon became whispered about that Daniel was courting her. These whisperings were at length confirmed by the announcement of the approaching wedding, which came off in due time, and was celebrated in the most approved style of the times.

Rebecca Bryan was a very attractive, if not a really handsome young woman, and the love which she inspired in the breast of young Boone never cooled nor abated during their long and eventful married life. Each was devoted to the other, and the dangers and hardships through which they passed cemented their love and drew them more closely together. She was in every respect a fit companion and helpmeet for the daring pioneer. Nine children resulted from this marriage. * * * * *

For several years after his marriage, Boone followed the occupation of a farmer, going on an occasional hunt, when the loss of time would not interfere with the proper cultivation of his crops.

But as the population increased, his neighborhood began to fill up with a class of citizens who, possessed of considerable means, were somewhat aristocratic in their habits which, of course, did not suit Boone and his plain backwoods associates, who longed for the wild, free life of the frontier. * * * * *

In 1769 an exploring party of six was formed, and Boone chosen their leader. His companions were John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Moncey, and William Cool. They set out on their perilous journey May 1, 1769, and by the seventeenth of June they were in the heart of the Kentucky wilderness. They carried nothing with them except their rifles, tomahawks, knives, and ammunition. They slept in the woods, without covering, and depended for food upon the game they

killed each day. Their dress consisted of a loose, open frock, made of dressed deer skin, and called a hunting shirt; leggins, made of the same material, covered their lower extremities, with a pair of moccasins for the feet. A cap, made of beaver or raccoon skin, covered their heads, and the capes of their hunting shirts and seams of their leggins were ornamented with leather fringe. Their underclothing, when they wore any, was made of coarse cotton.

Such a suit as this would stand almost any amount of wear and tear, and it was what they needed in climbing the rocky mountains and forcing their way through the dense thickets of undergrowth and briars that lay in their course. No thorn or briar could penetrate the heavy deer skin, and they could tread upon the most venomous serpent with impunity, as its fangs could not reach their flesh.

Vast herds of buffalo roamed over the prairies and through the wilderness of Kentucky at that time, and Boone and his companions spent the summer in hunting them, and examining the country. It is generally supposed that the scene of their summer's operations lay in what is now Morgan county, on the waters of Red river, a branch of the Kentucky.

And here we must correct an error that has existed since the earliest settlement of Kentucky, in regard to the meaning of the name. Kain-tuck-ee is a Shawnee word, and signifies, "at the head of the river." The repeated statement that it means "dark and bloody ground," is a fiction.

The habits of the buffalo are peculiar. In moving from one place to another they travel in vast herds, and always go in a stampede. The cows and calves, and old and decrepit ones are placed in front, while the stout and active ones bring up the rear. Nothing will stop or turn them, and woe to any that

stumble and fall, for they are immediately trampled to death by those behind. When a ravine, creek, or river comes in their way, they plunge in and swim across, the weak and timid ones being forced in by the strong. If any living thing gets in their way, death is the inevitable result.

On two occasions Boone and his companions came near being trampled to death in this way, and nothing but their presence of mind saved them. One time they sprang behind trees, and as the buffaloes passed on either side, they coolly punched them with the breeches of their guns, and laughed to see them jump and bellow. The next time, however, they were in the open prairie, with no trees to protect them. Death seemed unavoidable, for the herd was so large that it extended a mile or more on either side and the speed of the fleetest horse could not have carried them out of danger. To run was useless, and nothing apparently remained but to stand and meet their fate, terrible as it might be. Several of the party were unnerved by fright, and began to bewail their fate in the incoherent language of terror. But Boone remained perfectly cool. "Now boys," said he, "don't make fools of yourselves, for I will bring you out of his scrape yet." As the herd approached, he carefully examined the flint and priming of his gun, to see that all was right. By this time the buffaloes were within thirty yards of him, when coolly raising his rifle to his shoulder he glanced along the bright barrel, touched the trigger, and the sharp report rang out above the roar of the rushing bisons. A large bull in the front rank, plunged forward, and fell, mortally wounded and bellowing, at their very feet. As the herd came on they would snort and spring around their wounded companion, and thus a lane was opened through their ranks, and the hunters were saved.

In December they divided into two parties, for the greater convenience of hunting, and that their observation might be extended over a larger area of country. Boone and Stewart formed one party, and on the twenty-second of December they were on the banks of the main Kentucky river. In the evening of that day, as they were descending a small hill near the river, a party of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake, and made them prisoners. They offered no resistance, for they knew it would be useless, the odds being so great against them, but quietly handing their guns and accoutrements to their captors, they signified their willingness to obey whatever commands might be given to them. In fact, for the purpose of deceiving the Indians and throwing them off their guard, they pretended to be well pleased with their new associates, and went along with them as cheerfully as if they were all out on a hunting expedition together.

So completely were the Indians deceived that they kept very little guard over their prisoners, but suffered them to do pretty much as they pleased, and treated them with marked hospitality. At night they all lay down and went to sleep, seeming to feel no apprehension that the white men might try to escape.

Thus the time passed until the seventh night, when Boone having matured his plans, decided to make an attempt to escape. Great caution was necessary, lest the savages should awake and discover them. Any attempt to run away, where kindness and hospitality have been shown to a captive, is a mortal offense to an Indian, and can be atoned for only by the death of the offender.

Late at night, when the Indians were in their deepest slumbers, Boone gently awakened Stewart, and by signs and whispers

made known his purpose. Securing their guns, knives, etc., the two hunters quietly stole away, and successfully made their escape.

They took their course as nearly as possible in the direction of their old hunting camp, and traveled that night and the next day. But when they reached it they found it deserted and plundered. No trace of their friends could be found. Boone and Stewart supposed they had become disheartened and returned to North Carolina, but in this they were mistaken; and from that day to this no clue to the fate of the rest of the party has ever been discovered. The most probable conclusion is, that they were killed by the Indians, and their remains devoured by wild animals.

Boone and his companion continued their hunting, but with more caution, for their ammunition had begun to fail, and their late experience led them to be more vigilant in guarding against surprise by the Indians.

One day, early in January, 1770, while hunting in the woods, they discovered two men at some distance from them, and being in doubt as to whether they were white men or Indians, Boone and his companion grasped their rifles and sprang behind trees. The strangers discovered them at the same time, and began to advance and make signs that they were friends. But this did not satisfy Boone, who very well knew that the Indians often resorted to such tricks to deceive their enemies and throw them off their guard. So he gave the challenge, "Halloo, strangers, who are you?" The answer came back, "White men, and friends."

Imagine Boone's surprise and delight upon discovering in one of the strangers his brother, Squire Boone, who, in company with another adventurer, had come from North Carolina in

search of his long absent brother, bringing news from his family, and fresh supplies of powder and lead. They had traced the white hunters by their camp fires and other signs, and only an hour before the meeting, had stumbled upon their camping place of the previous night. This happy meeting infused new life and spirit into the entire party, and they continued their hunting with renewed energy and zeal.

But only a few days elapsed before a sad misfortune befell them. Daniel Boone and Stewart, while hunting in company, at some distance from their camp, were again attacked by a party of Indians. Stewart was shot and scalped, but Boone made his escape. Still another misfortune befell them shortly after this. The man who had come with Squire Boone from North Carolina, went into the woods one morning, and did not return. * * * * *

The brothers were now entirely alone, but they were not despondent or indolent. They continued their hunting during the day, and sang and talked by their fires at night. They built a rough cabin to protect themselves from the weather, and, though surrounded by dangers on all sides, they were contented and happy.

As spring approached, their ammunition began to fail, and it was decided that Squire Boone should return to North Carolina for fresh supplies. On the first of May the brothers shook hands and separated. Squire took up the line of march for the settlement on the Yadkin river, more than five hundred miles distant, leaving Daniel alone in the wilderness.

For several days after the departure of his brother he was oppressed by a feeling of loneliness, and his philosophy and fortitude were put to a severe test. In order to relieve himself from this feeling, and to gain a more extended knowledge of

the country, he made long tours of observation to the southwest, and explored the country along the waters of Salt and Green rivers.

The time for his brother's return having arrived, he retraced his steps to their old camp, and upon his arrival there discovered, by unmistakable signs, that it had been visited by Indians. His absence, therefore, had doubtless saved him from capture and perhaps death.

On the twenty-seventh of July his brother returned, and a joyful meeting ensued. He rode one horse, and led another heavily ladened with necessaries. His brother's family he reported to be in good health and comfortable circumstances, which afforded great consolation and relief to the long absent husband.

Convinced that the portion of country they were now in was infested by bands of Indians, and that the horses would most likely excite their cupidity and lead to capture, they decided to change their location. * * * * *

In March 1771, they returned by a northeastern direction to the Kentucky river, where the soil appeared more fertile, and the country more heavily timbered; and here they resolved to fix the site of their projected settlement.

Having now completed their observations, they packed up as much peltry as their horses could carry, and departed for their homes on the Yadkin river, determined, as soon as possible, to return with their families and settle permanently in Kentucky. * * * * *

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1773, Daniel and Squire Boone, with their families, bade farewell to their friends on the Yadkin, and set out on their march for the distant land of Kentucky. A drove of pack-horses carried their provisions, cloth-

ing, bedding, ammunition, etc., and a number of milk cows, driven by the young men, supplied nourishment for the children.

At Powell's Valley, through which their route lay, they received an accession to their party of five families and forty well armed men. This valuable reinforcement gave them new courage, and they proceeded on their way with lighter hearts and increased confidence. But they soon met with a misfortune that changed the whole aspect of affairs, and caused the expedition to be abandoned for the time being.

Their route led them over Powell's, Wallen's and Cumberland mountains, it having been marked out by the brothers on their return from their previous expedition. In the last named range, near the junction of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, there is a singular opening, now called "Cumberland Gap," and it was through this the party intended to pass. As they were approaching it, seven of the young men, who had charge of the cattle and who had fallen some five or six miles in the rear of the main body, were suddenly and furiously attacked by a party of Indians. Six were killed on the spot. The seventh, though unarmed, made his escape, and the cattle were dispersed in the woods. Among the slain was James Boone, the eldest son of Daniel, who, in the opening promise of manhood thus fell a victim to savage ferocity.

The rest of the party heard the firing, and hastily returned to the scene of the massacre, but too late to save their friends. The Indians were driven off, and the dead buried, in the midst of the lamentations and tears of their friends and relatives.

The emigrants were so disheartened and terrified by this calamity, that a retreat was resolved upon; and they returned to the settlements on Clinch river, in the southwestern part of Virginia, forty miles from the scene of the massacre. * * * * *

Early in 1775, Boone was employed by a company of land speculators, called the "Transylvania Company," who had purchased large bodies of land in Kentucky from the Indians, to explore the country, and open a road from the settlements on the Holston to the Kentucky river. He was supplied with a company of well armed men, and proceeded at once to the task assigned him, which he found to be a very difficult one. Hills, mountains, and rivers had to be crossed, thick cane-brakes and dense forests penetrated, and all in the face of a vigilant, wily, and treacherous Indian foe. On the twenty-second of March, 1775, when they had arrived within fifteen miles of the future site of Boonesborough, they were fired upon by the Indians, and two of the party were killed and two wounded. Three days afterwards they were again fired upon, and two more men were killed and three wounded. * * * * *

Boone having selected a site on the banks of the Kentucky river, they began, on the first day of April, to erect a stockade fort, which was called Boonesborough. This was the first permanent settlement of whites within the limits of Kentucky.

The fort having been completed, Boone left his men to guard it and prepare ground for a crop of corn and vegetables, while he returned to Clinch river for his family.

Nothing of importance occurred during this trip, or the return to Boonesborough, which they reached in safety. Mrs. Boone and her daughters were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river, in the midst of the blue-grass region, so famous for its beautiful and accomplished women. * * * * *

In the summer of 1775 other stations and settlements were established in the new territory; and the strength and confidence of the whites increased daily. Harrod's and Bryan's Stations,

and Logan's Fort were built about this time. Bryan's Station was beseiged by the Indians several times, and a number of fights occurred at and near it; so that it became one of the principal points among the white settlements. The city of Lexington was also established during the summer of 1775. A party of hunters while encamped on the site of the future town, were joined by an emigrant, who brought news of the opening events of the revolution, and the battle of Lexington. Excited by their patriotic feelings, the hunters immediately decided to name their encampment Lexington, in honor of the first battle for freedom. * * * * *

Thus the time passed quietly away until the fourteenth day of July, 1776, when the whole country was thrown into a state of excitement and anxiety by the capture of Jemima Boone and Betsy and Frances Callaway, daughters of Col. Richard Callaway, who had moved to Kentucky early that spring. The girls were about fourteen years of age, were devoted friends, and spent most of their time together. On the evening of their capture they were amusing themselves by rowing along the river in a canoe, which they handled with great dexterity. Anticipating no danger, and, being governed by the desire that possesses all human beings, to know what lies beyond them, they crossed over to the opposite shore. Here the attention of the girls was caught by a cluster of wild flowers and desiring to possess them, they turned the prow of the canoe toward the shore. The trees and shrubs were thick, and extended down to the water's edge, affording a safe shelter for a band of Indians who lay concealed there. Just as one of the girls was in the act of grasping the flowers, an Indian slid stealthily down the bank into the water, and seizing the rope that hung at the bow of the canoe, turned its course up stream, in a direction to be

hidden from the view of the fort by a projecting point. At the same time four other Indians appeared with drawn tomahawks and knives, and intimated to the girls by signs and motions that if they caused any alarm they would be killed on the spot. But, terrified at their sudden and unexpected capture, the girls shrieked for help. Their cries were heard at the fort, but too late for their rescue. The canoe was the only means the garrison had of crossing the river, and that was now on the opposite side and in possession of the enemy. None dared to swim the stream, fearing that a large body of Indians were concealed in the woods on the opposite bank.

Boone and Callaway were both absent, and night set in before their return, and before arrangements could be made for pursuit. The following account of the pursuit and recapture of the girls is given by Col. Floyd, who was one of the pursuing party.

"Next morning by daylight we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our following them, by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We observed their course, and on which side we had left their sign, and traveled upwards of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in traveling, and making a turn in order to cross their trace, we had gone but a few miles when we found their tracks in a buffalo path. We pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us, than to kill the Indians.

"We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away any thing except one shot gun without ammuni-

tion. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot, just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was very thick with canes, and our joy on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making further search. We sent the savages off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

During the winter of 1777-78 the people began to suffer greatly for salt, the cost of bringing so heavy an article across the mountains on horseback being so great that but few of them could afford to use it. Therefore, after considering the matter, it was decided that thirty men, headed by Captain Boone, should take such kettles as could be spared, and proceed to the Lower Blue Lick, on Licking river, and there manufacture salt. They commenced operations on New Year's Day, 1778.

Boone filled the three positions of commander, hunter, and scout, and kept the men supplied with meat while he guarded against surprise by the Indians. They proceeded with their work without being molested, until the seventh of February, when Boone, who was hunting at some distance from the Lick, was surprised by a party of more than one hundred Indians, accompanied by two Canadians. He attempted to make his escape, but was soon overtaken by some of their swiftest runners, and captured.

This party was on a winter's campaign (an unusual thing with the Indians, and therefore unlooked for by the whites), to attack Boonesborough. This information Boone obtained soon after his capture, and knowing that the weak and unsuspecting garrison could not withstand an assault from so large a force, he was filled with apprehension for their safety, and began to devise some means to prevent the attack. He well understood

the Indian character, and knew how to manage them.

Pretending to be pleased with their company, he soon gained their confidence and then made favorable terms with them for his men at the Lick, assured that their capture would prevent an attack upon the fort and thus save the women and children. On approaching the Lick, he advanced in front of his captors, and made signs to the salt-makers to offer no resistance. They, having perfect confidence in their leader, and knowing he had obtained favorable terms for them, did as directed, and quietly surrendered. The result proved Boone's sagacity. The expedition against Boonesborough was immediately abandoned, and the Indians, with their prisoners, set out at once for their own country. The generous usage promised before the capitulation was fully complied with, and the prisoners were treated with all the hospitality that could be expected from savages. They arrived at Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami, on the eighteenth of February, where most of them were subsequently ransomed by the British authorities, and returned to their friends. * * * * *

On the tenth of March, 1780, Boone and ten of his companions were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where they arrived on the thirtieth and were treated with great humanity by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post. The fame of the distinguished pioneer had preceded him, and this no doubt had much to do with the generous treatment of himself and men. The latter were ransomed and paroled, but the Indians refused a ransom of one hundred pounds sterling which the Governor offered for Boone. They professed a deep affection for him, and declared their intention to take him back to their own country and adopt him as one of their warriors. His reputation as a hunter and fighter naturally led them to be-

lieve that he would be a valuable acquisition to any of their tribes.

This decision on their part greatly annoyed him, for he was exceedingly anxious to return to his family in Kentucky, and he now realized that it would be a long time before he would have an opportunity of doing so. But he was too shrewd to manifest any disappointment or vexation in the presence of the Indians, for anything of the kind, or the slightest attempt to escape, would have added tenfold to their vigilance over him. So he pretended to be well pleased with their determination, and expressed a desire to accompany them as soon as they were ready. They returned to Chillicothe in April, where he was adopted by Blackfish, a distinguished Shawnee chief, after the Indian fashion, to supply the place of a deceased son and warrior.

After his adoption he was regarded with great affection by his Indian father and mother, and was treated on all occasions with marked attention as a distinguished hunter and mighty brave. He took care to encourage their affection for him, and treated all his fellow-warriors in the most familiar and friendly manner. He joined them in their rifle and musket shooting games, and gained great applause by his skill as a marksman; but was careful not to excel them too frequently, as nothing will so soon excite the envy and hatred of an Indian as to be beaten at anything in which he takes pride.

After he had been with them some time he was permitted to go alone into the woods in quest of game, but his powder was always measured to him and his balls counted, and when he returned he was required to account in game for all the ammunition he could not produce. But by using small charges of powder, and cutting balls in halves, with which he could kill squirrels and other small game, he managed to save a few

charges of powder and ball for use in case he should find an opportunity to escape.

One evening early in June, he was alarmed, upon returning from his day's hunt, to see a large body of four hundred and fifty warriors collected in the town, painted and armed for the war-path. His alarm was greatly increased a few minutes later, by learning that their destination was Boonesborough. He at once decided to lose no more time, but escape immediately, and proceed as rapidly as possible to the settlements in Kentucky, and alarm the people in time to save them from a general massacre.

That night he secreted about his person some cooked venison to sustain him during his long journey; and early the next morning he left the Indian village, with his gun on his shoulder, as if he was going into the woods for his usual day's hunt. But after wandering about for some time, as if in quest of game, in order to allay the suspicions of any spies that might follow him, and having placed several miles between himself and the town, he suddenly changed his course in the direction of Boonesborough, and set off with all his might for his beloved home. The distance exceeded one hundred and sixty miles, which he traveled in less than five days, eating but one regular meal, which was a turkey that he shot after crossing the Ohio river.

Until he left that stream behind him, his anxiety was very great, for he knew that he would be followed, and being an indifferent swimmer he anticipated trouble in crossing the river. But he was rejoiced upon reaching its banks to find an old canoe that had floated into the brush and lodged. There was a hole in one end of it, but this he contrived to stop, and the frail vessel bore him safely to the Kentucky shore.

His appearance at Boonesborough was almost like that of

one risen from the dead, and he was received by the garrison with joyful shouts of welcome. His capture and journey to Detroit were known by reports of prisoners who had escaped, but his friends did not expect to see him again. His wife, despairing of his return, had conveyed herself and some of the children on pack horses, to her father's home in North Carolina, and he keenly felt the disappointment at not meeting her. The tongue of calumny, too, ever ready to stir up strife, endeavored to bring about a permanent separation of these two devoted people, but without success, though it cost them both much trouble and anguish. This is a period of Boone's life that he never mentioned to his most intimate friends, and justice demands that the historian also should cover it with the mantle of silence. On account of Boone's escape the Indian expedition was abandoned for the present. * * * * *

Early in August, with a company of nineteen men, he made an excursion into the Indian country for the purpose of frightening them, and to send out the impression that the whites were no longer so weak that they needed to stand entirely upon the defensive. When within a short distance of an Indian village on Paint Creek, a branch of the Scioto, they met a party of thirty warriors on their march for Kentucky. A battle ensued, in which one Indian was killed and two wounded; when the rest gave way and fled. Three horses and all their baggage were captured, while the Kentuckians sustained no loss whatever.

Learning that a large body of Indians, under the celebrated chief Blackfish, who was Boone's father by adoption while in captivity, supported by a few Canadians, commanded by Captain Duquesne, were on the march for Boonesborough, the heroic little band immediately started on their return to Kentucky. The army of Indians and Canadians lay between

them and their destination, but they adroitly spied out their position, passed them in safety, and reached Boonesborough in time to give the alarm.

On the seventh of September this formidable army appeared before the fort, and demanded its surrender "in the name of his Britannic Majesty," with assurances of liberal treatment if the demand were complied with. It was a critical moment, for the garrison consisted of only sixty to seventy men, with a large number of women and children. If they offered resistance, and were defeated, which seemed to be a foregone conclusion, in view of the overpowering numbers of the enemy, all alike would fall victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife; but if they accepted the terms offered, and surrendered, there was a possibility that they would be saved.

In the meantime a dispatch had been sent to Col. Campbell on the Holston, for reinforcements, and if they could by any means delay the attack until these were within reach, they would be safe. At this critical juncture, Boone had recourse to stratagem, in order to gain time. He requested that the garrison be allowed two days to consider the proposition to surrender, and his request being granted, the time was employed in collecting the cattle and horses within the walls of the fort, and filling every vessel with water from the spring, which was outside the palisades. By a singular oversight, the springs, both at Boonesborough and Bryan's Station, were not enclosed within the walls of the fortification, and on several occasions, during the different sieges that occurred, they were greatly pressed for water. These duties were performed by the woman and girls, in order that the enemy might have no opportunity to learn the real weakness of the garrison.

The arrangements having been completed, Captain Boone,

toward the close of the second day, ascended one of the bastions and announced to Duquesne that the garrison had decided not to surrender, and added: "We laugh at your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving notice and time to prepare for defense."

He expected an immediate assault, and the men were prepared for it, but on the contrary, Duquesne came forward with another proposition for a surrender. He declared that his orders were to take the garrison captives, and treat them as prisoners of war, instead of murdering them; and that they were prepared with horses to convey the women and those who could not travel on foot, to the British possessions. He further proposed that the garrison depute nine men to come within their lines and agree upon the terms of a treaty.

Boone and his companions very well understood that these fair promises had a sinister motive at the bottom, and meant treachery; but they wanted to gain time, and were willing to consent to almost any conditions that would cause delay. So they signified their acceptance of the last proposition, and appointed the place of meeting on the open plat of ground in front of the fort.

Ever ready to sacrifice himself for the good of others, Boone decided to lead the party on this hazardous adventure, and called for eight additional volunteers. Every man in the fort stepped forward in answer to this call, and eight of the shrewdest and stoutest were selected. The names of four of these have been preserved. They were Flanders Callaway, Stephen Hancock, Wm. Hancock, and Squire Boone. Before leaving the fort, twenty men with loaded rifles were stationed so as to command a full view of the proceedings, with orders to fire on the Indians in case treachery should be manifested.

The terms offered by Duquesne were exceedingly liberal; so liberal, in fact, that Boone and his companions knew they did not come from honest hearts; but in order to gain time, they humored the whims of the enemy and held a long conference with them. At its close, the Indians proposed that, in order to make the terms more binding, and to revive an ancient custom on this great occasion, two Indians should shake hands with one white man, and thus manifest friendliness. Even to this proposition, which they knew would end in an attempt at their capture, Boone and his party acceded. They were entirely unarmed, as it would have been regarded as a breach of confidence to have appeared upon the treaty ground with arms in their hands; but each man felt able to cope with two of his savage foes. When the latter approached, each grasped a hand and arm of the white men, and a scuffle immediately ensued, for the Indians attempted to drag them off as prisoners. But at this critical moment, the guard in the fort fired upon the Indians and threw them into confusion, and Boone and his companions knocked down or tripped their antagonists, and fled into the fort. Squire Boone was the only one of the party who was hurt, and he received only a slight wound.

The main body of Indians, who were prepared for the turn affairs had taken, now rushed forward and made a furious assault upon the fort. But they met with a warm reception, and were soon glad to withdraw to the cover of the woods again.

After the first assault they remained at a respectful distance, for they had a wholesome dread of the rifles of the Kentuckians, which would shoot further and with much greater accuracy than their old smooth-bore muskets. Most of their balls were spent before they reached the fort and fell harmlessly back from the tough oaken palisades. Finding they could not

carry the fort by assault, they attempted to set it on fire, by throwing combustibles upon the roofs; and for a time this new mode of attack seemed about to prove successful. But a daring young man climbed to the roof in the midst of a shower of balls, and remained there with buckets of water until the fire was extinguished.

Failing in this attempt, the Indians, under direction from the Canadians, resorted to another experiment, and tried to enter the fort by means of a mine. The fort stood about sixty yards from the river, and they began an excavation under the banks which concealed them from view. But their project was detected by the muddy water seen at a little distance below, and it was defeated by the Kentuckians, who began a countermine within the fort, and threw the dirt over the palisades. While the men were engaged in digging this mine, Captain Boone constructed a wooden cannon, which was loaded with powder, balls, old nails, pieces of iron, etc. It was his intention to place this instrument at the head of the mine, and as the Indians entered, fire it into their midst. But on the twentieth of the month they raised the seige and departed for their own country, having lost thirty-seven warriors killed, and many more wounded. The Kentuckians had two men killed, and four wounded. After the departure of the Indians, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of musket balls were picked up around the fort, besides those that penetrated and were made fast in the logs.

During the seige the women and girls moulded bullets, loaded the rifles, and carried ammunition to their husbands, fathers, and brothers; besides preparing refreshments, nursing the wounded, and assisting in various other ways. Jemima Boone, while carrying ammunition to her father, received a contusion in her hip from a spent musket ball, which caused a painful, though by no means dangerous wound.

While the parley was in progress between Boone and the Indians, previous to the first attack, a worthless negro deserted and went over to the enemy, carrying with him a large, long-range rifle. He crossed the river, and stationed himself in a tree, so that by raising his head above a fork, he could fire directly down into the fort. He had killed one man, and wounded another, when Boone discovered his head peering above the fork for another shot. "You black scoundrel," said the old pioneer, as he raised his rifle to his shoulder, "I'll fix your flint for you," and quickly running his eye along the bright barrel of his rifle, he fired. The negro fell, and at the close of the battle was found at the roots of the tree with a bullet hole in the center of his forehead. The distance was one hundred and seventy-five yards. * * * * *

In the autumn of 1778, Major Boone went to North Carolina for his wife and family, who were greatly rejoiced to see him alive and well once more. But he did not remove them to Kentucky until two years later.

In 1779, the government of Virginia established a Court of Commissioners, to hear and determine all disputes relative to land claims in Kentucky, and to grant certificates of settlement and pre-emption to those who were entitled to them. * * * *

Major Boone sold all his property, and invested nearly everything he possessed in land warrants. He was also entrusted with large sums of money by friends and acquaintances who deputed him to make their entries for them, and while on his way from Kentucky to Richmond with this money, amounting to about $20,000 he was robbed of every cent, and left worse than penniless. Most of those who lost money by this misfortune readily gave up all claims against Boone, and freely exonerated him from any blame in the affair; but a few

charged him with their losses, alleging that he was robbed through his own carelessness, and these held him to account for the money they had placed in his hands. Several years after his removal to Missouri, the venerable old pioneer returned to Kentucky and paid every cent of these claims. * * * *

On the morning of the fourteenth of August, 1782, Bryan's Station, situated about five miles northeast of Lexington, was attacked by a large force of Indians under the notorious Simon Girty. The garrison numbered only about fifty men, and the station was not in the best condition to withstand a seige. Early in the morning of the fourteenth they were aroused by the hooting and yelling of savages, and hastily gathering into the block-houses, they saw a small party of Indians near the woods on one side of the station, yelling and dancing and gesticulating, and now and then firing a shot toward the fort. This party was so small, and appeared so contemptible, that some of the younger men wanted to rush out and whip them immediately; but fortunately there were older heads in the fort, and experienced Indian fighters, who knew that this was merely a ruse to entice them out of their fortifications, when they would be attacked by the main body, which they felt assured was concealed at no great distance. Runners were immediately dispatched to Lexington and other points for assistance, who, secretly making their way out of the station and passing through the corn fields, reached their destinations in safety. Busy preparations were then commenced to get everything ready for a siege, when the startling discovery was made that they were out of water. The spring was outside of the palisades, and water had to be conveyed from it in buckets. The question now arose as to how they should get the water. It would not do for the men to go after it, for that would bring on the attack at once;

so it was proposed that the women and girls should be the water carriers this time. The proposition was directly made known to them, but they did not receive it with favor. Some murmured, and said that the men evidently thought very little of their wives and daughters, if they were willing to send them where they were afraid to go themselves, and that if they were too badly scared to go to the spring, they had better hand their rifles over to the women and let them defend the fort. "We are not afraid," said the spokesman, "to go to the spring; but we know that if the men leave the fort we shall immediately be attacked by the entire force of the enemy, while you can go without exciting any suspicion or being in any danger, as the Indians know it is customary for you to bring the water." Finally, an old lady arose, got a couple of buckets, and started to the spring, saying that she was no better than a man, anyhow, and was not much afraid of the red-skins either. Her example was silently followed by the rest, and they soon returned with their buckets filled with water. But some of the younger ones manifested a good deal of haste on their return, and as they entered the gate of the fort their eyes were very wide open, while much of the water in their buckets was spattered over their dresses and on the ground. The danger they had faced was indeed very great; for in the brush around the spring there lay concealed more than four hundred painted warriors, who could almost have grasped them by their dresses if they had been so disposed.

As soon as these preparations were completed, thirteen daring young men were selected and sent out to attack and pursue the small party of Indians that were in view, while the rest of the men, with loaded rifles in their hands, were placed on the opposite side of the fort. The stratagem was successful. The small party of Indians retreated to the woods, pursued by the thirteen

young men. Girty heard the firing, and supposing the main body to have left the fort, gave the signal yell, and instantly the woods and undergrowth around the spring seemed alive with yelling savages. Firing a heavy volley at the fort, they rushed furiously, with Girty at their head, against the nearest gate. But the Kentuckians were prepared for them, and their unerring rifles scattered death and destruction among their ranks. So deadly was the fire that the Indians were seized with consternation and fled precipitately into the woods. Here they were rallied by Girty and their chiefs, and with renewed yells came on to the second assault. But the leaden hail of the Kentucky rifles rained upon them again, and again they fled in consternation. After this an irregular fight was kept up for several hours, in which but little damage was done to either side.

About two o'clock in the afternoon a reinforcement of fifty men, on horseback and on foot, arrived from Lexington for the relief of the garrison. The Indians were aware of their approach, and lay in ambush for them. The horsemen rushed through without the loss of a man; but the footmen were not so fortunate. They first entered a corn field, through which they should have passed to the fort, concealed as they were from the enemy; but eager to get a shot at the redskins, they emerged into the road again, fell into the ambuscade, and lost six men.

The Indians, alarmed at this reinforcement, and expecting the arrival of other parties soon, were in favor of an immediate retreat to their own country. But Girty, furious at being foiled in his attempt to subdue the station by force, and smarting from a slight wound received in the morning, resorted to stratagem with the hope of gaining his purpose. He crawled to a stump, near one of the bastions, and demanded a parley. Commending their manly defense and bravery, he urged that further resistance

was useless, alluded to the large number and fierceness of his followers, and asserted that he had a large reinforcement near at hand, with several pieces of artillery. He warned them that if they continued to resist, and were finally captured by force, they would all be massacred; but assured them, "upon his honor," that if they would surrender then, they should be treated as prisoners of war. The commander of the station would not deign to pay the least attention to him, but he was answered in a taunting manner by a young man named Reynolds, who told him that he had a worthless dog, to which he had given the name of Simon Girty, in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man who bore that name; that if he had artillery and reinforcements he might bring them on, but if he or any of the naked rascals with him found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out with whips, of which they had collected a large number for that purpose. When he ceased speaking, some of the young men began to call out, "Shoot the scoundrel," "Kill the renegade," etc., and Girty, seeing that his position was no longer safe, crawled back, crestfallen, to the camp of his followers, and next morning they had disappeared.

Information of the attack on Bryan's Station had spread with great rapidity all over the country, and reinforcements came pouring in from every direction. Colonel Boone and his son Israel and brother Samuel, headed a strong party from Boonesborough; Colonel Stephen Trigg brought up the forces from Harrodsburg, and Colonel John Todd came with the militia from Lexington. Among the latter were Majors Harlan, McGary, McBride, and Levi Todd. Colonel Benjamin Logan, who resided at a greater distance, raised a large force, but did not ar-

rive in time to participate in the pursuit and the disastrous battle which followed.

A council of the officers was held to decide upon what course should be followed. A large majority were eager for a fight, and favored immediate pursuit; but Colonel Boone, knowing the strength of the enemy, and realizing how hard it would be, in the midst of a battle with the Indians, to successfully control a body of raw militia, hastily collected together, without organization or drill, deemed it advisable to await the arrival of Colonel Logan and his force. But his wise counsels were not heeded. Colonel Todd was heard to say that Boone was a coward, and if they wanted the glory of a victory they should press forward immediately.

The opinions of the majority prevailed, and the men were marched out to follow the trail. Boone and the more experienced ones soon became convinced that the Indians wanted to be followed, for instead of trying to hide their trail, as usual, they had taken pains to make it as plain as possible. The trees were marked with their tomahawks, the ground was much trodden, and their camp fires were few, showing a design to mask their numbers. But no Indians were seen until the Kentuckians reached the bluffs of the Licking, opposite the Lower Blue Licks, when a few were discovered leisurely marching over a ridge on the opposite side of the river.

Colonel Todd now ordered a halt, for further consultation before crossing the river, and, notwithstanding his intemperate language of the morning, especially solicited the views of Colonel Boone. He was still of the opinion that they had better await the arrival of Colonel Logan, for the Indians were very strong, and he had no doubt were well posted in ambush on the opposite side of the river. But in the event of a determination

to proceed, he advised that the troops be divided into two parties, one of which should proceed above the bend of the river and cross in the rear of the enemy, while the other, crossing at the ford, where they then were, should proceed along the trail and attack them in front.

The position selected by the Indians was a strong one. The river, by making an abrupt curve to the north, or opposite, side from the army, encircled a ridge for a mile or more in extent. Near the top of this ridge, on opposite sides, two ravines headed and ran down to the water's edge. They were filled with brushwood and trees, forming an admirable hiding place for the five hundred warriors who lay concealed there. The army, in following the trail, would be enclosed, as if in a net, by these two ravines, and exposed to a raking fire on all sides, while the enemy was completely sheltered from their fire and hidden from view.

While Boone and Todd were still consulting as to what course should be pursued, Major McGary, who was a warm friend of Boone, and who had become incensed at the intemperate language used by Colonel Todd in the morning in reference to him, raised the war whoop, spurred his horse into the river, and called out, "All who are not cowards, follow me, and I will show you where the Indians are." On the impulse of the moment, nearly the entire army followed him, yelling and whooping, to the opposite shore; and the rest, with Boone and Todd, soon followed. The latter rode up to Major McGary and demanded, in an excited manner, what he meant by his rash conduct, when McGary replied, "You wanted to fight, and, by g—d, I thought I would give you a chance."

Colonel Boone now advised that some scouts be sent forward to examine the ground, and, if the enemy were present, ascertain his position. Those who had been eager for the fray

in the morning, were now, in the presence of the enemy, willing to heed the advice of the old pioneer, who still remained as cool and collected as if nothing unusual were transpiring.

Two bold and experienced scouts were selected and sent forward, but though they proceeded half a mile beyond the ravine, no Indians were discovered.

Orders were now given to march, and the army advanced, Colonel Todd commanding the center, Trigg the right, and Boone the left.

They proceeded to within forty yards of the ravines, when suddenly the entire body of Indians poured a destructive fire into their ranks, from both sides of the ridge. The dead and wounded fell thick at the first discharge, but the brave Kentuckians stood their ground like heroes, notwithstanding they were greatly outnumbered and fought at such a disadvantage. Colonel Trigg fell at the first fire, and with him a large number of the Harrodsburg troops. Major Harland's advance guard maintained their ground until three men only remained, their commander having fallen covered with wounds. Colonel Todd was mortally wounded near the commencement of the battle, and when last seen he was reeling on his horse, with the blood streaming from his wounds. Major McGary fought like a tiger, but escaped unhurt. Colonel Boone was as cool as if he were merely on a hunting expedition, and gallantly led his men into the thickest of the fight.

The army having been thrown into confusion, the Indians rushed upon the men with hideous yells and drawn tomahawks, and the retreat commenced at once. The fugitives rushed down the slope of the ridge to the river, and plunging in, waded or swam across, followed closely by the Indians. Many of them would have been killed in the river except for the presence of

mind of a man named Netherland, who on former occasions had been called a coward, but in this instance acted like a hero. Being mounted on a spirited horse, he had outrun the main body of his retreating comrades, and had safely reached the opposite bank of the river. Looking back, he saw the Indians rushing into the river to kill those who were struggling with the current, and wheeling his horse, he called out to some ten or a dozen men who were near him, "Halt! fire on the Indians and protect the men in the river." His loud, stern command had the desired effect, and a volley from a dozen rifles checked the savages and gave the men an opportunity to cross in safety. Many of the Indians swam the river above and below the ford, and continued the pursuit for more than twenty miles, killing some, and taking a few prisoners. The defeated army never halted until it reached Bryan's Station, thirty-six miles distant.

Colonel Boone was one of the very last to leave the battle-field, and when he saw that the rout was hopeless, he directed all his energies to the preservation of as many lives as possible. Just as he was leaving the field, he came upon his son, mortally wounded. For a moment he was overcome by the feelings of a tender and loving father, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, raised the dying form of his boy in his arms, and made his way toward a place of safety near the river, below the curve and the ravine, where he knew he could easily cross the current. He had proceeded but a few steps when a powerful Indian, with raised tomahawk, sprang before him; but in a moment the contents of Boone's gun entered his body, and he fell lifeless to the ground. Before he reached the bank of the river, his son expired in his arms, when, straining him to his bosom as he took a last look at the beloved face, he laid the still and lifeless form gently on the ground, and made his escape. This event

made so deep an impression on the mind of the old pioneer, that, to the day of his death, he could not mention it without shedding tears. His brother Samuel was severely wounded, but escaped.

Of the one hundred and eighty-two persons who went into battle, about one-third were killed, twelve wounded, and seven carried off prisoners. These were put to death by torture after they reached the Indian towns. This disastrous battle covered Kentucky with mourning, for nearly every family in the little settlement had a relative or friend killed. * * * * *

Colonel Boone, with his receipts for military services, and the proceeds of his own industry, was enabled to pay for several tracts of land, on one of which he built a comfortable log cabin, and cleared a farm, where he expected to spend the remainder of his days. For several years he cultivated his crops, and, during the hunting season, amused himself at his favorite occupation. His last encounter with the Indians in Kentucky was of an amusing rather than a dangerous character, and was in substance as follows, as related by himself:

Boone never used tobacco, but he had raised about one hundred and fifty hills of the weed, on his farm, for the use of his neighbors. When it was ripe and ready to be housed, he built a pen of fence rails, about twelve feet high, and covered it with cane and grass; and in this enclosure the tobacco was hung in three tiers, one above the other, to dry and "cure." In a short time it was so dry and crisp that it would crumble into powder upon being rubbed or roughly handled.

One day while removing the sticks of tobacco from the lower tier to the upper ones, and while standing with his feet on the poles of the lower tier, he was startled to hear the gruff Indian salutation of "How!" immediately under him. Looking down,

he saw four Indians, with guns in their hands, who had entered by the low door, and were now looking up at him. Seeing that he observed them, they addressed him as follows: "Now Boone, we got you. You no get away any more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more. Damn." Boone recognized them as some of his old friends who had captured him at the Blue Licks in 1778, and addressing them pleasantly, he said "Ah! old friends! Glad to see you. Just wait one moment, and I'll come down." He parleyed with them for some time, asking about old acquaintances, and pretending to be pleased with the opportunity of going with them; until, having diverted their attention from him, he gathered a bundle of dry tobacco and threw it down upon their upturned faces, at the same time jumping upon them with as much of the tobacco as he could gather in his arms. Their mouths, eyes, and noses were filled with the pungent dust, which blinded them and set them to sneezing violently; and in the midst of their discomfiture Boone rushed out and made his way to his cabin, where he had the means of defense. But notwithstanding his narrow escape, he could not withstand the temptation to look back and see the result of his achievement. The Indians were groping about with outstretched hands, feeling their way out of the pen, calling him by name, and cursing him for a rogue, and themselves for fools.

In 1792 Kentucky was admitted into the Union as a State. As courts of justice were established in every community, litigation increased, and was carried to a distressing extent. Many of the old pioneers, who had cleared farms in the midst of the wilderness, and who were prepared to spend the remainder of their days surrounded by peace and plenty, had their homes wrested from them, through lack of legal titles, by greedy and

avaricious speculators, and were cast adrift in their old age, to fight again the battle of existence. Colonel Boone was among the sufferers. Every foot of his land was taken from him, and he was left penniless. His recorded descriptions of location and boundary were defective, and shrewd speculators had the adroitness to secure legal titles by more accurate and better defined entries.

Disgusted with legal quibbles and technicalities, and disheartened at his misfortunes, Boone decided to once more seek a home in the wilderness. About the year 1790 he removed to the Kenhawa Valley, in Virginia, and settled near Point Pleasant, where he remained until 1795, when he removed to Missouri, or Upper Louisiana, as it was then called. His son, Daniel M. Boone, had already settled in that country, and gave such glowing accounts of the climate, soil, game, etc., that the old pioneer's imagination was captivated. About the same time he received an invitation from the Spanish Lieutenant-Governor, Zenon Trudeau, to remove there, offering as an inducement a large grant of land. He at once decided to accept the invitation. Accordingly, gathering up such articles as were convenient to carry, and with his trusty rifle, "Old Checlicker," on his shoulder, his chattels, and a portion of his family on pack-horses, he started on his journey to the new land of promise. All his family subsequently followed him, except his two daughters, Lavinia and Rebecca, who lived and died in Kentucky. His son, Jesse, remained in the Kenhawa Valley, where he was married, until 1819, when he too came to Missouri.

For several years after Colonel Boone's removal, Upper Louisiana remained under Spanish rule, and the promise of the Lieutenant-Governor was faithfully fulfilled. On the twenty-fourth of January, 1798, he received a concession of 1,000 arpents

of land, situated in Femme Osage District. He afterwards made an agreement with the Spanish authorities to bring one hundred families from Kentucky and Virginia to Upper Louisiana, for which he was to receive 10,000 arpents of land. The agreement was fulfilled on both sides; but in order to confirm his title to this grant, it was necessary to obtain the signature of the direct representative of the crown, who resided in New Orleans. Colonel Boone neglected this requirement, and his title was declared invalid when the country came into the possession of the United States. His title to the first grant of 1,000 arpents was also declared invalid, but was subsequently confirmed by special act of Congress. * * * * *

Louisiana was discovered, settled and held in possession by the French until 1762, when, by a secret treaty, it was transferred to Spain. The few inhabitants at the different trading posts knew nothing of this treaty for several years afterward, and when it became known it was a source of great sorrow to them. But the new rule was so mild that they soon ceased to regard it as a misfortune.

It was the policy of the Spanish authorities to encourage emigration from the United States. Fears were entertained of an invasion of the country by the British and Indians from Canada, and the American people, being regarded as the natural adversaries of the British, it was supposed they would readily fight to repel an invasion. The result was that the American population increased rapidly, and when the country was transferred to the United States in 1804, more than three-fifths of the population were Americans. * * * * *

In 1801 the territory of Upper Louisiana was ceded back to France by Spain, and in 1803 the country was purchased from France by the United States. During that interval the

French did not again assume the government of the province, but the Spanish laws remained in force. The formal transfer of the country to the United States was made in March, 1804, and one year later the territory of Louisiana was regularly organized by act of Congress. As a temporary arrangement, the Spanish laws remained in force for a short time, and Colonel Boone continued to exercise the authority of his office. In fact, during the remainder of his life he had more to do with the government of this settlement than the laws, or the officers elected and appointed under them. The people had such unbounded confidence in his wisdom and justice that they preferred to submit their disputed questions to his arbitration, rather than to the uncertain issues of law.

During the first few years of their residence in Upper Louisiana, Colonel Boone and his wife lived with their son, Daniel M., who had built a house in Darst's Bottom, adjoining the tract of 1,000 arpents of land granted to his father by the Spanish government. This entire tract with the exception of one hundred and eighty-one acres, was sold by Daniel M. Boone, who had charge of his father's business, to pay the old Colonel's debts in Kentucky, of which he had left quite a number upon his removal to the Spanish dominions, and although his creditors never would have made any demands upon him, yet he could not rest easy until they were paid. All his earnings, which he derived from peltries obtained in his hunting excursions, were carefully saved, and at length having made a successful hunt and obtained a valuable supply of peltry, he turned it all into cash, and visited Kentucky for the purpose of paying his debts. He had kept no book accounts, and knew not how much he owed, nor to whom he was indebted, but, in the honest simplicity of his nature, he went to all with whom

he had dealings, and paid whatever was demanded. When he returned to his family he had half a dollar left. "But," said he to his family and a circle of friends who had called to see him, "now I am ready and willing to die. I have paid all my debts, and nobody can say, when I am gone, Boone was a dishonest man." * * * * *

Salt was very scarce among the first settlers, and it was so expensive that but little was used. It had to be transported on horseback from Kentucky, or shipped in keel-boats and barges from New Orleans up the Mississippi river to St. Louis, from whence it was distributed through the settlements by traders, who charged enormous profits.

Sometime early in the commencement of the present century Colonel Boone, while on a hunting expedition, discovered the salt springs in Howard county; and during the summer of 1807 his sons, Daniel M. and Nathan, with Messrs. Baldridge and Manly, transported kettles there and made salt, which they floated down the river that fall in canoes made of hollow sycamore logs, daubed at the ends with clay. The making of salt at these springs subsequently became a regular and paying business, and, assisted by the tide of immigration that began to flow there, led to the opening of the Booneslick road, which for years afterwards was the great thoroughfare of Western emigration. * * * * *

On the eighteenth of March, 1813, Colonel Boone experienced the saddest affliction of his life, in the death of his aged and beloved wife. She had been the companion of his toils, dangers, sorrows, and pleasures for more than half a century. He loved her devotedly, and their long and intimate association had so closely knitted their hearts together that he seemed hardly able to exist without her, and her death was to him an

irreparable loss. She was buried on the summit of a beautiful knoll, in the southern part of (now) Warren County, about one mile southeast of the little town of Marthasville.

Soon after the death of his wife, the old pioneer marked a place by her side for his own grave, and had a coffin made of black walnut for himself. He kept his coffin under his bed for several years, and would often draw it out and lie down in it, "just to see how it would fit." But finally a stranger died in the community, and the old man, governed by the same liberal motives that had been his guide through life, gave up his coffin for the stranger. He afterwards had another made of cherry, which was also placed under his bed, and remained there until it received his body for burial.

The closing years of his life were devoted to the society of his neighbors, and his children and grandchildren, of whom he was very fond. After the death of his wife, wishing to be near her grave, he removed from his son Nathan's on Femme Osage creek, where they had lived for several years previously, and made his home with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Flanders Callaway, who lived with her husband and family near the place where Mrs. Boone was buried. * * * * *

Frequent visits were made by the old pioneer to the homes of his other children and his coming was always made the occasion of an ovation to "grandfather Boone," as he was affectionately called. Wherever he was, his time was always employed at some useful occupation. He made powder-horns for his grandchildren and neighbors, carving and ornamenting many of them with much taste. He repaired rifles, and performed various descriptions of handicraft with neatness and finish.

Twice a year he would make an excursion to some remote hunting ground, accompanied by a negro boy, who attended to

the camp, skinned and cleaned the game, and took care of his aged master. While on one of these expeditions, the Osage Indians attempted to rob him, but they met with such prompt and determined resistance from Boone and his negro boy, that they fled in haste, and molested them no more.

One winter he went on a hunting and trapping excursion up the Grand river, a stream that rises between Carroll and Ray counties. He was alone this time. He paddled his canoe up the Missouri and then up the Grand river, until he found a retired place for his camp in a cave among the bluffs. He then proceeded to make the necessary preparations for trapping beaver, after which he laid in his winter's supply of venison, turkey, and bear's meat.

Each morning he visited his traps to secure his prey, returning to his camp in such a manner as to avoid discovery by any prowling bands of Indians that might be in the vicinity. But one morning he had the mortification to discover a large encampment of Indians near his traps, engaged in hunting. He retreated to his camp and remained there all day, and fortunately that night a deep snow fell and securely covered his traps. He continued in his camp for twenty days, until the Indians departed; and during that time he had no fire except in the middle of the night, when he cooked his food. He was afraid to kindle a fire at any other time, lest the smoke or light should discover his hiding place to the savages. When the snow melted away, the Indians departed, and left him to himself. * * * * *

In the latter part of the summer of 1820, Boone had a severe attack of fever, at his home at Flanders Callaway's. But he recovered sufficiently to make a visit to the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone, on Femme Osage creek.

One day a dish of sweet potatoes—a vegetable of which he

was very fond—was prepared for him. He ate heartily, and soon after had an attack from which he never recovered. He gradually sank, and, after three days illness, expired, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1820, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. * * * * *

The remains of the departed pioneer were sorrowfully placed in the coffin he had prepared, and conveyed, the next day, to the home of Mr. Flanders Callaway. The news of his decease had spread rapidly, and a vast concourse of people collected on the day of the funeral to pay their last respects to the distinguished and beloved dead. * * * * *

The citizens of Frankfort had prepared a tasteful rural cemetery, and, at a public meeting, decided that the most appropriate consecration of the ground would be the removal of the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife. The consent of the surviving relatives was obtained, and in the summer of 1845, a deputation of citizens, consisting of Hon. John J. Crittenden, Mr. William Boone, and Mr. Swaggat, came to Missouri on the steamer Daniel Boone, for the purpose of exhuming the relics and conveying them back to Kentucky.

The graves were situated on land belonging to Mr. Harvey Griswold, who at first objected to the removal, as he intended to build a monument over them, and beautify the place. Mr. Griswold was supported in his objections by a number of influential citizens, who claimed that Missouri had as much right to the remains of Daniel Boone as Kentucky, especially as the old pioneer had selected the location of his grave, and had given such particular instructions in regard to his being buried there.

The gentlemen from Kentucky finally carried their point, however, and on the seventeenth of July, 1845, the remains of

Daniel Boone and his wife were removed from their graves.

The remains were placed in new coffins prepared for their reception, and conveyed to Kentucky, where they were re-interred, with appropriate ceremonies, in the cemetery at Frankfort on the twentieth of August, 1845.

POE.

By Edward Robeson Taylor.

He walked beneath the raven's wing
A wayward child in lightless gloom,
And there his trancing songs did sing
And weave his haunting tales of doom.

He drank from Beauty's honey-cup,
Pressed to his eager lips by Art,
Until her nectar swallowed up
The very substance of his heart.

Upon her lines his structure grew,
In form most cunningly designed,
While demons that he nurtured slew
The peace and sweetness of his mind.

With hopeless sighs and bitter tears
He filled his sad, remorseful hours,
Yet reared the while, for all the years,
His beauty-crowned, enchanted towers.

DONIPHAN'S EXPEDITION.

By John T. Hughes.

From "Doniphan's Expedition," by John T. Hughes. Cincinnati: J. A. and U. P. James. Copyright, 1847, by J. A. and U. P. James.

THE passage, by the American Congress, of the Resolutions of Annexation, by which the Republic of Texas was incorporated into the Union as one of the States, having merged her sovereignty into that of our own government, was the prime cause which led to the recent war with Mexico. However, the more immediate cause of the war may be traced to the occupation, by the American army, of the strip of disputed territory lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. Bigoted and insulting Mexico, always prompt to manifest her hostility towards this government, sought the earliest plausible pretext for declaring war against the United States. This declaration of war by the Mexican government (which bore date in April 1846), was quickly and spiritedly followed by a manifesto from our congress at Washington, announcing that "a state of war exists between Mexico and the United States." Soon after this counter declaration, the Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande, in strong force, headed by the famous generals, Arista and Ampudia. This force, as is well known, was defeated at Palo Alto on the eighth, and at Resaca de la Palma on the ninth of May,

1846, by the troops under command of Major-General Taylor, and repulsed with great slaughter. The whole Union was soon in a state of intense excitement. General Taylor's recent and glorious victories were the constant theme of universal admiration. The war had actually begun, and that, too, in a manner which demanded immediate and decisive action. The United States Congress passed an act, about the middle of May, 1846, authorizing the President to call into the field 50,000 volunteer troops, designed to operate against Mexico at three distinct points; namely, the southern wing or the "Army of Occupation," commanded by Major-General Taylor, to penetrate directly into the heart of the country; the column under Brigadier-General Wool, or the "Army of the Centre," to operate against the city of Chihuahua; and the expedition under the command of Colonel, now Brigadier-General Kearney, known as the "Army of the West," to direct its march upon the city of Santa Fe. This was the original plan of operation against Mexico. But subsequently the plan was changed; Maj. General Scott, with a well appointed army, was sent to Vera Cruz; Gen. Wool effected a junction with Gen. Taylor at Saltillo; and General Kearney divided his force into three separate commands; the first he led in person to the distant shores of the Pacific; a detachment of nearly 1,000 Missouri volunteers, under command of Col. A. W. Doniphan, was ordered to make a descent upon the State of Chihuahua, expecting to join Gen. Wool's divisions at the capital; while the greater part was left as a garrison at Santa Fe, under command of Col. Sterling Price. The greatest eagerness was manifested by the citizens of the United States to engage in the war, to redress our wrongs,

to repel an insulting foe, and to vindicate our national honor, and the honor of our oft insulted flag. The call of the President was promptly responded to; but of the 50,000 volunteers at first authorized to be raised, the services of only about 17,000 were required.

The cruel and inhuman butchery of Col. Fannin and his men, all Americans; the subsequent and indiscriminate murder of all Texans who unfortunately fell into Mexican hands; the repeated acts of cruelty and injustice perpetrated upon the persons and property of American citizens residing in the northern Mexican provinces; the imprisonment of American merchants without the semblance of a trial by jury, and the forcible seizure and confiscation of their goods; the robbing of American travelers and tourists in the Mexican country of their passports and other means of safety, whereby in certain instances they were for a time deprived of their liberty; the forcible detention of American citizens, sometimes in prison and at other times in free custody; the recent blockade of the Mexican ports against the United States trade; the repeated insults offered our national flag; the contemptuous ill-treatment of our ministers, some of whom were spurned with their credentials; the supercilious and menacing air uniformly manifested towards the government, which, with characteristic forbearance and courtesy, has endeavored to maintain a friendly understanding; the hasty and unprovoked declaration of war against the United States by Mexico; her army's unceremonious passage of the Rio Grande in strong force and with hostile intention; her refusal to pay indemnities; and a complication of less evils, all of which have been perpetrated by the Mexican authorities or by

unauthorized Mexican citizens, in a manner which clearly evinced the determination on the part of Mexico, to terminate the amicable relations hitherto subsisting between the two countries:—are the causes which justify the war.

It is the "Army of the West" that commands our immediate attention. About the middle of May, Gov. Edwards, of Missouri, made a requisition on the State for volunteers to join the expedition to Santa Fe. This expedition was to be conducted by Col. Stephen W. Kearney, of the First Dragoons U. S. Army, a very able and skillful officer. The troops designed for this service were required to rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth, situated on the right bank of the Missouri river, twenty-two miles above the mouth of the Kansas, which was the place of outfit and departure for the western army. The "St. Louis Legion," commanded by Col. Easton, had already taken its departure for the Army of Occupation. Corps of mounted volunteers were speedily organized in various counties throughout the State in conformity to the Governor's requisition, and company officers elected. By the fifth of June the companies began to arrive at the Fort, and were mustered into the service of the United States, and lettered in the order of their arrival. The process of mustering the men into the United States service, and of valuing their horses was entrusted to the late, lamented Capt. Allen of the First Dragoons. Gen. Kearney had discretionary orders from the War department as to the number of men which should compose his division, and what proportion of them should be cavalry and what infantry. Owing to the great distance across the plains, cavalry was deemed the better description of troops, and accordingly the whole western army,

with the exception of one separate battalion, consisted of mounted men. For the space of twenty days, during which time portions of the volunteers remained at the fort, rigid drill twice a day, once before and once after noon, was required to be performed by them, in order to render their services the more efficient. These martial exercises upon a small prairie adjacent to the fort, appropriately styled by the volunteers, "Campus Martis," consisting of the march by section of four, the sabre exercises, the charge, the rally, and other cavalry tactics, doubtless proved subsequently to be of the most essential service. It is due to the officers of the regular army, by whom the volunteer companies were principally carried through the drill exercises, to state that their instructions were always communicated in the kindest and most gentlemanly manner.

The election of field officers for the First Regiment Missouri Mounted Volunteers, was justly regarded as a matter of very great importance; as in the event of General Kearney's death or disability, the Colonel of that regiment would be entitled to the command of the expedition. On the eighteenth of June, the full complement of companies having arrived, which were to compose the First Regiment, an election was held, superintended by Gen. Ward, of Platte, which resulted in the selection of Alexander William Doniphan, a private in the company from Clay county, an eminent lawyer—a man who had distinguished himself as Brigadier General in the campaign of 1838, against the Mormons at Far West, and who had honorably served his countrymen as a legislator—for Colonel of the Regiment. C. F. Ruff was chosen Lieutenant Colonel, and Wm. Gilpin, Major. Lieutenant Colonel Ruff and Major Gilpin had

both volunteered as privates, the former in the company from Clay, and the latter in that from Jackson county.

The First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers was composed of eight companies, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, respectively, from the counties of Jackson, Lafayette, Clay, Saline, Franklin, Cole, Howard and Callaway, commanded by Capts. Waldo, Walton, Moss, Reid, Stephenson, Parsons, Jackson, and Rodgers, numbering 856 men. The battalion of light artillery consisted of two companies from St. Louis under Capts. Weightman and Fischer, numbering nearly 250 men, with Major Clark as its field officer. The battalion of Infantry from the counties of Cole and Platte, respectively commanded by Capts. Angney and Murphy, the former being the senior officer, numbering 145 men. The Laclede Rangers from St. Louis, under command of Capt. Hudson, 107 in number, attached to the First Dragoons, whose strength was 300, composed the entire force of Col. Kearney. Thus it will appear that the advance of the Western Army under the immediate command of Col. Kearney, consisted of 1,658 men, and sixteen pieces of ordnance, twelve six pounders, and four twelve-pound howitzers.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

By W. V. N. Bay.

From "Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of Missouri," W. V. N. Bay, St. Louis: F. H. Thomas and Co. Copyright, 1878, by W. V. N. Bay.

HEN we commenced noting our recollections of the early members of the Missouri bar, a difficulty suggested itself which seemed almost insurmountable; and that was how, in a work of so small a compass as this, we could hope to give even a meager outline of the professional life and public services of so distinguished a man as Thomas Hart Benton—an undertaking which would fill a good-sized volume.

He was born near Hillsborough, North Carolina, March 14, 1782. Under whose tuition he was first placed we are unable to state, but he entered a grammar school when very young, and completed his education at the University of North Carolina. Various reasons have been assigned why he did not graduate, but the only plausible one is that the removal of his mother, who was a widow, to Tennessee while he was in college placed it out of her power to meet the expense of keeping him there. Nevertheless, he succeeded in obtaining a very liberal education.

After the family moved into Tennessee he studied law, at the same time teaching school on Duck river, near the

town of Franklin, and after his admission to the bar, in 1808, opened an office in Franklin. It is said by Foote, in his "Bench and Bar of the South and Southwest," that he had his office in a small, one-story brick tenement, which is yet standing, and is pointed out to the passing traveler by the residents of Franklin. After practicing a short time in Franklin he moved to Nashville, and opened a law-office in that city. In 1811 he was elected to the State Legislature, but, upon the breaking out of the War of 1812, joined the army and became aide-de-camp to General Jackson, and continued with him until the unfortunate rencounter between them, in which his brother, Jesse, participated, and which resulted in General Jackson receiving a pistol-shot wound. Colonel Benton then joined a Tennessee regiment, and was made its colonel, and afterwards served as lieutenant-colonel in the Thirty-ninth Infantry.

In 1813 he moved to Missouri and opened a law-office in St. Louis, at the same time writing for the press, and a part of the time conducting a Democratic journal called the St. Louis Enquirer. At this time he was retained in several important land suits, but he paid more attention to politics than to the law. As early as 1817 the people of Missouri began to think seriously of applying for admission into the Union, and Colonel Benton took a very active part in furtherance of that object. He wrote several vigorous articles in behalf of it, and also addressed the people in its favor. In 1820 a convention met and a constitution was framed, and under it a legislature convened and elected David Barton and Colonel Benton United States senators. Colonel Benton—too prominent a man to escape strong opposition—was elected by only one vote; Judge John B.

C. Lucas, Judge John D. Cook, and others were opposing candidates. One of the members, who was sick at the time, was carried into the House on a cot to vote for Colonel Benton, and died a few days afterwards. David Barton met with no opposition. The state was not finally admitted until 1821, but no question was raised as to the validity of the senatorial election. Colonel Benton, by successive elections, continued in the Senate thirty years,—the longest period that any senator ever served.

To form any adequate conception of the great mental power of Colonel Benton, the reader must be familiar with his senatorial career; for the history of that portion of his public service is the history of our country for the same time, and no one can fully understand either without comprehending both. That he was inferior to Mr. Webster as a close, logical reasoner; that he was not the equal of Mr. Clay as an orator; and that Mr. Calhoun surpassed him in the power and condensation of language, all must admit. But in depth of mind, originality of thought, and the power to conceive and execute any great measure of public welfare, he was their equal, and in some respects, their superior, for the dominant characteristics of all were, to a great extent, combined in him. He had Webster's great depth of brain, Clay's nerve and power of will, and Calhoun's great moral integrity. Mr. Webster was, to some extent, a timid politician, and rarely disclosed his views upon any great question until he ascertained the drift of public opinion, and what the merchants of Boston thought of it. Both Clay and Webster were deficient in that great moral power exhibited in Calhoun and Benton, and Mr. Calhoun's sectional views impaired his usefulness as a statesman. Yet

none of these defects could be attributed to Colonel Benton. He loved Missouri, but he loved his country more; and, in determining the course to take with reference to any public measure, he endeavored to ascertain its probable effect upon the whole country. He was the senator of a nation, and not of a state. He never permitted any personal motive to interfere with his convictions of duty, and this trait in his character was well illustrated in his refusal to support his son-in-law, General Fremont, for the presidency, though he had no particular admiration for Mr. Buchanan. We heard him on two occasions assign as a reason that Fremont was too sectional in his views, and he thought Buchanan better qualified for the place by reason of his long experience in public life.

Colonel Benton was not a man of policy, for, if he had been, he would have succeeded General Jackson in the presidency. When he declared war upon what was known as the Nullification Resolutions of the Missouri Legislature, he might have readily crushed his enemies if he had been the least disposed to conciliate those who were halting between two opinions. Though it was well known that he was opposed to the "Wilmot Proviso," yet, when Colonel Ferdinand Kennett, an influential member of the Democratic party, and friendly to his re-election, sent a slip of paper to the stand, from which Colonel Benton was speaking in the rotunda of the court house at St. Louis, requesting him to give publicity to his views on the proviso, he indignantly cast the paper from him, regarding the request as an act of hostility; and thus made an enemy of one who had always been his friend. Many such instances occurred all over the state, and it resulted in building up

an opposition to him in his own party which he was powerless to resist.

Colonel Benton was one of the purest statesmen that our country has produced. As the right bower of General Jackson's administration, he could control almost any appointment within the gift of the president; yet he would never permit any person connected with him by blood or marriage to accept any moneyed appointment under the government, nor would he favor any applicant for a government contract, though a political friend. Such purity in a public man is almost without a parallel.

Colonel Benton's official position placed it in his power to amass any amount of wealth; yet he died poor. His success in public life was the result of brain power, combined with an indomitable will and untiring energy. Whatever he undertook he would accomplish if it took a lifetime.

When a resolution denouncing General Jackson for usurpation of power passed the Senate, he rose from his seat and gave notice that at an early day he would introduce a proposition to expunge it from the journal, and accordingly did so, but at the time he was almost alone in its support, which gave rise to those memorable words: "Solitary and alone I set this ball in motion."

Even the friends of General Jackson at first opposed it, upon the ground that it involved a desecration of the Senate record, and would furnish a bad precedent; but Benton renewed his resolution at every session, each time sending to the country an able speech in its behalf, and at each session it acquired additional strength, until finally it passed, and the obnoxious resolution was expunged by the Secretary drawing black lines around it, and by writ-

ing across it in the presence of the Senate the words, "Expunged by order of the Senate." The reader of American history will notice with what violence General Jackson was assailed for his veto of the bill to revive the charter of the old United States Bank. Colonel Benton had long been satisfied that the bank was exerting a deleterious influence upon the politics of the country; that by flooding the states with its paper, thereby encouraging wild and extravagant speculation, and then suddenly curtailing its circulation, it could produce at will a money panic or crisis, which would enable it to control the elections; that by loaning money to members of Congress, and others in authority, it would be able to direct legislation—in fine, that it was an institution dangerous to the liberties of the people, and not authorized by the Federal Constitution. He therefore determined to oppose the renewal of the charter, and, as General Jackson concurred with him in opinion, a determined opposition was then and there inaugurated, and Colonel Benton brought the whole force of his intellect to defeat the bill; but it passed Congress, and was vetoed by the president. This was followed by the inflammatory speeches of Clay, Webster, and others, and the country was soon brought to the verge of bankruptcy; but Benton had his grip upon the throat of the monster, and never relaxed it until he heard its last dying groan. Nearly a half-century has since passed, and time has proved the wisdom of the Democratic party in its opposition to that great political and financial operator.

Colonel Benton was a hard-money man, and hence obtained the sobriquet of "Old Bullion." He reposed no confidence in banks, except those of mere deposit and exchange,

regarded paper money as of no intrinsic value, and thought gold and silver should be the basis of all values.

We have often been interrogated as to the secret of Colonel Benton's popularity with the people of Missouri; for it was well known that near the expiration of his senatorial term no Democratic candidate for the Legislature could be elected without a pledge to vote for his re-election. This pledge was exacted upon all occasions, and a refusal to give it was death to the aspirant for legislative honors. There was no personal magnetism in Colonel Benton, for austere, reserved, and distant, he seldom mixed with the people; and was known only by his public acts and his devotion to the interests of his constituents. His popularity proceeded from his zeal and activity in originating and carrying measures calculated to promote the welfare and interests of the immigrant and settler. At an early period he took the ground that the government should never depend upon the sale of public domain as a source of revenue, but that the true policy was to aid and encourage immigration, by reducing the price of the public lands, and, as most of the immigrants were poor, by giving them ample time to pay for their homes. With this motive, he introduced a bill to reduce the price to $1.25 an acre, and upon certain conditions to give them pre-emption and settlement rights, so that they could pay for their farms out of the proceeds of their labor. The eastern states opposed this policy, as tending to deprive them of a part of their productive population; but he succeeded in his efforts, and the people of the West felt grateful to him for his services in their behalf.

Upon the subject of the tariff, he opposed high duties upon such articles as entered into the necessaries of life.

For instance, he succeeded in procuring the repeal of the duty on salt, an article indispensable to the farmer, and for which, when transportation was dear, he necessarily paid a high price. The fact was that the laboring, mechanical and agricultural interests never escaped his vigilant attention, and his true devotion to the welfare of his constituents placed them under a heavy obligation to him.

As an evidence of his great probity of character and high sense of honor and duty, it is only necessary to refer to his course in the Senate with reference to the boundary question between the United States and Great Britain. The reckless course of a few politicians had almost committed the Democratic party and the country to the claim of what was known as fifty-four degrees forty minutes, when we had no earthly right north of forty-nine degrees. They had succeeded in raising the cry of fifty-four degrees forty minutes or fight, and but for the bold stand taken by Colonel Benton and a few others, would have plunged us into a most disgraceful war with the British government. Colonel Benton threw himself into the breach, and opened the eyes of the American people to the folly of attempting to despoil a friendly power of a portion of her territory. It was a noble act, for which the American people never can be too grateful. And here permit us to say, if there is any nation in the world that can afford to be just and right towards all others, it is our own; and he who attempts to place us in a false attitude is an enemy to free government.

Colonel Benton seldom traveled, except in going to and returning from Washington, yet no living man better understood the topography, climate, and resources of the country from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic

to the Pacific; and often in the senatorial debates, particularly in reference to the organization of territorial governments, he was appealed to for information which no other senator could give. The fact was, he had for many years made it a point to invite to his house western adventurers, and even chiefs of Indian tribes, that he might exact from them all the knowledge they were capable of imparting. Upon one occasion we called to see him when he was visiting the late Colonel Brant in St. Louis, and found him closeted with the celebrated Kit Carson, who, in the midst of maps and charts, was explaining to him the character and location of what he considered the most desirable route between Independence and Sante Fe. Upon another occasion he introduced to us Collins, the great explorer and guide of the Indian country, whom he had invited to his house in Washington, and during an hour we spent with them the subject of conversation was confined to the topography and character of the plains and Pacific slope. It is not strange, therefore, that a man of his retentive memory should show even a greater familiarity with the western wilds and savage tribes than many who had spent years in their midst.

We have spoken of Colonel Benton as an austere man but at his home and at his table he was one of the most interesting men we ever saw. He would frequently invite a few friends to dine with him, and upon such occasions he was the life and spirit of the party. We recollect receiving a note from him one morning, in Washington City, stating that Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Ritchie, of the old Richmond Enquirer, would dine with him on that day, and he would be pleased to have us present. After reaching

his house he told us, aside, that he should place Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Ritchie opposite to each other at the table, and we might look for some fine specimens of wit and repartee between them—one of which we enjoyed hugely. After imbibing the usual allowance of champagne, old sherry, and hock, the scene opened by a thrust at Ritchie from Buchanan, which we here give: "Now," said Mr. Buchanan, "Father Ritchie, tell us what sudden impulse came over you to make you change your views upon the Sub-treasury bill." "The same," said Mr. Ritchie, "that caused you, my dear Buck, to declare in a public speech, when a young man, that if you had a drop of Democratic blood in your veins, you would take a knife and let it out."

To the reader who may not be informed as to the political life of either of the distinguished gentlemen, it may be proper to state that, in early life, Mr. Buchanan belonged to the old Federal party, and, like all young politicians, very zealous and ardent, he used the above expression in one of his public harangues; and the occasion of Mr. Buchanan's inquiry grew out of the fact that, during the administration of Mr. Van Buren, and while the Sub-treasury bill was still pending in Congress, Mr. Ritchie made in his paper a most violent attack upon it, but, soon after it became a law, admitted his error, and supported it warmly. Other passes between them relating to their little foibles and inconsistencies took place, much to the amusement of all.

Colonel Benton was very temperate in his habits, and it was only on occasions like this that he ever indulged even in a glass of wine; but he was always fond of dining with a few friends, the only kind of entertainment for which

he manifested any decided inclination. In Washington City these dinner parties were of daily occurrence and might properly be called intellectual feasts, for they were often the occasion of fine specimens of wit and repartee. Shortly after General Scott's defeat for the presidency, he and Mr. Webster dined out with a friend, and several ladies graced the table. While they were all partaking of soup, Mr. Webster, turning suddenly upon Scott, said, "Scott, I am surprised to see you eating soup, since that *hasty plate* of yours played the devil with us in 1840."

A private dinner-party is privileged, and whatever there transpires is never expected to be given to the public; and from that very fact a great latitude is given—more particularly as many things are said under the influence of wine which would be indecorous and improper upon almost any other occasion.

Colonel Benton had the reputation of being a duelist, caused, no doubt, by his killing Charles Lucas, son of Judge J. B. C. Lucas, and brother of the late James Lucas, in a duel on Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis, on September 27, 1817. The difficulty grew out of political excitement and controversy. It is no part of our province to determine who was in the wrong, but we give the facts as we have been able to gather them from contemporaneous history, and from the correspondence that passed between them.

It is evident that there had been no good feeling between the parties for some time, for at the August election Mr. Lucas challenged the vote of Colonel Benton, alleging in the presence of the judges that he had not the necessary property qualification which, under the law then existing was required of electors. Benton stated that he owned

slaves, paid a tax upon them, and was qualified; and concluded by calling Lucas an insolent puppy. Mr. Lucas thereupon challenged him, and they met on Bloody Island on August 12, 1817; Luke E. Lawless being the second of Colonel Benton, and Joshua Barton of Mr. Lucas. But one fire took place, Lucas receiving a pistol-shot in the neck, and Benton one a little below the right knee. Mr. Lucas bled so profusely that he was unable to renew the combat, and it was postponed to a future time. This gave rise to various rumors disparaging to Benton, which he supposed originated with the friends of Lucas, and on September 23 he addressed Mr. Lucas the following note:

"St. Louis, September 23, 1817.

"Sir: When I released you from your engagement to return to the Island, I yielded to a feeling of generosity in my own bosom, and to a sentiment of deference to the judgment of others. From the reports which now fill the country it would seem that yourself and some of your friends have attributed my conduct to very different motives. The object of this is to bring these calumnies to an end, and to give you an opportunity of justifying the great expectation which has been excited. Colonel Lawless will receive your terms, and I expect your distance not to exceed nine feet.

"T. H. Benton.

"Charles Lucas, Esq."

Mr. Lucas had gone to Jackson, Cape Girardeau county, on a business trip, and did not receive this note until the twenty-sixth, but on that day returned the following answer:

"Sir: I received your note of the twenty-third instant

this morning, on my arrival from below. Although I am conscious that a respectable man in society can not be found who will say he has heard any of these reports from me, and that I think it more probable they have been fabricated by your own friends than circulated by any who call themselves mine, yet, without even knowing what reports you have heard, I shall give you an opportunity of gratifying your wishes, and the wishes of your news-carrier. My friend, Mr. Barton, has full authority to act for me.

"CHARLES LUCAS.

"T. H. Benton, Esq."

The parties again met on the morning of the next day, on the same island, took positions at ten paces, both fired at the same time, Mr. Lucas fell mortally wounded, and died within an hour. Colonel Benton approached Mr. Lucas and expressed his sorrow at what had happened, when Mr. Lucas said, "I forgive you;" and gave him his hand.

Had the friends of both exerted themselves to bring about an amicable settlement of the difficulty, it could no doubt have been accomplished; but in those days dueling was very common, and seemed to be sanctioned by public opinion. In fact, no public man could remain in the country if he failed to respond to a call emanating from one who was entitled to the appellation of a gentleman; but that Colonel Benton was opposed in principle to dueling we know from what we have heard him say on that subject. Indeed, he exerted himself to prevent the meeting between Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay, and, though present at the exchange of shots, refused to participate as second when asked to do so by Mr. Randolph.

It has been truly said by some writer that the inside

view of the character of a great man is never disclosed to the public until long after his death. This is certainly true of Colonel Benton. It was generally supposed that he had very little reverence for the Christian religion, but there never was the least foundation for such a charge. During his thirty years in the senate he always had a pew in church —generally the Presbyterian—and attended the service very regularly, and required the same of his family. We are not informed as to his peculiar religious tenets, but his moral life, and entire freedom from vice of all kinds, furnish the best refutation of this charge. We have often heard him allude to his wonderful escape at the time of the bursting of the big gun on the steamer Princeton as a providential interposition.

He was undoubtedly a man of strong prejudices, and often very vindictive, which led him frequently to do great injustice to others; but that he possessed a cold, unforgiving, and unrelenting heart is not true. Mr. Harvey, in his Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster, says that Mr. Webster, a year or two before his death, related to him an incident which illustrated the great change that came over Mr. Benton at one period of his life. "We had had," said Mr. Webster, "a great many political controversies; we were hardly on bowing terms. For many years we had been members of the same body, and passed in and out at the same door, without even bowing to each other, and without the slightest mutual recognition; and we never had any intercourse except such as was official, and where it could not be avoided. There was no social relation whatever between us. At the time of the terrible gun explosion on board the 'Princeton,' during Mr. Tyler's administra-

tion, Mr. Benton was on board, and he related to me, with tears, this incident. He said he was standing near the gun, in the very best position to see the experiment. The deck of the steamer was crowded, and, with the scramble for places to witness the discharge of the gun, his position was perhaps the most favorable on the deck. Suddenly he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and turned; some one wished to speak to him, and he was elbowed out of his place and another person took it, very much to his annoyance. The person who took his place was ex-Governor Gilmer of Virginia, then Secretary of the Navy. Just at that instant the gun was fired, and the explosion took place. Governor Gilmer was killed instantly. Mr. Upshur, then Secretary of State, was also killed, as was one other man of considerable prominence. Colonel Benton in relating this circumstance, said: 'It seemed to me, Mr. Webster, as if that touch on my shoulder was the hand of the Almighty stretched down there, drawing me away from what otherwise would have been instantaneous death. I was merely prostrated on the deck, and recovered in a very short time. That one circumstance has changed the whole current of my thoughts and life. I feel that I am a different man, and I want, in the first place to be at peace with all those with whom I have been so sharply at variance; and so I have come to you. Let us bury the hatchet, Mr. Webster.' 'Nothing,' replied I, 'could be more in accordance with my own feelings.' We shook hands and agreed to let the past be past, and from that time our intercourse was pleasant and cordial. After this time there was no person in the Senate of the United States of whom I would have asked a favor—any reasonable and proper thing—with more assurance of obtaining it than of Mr. Benton."

He devoted several years of the latter part of his life to the preparation of two valuable works: one entitled "A Thirty Years' View; or, History of the Workings of the American Government from 1820 to 1850," in two volumes, octavo; the other, "An Abridgment of the Debates in Congress from the Foundation of the Government to 1856." These works are of inestimable value,—are becoming better appreciated every day—and in time will form a part of every well-selected library in the country.

After he left the Senate the people of the St. Louis District elected him to Congress; and in 1856 he announced himself a candidate for governor, and canvassed the state in opposition to what was termed the Nullification Resolutions of the previous General Assembly. He was defeated by Governor Polk, and after this took but little interest in public affairs, devoting himself to the preparation of the works he afterwards published.

Colonel Benton was by no means free from faults, the chief of which was egotism. He loved to speak of his own exploits. On the day he made his celebrated speech against the "Omnibus Territorial Bill," which, by way of derision, he compared to old Dr. Jacob Townsend's sarsaparilla, and in which he kept the Senate for hours in a roar of laughter at the expense of Mr. Clay, who had opposed the bills separately, and supported them when consolidated, we overtook him on Pennsylvania Avenue as he was returning home. The first question he asked was, if we heard his speech; and, on receiving an affirmative answer, said, "Didn't I give Clay h—l?" and every few minutes repeated it with evident delight and satisfaction. But he was so exemplary a man in all his private relations, and had so

few faults, that his friends were disposed to overlook this, prominent as it was.

In his family he was kind and domestic. It is known that Mrs. Benton for many years was greatly afflicted with paralysis; but to enable her to enjoy the society of her friends he would take her in his arms like a child, and carry her to the parlor, and back again to her room. We have seen him do this at least a dozen times. She was a sister of Governor McDowell, of Virginia; and no wife ever received greater devotion from her husband than she received from Colonel Benton.

He died in Washington City, on April 10, 1858, from the effects of cancer in the stomach. His remains were brought to St. Louis, exhibited in state for several days, and then interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery. As the casket containing the corpse was borne from the church, at least 40,000 people were gazing at the solemn scene. All business houses were closed, public buildings draped in mourning, flags in the harbor trailing at half-mast, and a deep gloom settled over the great city of the west. It was evident that a mighty man had fallen.

Alas. When will Missouri have another Benton?

"THERE IS EAST: THERE IS INDIA."

By Thomas H. Benton.

From a speech delivered in St. Louis in 1849. From "The World's Best Orations," St. Louis: F. P. Kaiser.

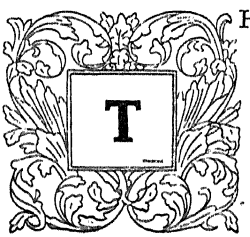
E live in extraordinary times and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago the great Columbus, the man who afterwards was carried home in chains from the New World which he discovered, this great Columbus, in the year 1492, departed from Europe to arrive in the east by going to the west. It was a sublime conception, he was in the line of success, when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, stopped his progress. Now in the nineteenth century mechanical genius enables his great design to be fulfilled. In the beginning and in barbarous ages, the sea was a barrier to the intercourse of nations. It separated nations. Mechanical genius invented the ship, which converted the barrier into a facility. Then land and continents became an obstruction. The two Americas intervening have prevented Europe and Asia from communicating on a straight line. For three centuries and a half this obstacle has frustrated the grand design of Columbus. Now, in our day, mechanical genius has again triumphed over the obstacles of nature and converted into a facility what has so long been an impassable obstacle. The steam car has worked upon the land among enlightened nations to a

degree far transcending the miracle which the ship in barbarous ages worked upon the ocean. The land has now become a facility for the most distant communication. A conveyance being invented which annihilated both time and space, we hold the intervening land; we hold the obstacle which stopped Columbus; we are in the line between Europe and Asia; we have it in our power to remove that obstacle; to convey it into a facility to carry him on to this land of promise and of hope with a rapidity and precision and a safety unknown to all ocean navigation. A king and queen started him upon this grand enterprise. It lies in the hands of a republic to complete it. It is in our hands, in the hands of us, the people of the United States, of the first half of the nineteenth century. Let us raise ourselves up. Let us rise to the grandeur of the occasion. Let us complete the grand design of Columbus by putting Europe and Asia into communication and that to our advantage, through the heart of our country. Let us give to his ships a continued course unknown to all former times. Let us make an iron road and make it from sea to sea, States and individuals making it east of the Mississippi and the Nation making it west. Let us now, in this convention rise above everything sectional, personal, local. Let us beseech the national legislature to build a great road upon the great national line which unites Europe and Asia—the line which will find on our continent the Bay of San Francisco on one end, St. Louis in the middle, and the great national metropolis and emporium at the other, and which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from a granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passengers, "There is East: there is India!"

RETIRING AND DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

By THOMAS H. BENTON.

From "Thirty Years in the U. S. Senate" (1820-1850), by Thomas H. Benton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1854, by D. Appleton & Co.



HE second and last term of General Jackson's presidency expired on the third of March, 1837. The next day, at twelve, he appeared with his successor, Mr. Van Buren, on the elevated and spacious eastern portico of the capitol, as one of the citizens who came to witness the inauguration of the new President, and no way distinguished from them, except by his place on the left hand of the President elect. The day was beautiful—clear sky, balmy vernal sun, tranquil atmosphere; and the assemblage immense. On foot, in the large area in front of the steps, orderly without troops, and closely wedged together, their faces were turned to the portico—presenting to the beholders from all the eastern windows the appearance of a field paved with human faces. This vast crowd remained riveted to their places, and profoundly silent, until the ceremony of inauguration was over. It was the stillness and silence of reverence and affection; and there was no room for mistake as to whom this mute and impressive homage was rendered. For once, the rising was eclipsed by the setting sun. Though disrobed of power, and retiring to the shades of private life, it was evident that the great ex-President was the absorbing object of this intense regard. At the moment he began to descend the broad steps of the portico to take his seat in the

open carriage which was to bear him away, the deep repressed feeling of the dense mass broke forth, acclamation and cheers bursting from the heart and filling the air such as power never commanded, nor man in power received. It was the affection, gratitude, and admiration of the living age, saluting for the last time a great man. It was the acclaim of posterity, breaking from the bosoms of contemporaries. It was the anticipation of futurity—unpurchasable homage to the hero-patriot who, all his life, and in all circumstances of his life, in peace and in war, and glorious in each, had been the friend of his country, devoted to her, regardless of self. Uncovered, and bowing with a look of unaffected humility and thankfulness, he acknowledged in mute signs his deep sensibility to this affecting overflow of popular feeling. I was looking down from a side window, and felt an emotion which had never passed through me before. I had seen the inauguration of many presidents, and their going away, and their days of state, vested with power, and surrounded by the splendors of the first magistracy of a great republic. But they all appeared to be as pageants empty and soulless, brief to the view, unreal to the touch, and soon to vanish. But here there seemed to be a reality—a man and the people—he, laying down power and withdrawing through the portals of everlasting fame;—they, sounding in his ears the everlasting plaudits of unborn generations. Two days after, I saw the patriot ex-President in the car which bore him off to his desired seclusion. I saw him depart with that look of quiet enjoyment which bespoke the inward satisfaction of the soul at exchanging the cares of office for the repose of home. History, poetry, oratory, marble and brass, will hand down the military exploits of Jackson; this work will commemorate the events of his civil administration, not less glorious than his military achievements,

great as they were; and this brief notice of his last appearance at the American capital is intended to preserve some faint memory of a scene, the grandeur of which was so impressive to the beholder, and the solace of which must have been so grateful to the heart of the departing patriot.

Eight years afterwards he died at the Hermitage, in full possession of all his faculties, and strong to the last in the ruling passion of his soul, love of country. Public history will do justice to his public life; but a further notice is wanted of him—a notice of the domestic man, of the man at home, with his wife, his friends, his neighbors, his slaves; and this I feel some qualification for giving, from my long and varied acquaintance with him. First, his intimate and early friend—then a rude rupture—afterwards friendship and intimacy for twenty years, until his death; in all forty years of personal observation, in the double relation of friend and foe, and in all the walks of life, public and private, civil and military.

The first time that I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1799—he on the bench, a judge of the then Superior Court, and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendant over all who approached him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned; nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war; but the effect of personal qualities, cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language which grated on my ear, and lodged in my memory, without derogating in the least from the respect which he inspired; and without awakening the slightest suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing

his diction. The first time I spoke with him was some years after, at a (then) frontier town in Tennessee, when he was returning from a Southern visit, which brought him through the towns and camps of some of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat, I perceived on the white lining of the turning down sleeve, a dark speck, which had life and motion. I brushed it off, and put the heel of my shoe upon it—little thinking that I was ever to brush away from him game of a very different kind. He smiled; and we began a conversation in which he very quickly revealed a leading trait of his character,— that of encouraging young men in their laudable pursuits. Getting my name and parentage, and learning my intended profession, he manifested a regard for me, said he had received hospitality at my father's house in North Carolina, gave me kind invitations to visit him and expressed a belief that I would do well at the bar—generous words which had the effect of promoting what they undertook to foretell. Soon after, he had further opportunity to show his generous feelings. I was employed in a criminal case of great magnitude, where the oldest and ablest counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy, Whiteside,—and the trial of which General Jackson attended through concern for the fate of a friend. As junior counsel I had to precede my elders, and did my best; and, it being on the side of his feelings, he found my effort to be better than it was. He complimented me greatly and from that time our intimacy began.

I soon after became his aid, he being a Major General in the Tennessee militia, made so by a majority of one vote. How much often depends upon one vote;—New Orleans, the Creek campaign, and all their consequences, date from that one vote!—and after that, I was habitually at his house; and, as an inmate, had opportunities to know his domestic life, at the period when

it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the Superior Court, as he had previously resigned his place in the Senate of the United States, and lived on a superb estate of some thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent famous name of the Hermitage—name chosen for its perfect accord with his feelings; for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no theatre for its congenial employment. He was a careful farmer, overlooking everything himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves comfortably provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's character to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life can afford, and found it, for some years, in the animating sports of the turf. He loved fine horses—racers of speed and bottom—owned several, and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or brought to the State, and for large sums. That is the nearest to gaming that I ever knew him to come. Cards and the cock-pit have been imputed to him, but most erroneously. I never saw him engaged in either. Duels were usual in that time, and he had his share of them, with their unpleasant concomitants; but they passed away with all their animosities, and he has often been seen zealously pressing the advancement of those against whom he had but lately been arrayed in deadly hostility.

His temper was placable as well as irascible, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere. Of that, my own case was

a signal instance. After a deadly feud, I became his confidential adviser; was offered the highest marks of his favor, and received from his dying bed a message of friendship, dictated when life was departing, and when he would have to pause for breath. There was a deep-seated vein of piety in him, unaffectedly showing itself in his reverence for divine worship, respect for the ministers of the gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and the constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson. And when they both afterwards became members of a church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this, I can give an instance, greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet chilly evening, in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and exclaimed to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in—which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that, and though Jackson had his passions and his violence, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless, for whom his feelings were those of protection and support. His hospitality was active as well as cordial, embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out deserving objects to receive it, no matter how obscure. Of this, I learned a characteristic instance in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his

father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern, towards the lower part of the town. General Jackson heard of it, sought him out, found and took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, "Your father's dog should not stay in a tavern, where I have a house." This was heart, and I had it from the young man himself, long after, when he was a State Senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and, as such, nominated me for the United States Senate, at my first election, in 1820: an act of hereditary friendship, as our fathers had been early friends.

Abhorence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks, and love of hard money, love of justice and love of country, were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance, not long before the war of 1812, by selling the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative, and by going into log-houses in the forest to begin a new home and farm. He was living in these rude tenements when he vanquished the British at New Orleans; and, probably, a view of their conqueror's domicile would have astonished the British officers as much as their defeat had done. He was attached to his friends, and to his country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by proof. He would not believe the first reports of the surrender of General Hull, and became sad and oppressed when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy, or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a

superintending Providence, and in the eventual right judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell he would have been a puritan.

The characteristic of his mind was sound judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a General and a President for the time in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers he usually gave his draft to an aid, a friend, or a secretary, to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thoughts were his own vigorously expressed; and without effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blotting or altering; but, as Carlyle says of Cromwell, hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs and covering several sheets of paper; and no erasures or interlineations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing, a vigorous flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking, and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid, and immovable, when he was under strong convictions, though often yielding on minor points to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced, perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Of all the Presidents who have done me the honor to listen to my opinions, there was no one to whom I spoke with more confidence when I felt myself strongly to be in the right.

He had a load to carry all his life; resulting from a temper which refused compromises and bargaining and went for a clean victory or a clean defeat, in every case. Hence, every step he

took was a contest, and, it may be added, every contest was a victory. I have already said that he was elected a Major General in Tennessee—an election on which so much afterwards depended—by one vote. His appointment in the United States regular army was a conquest from the administration, which had twice refused to appoint him a Brigadier, and once disbanded him as a volunteer general, and only yielded to his militia victories. His election as President was a victory over politicians—as was every leading event of his administration.

I have said that his appointment in the regular army was a victory over the administration, and it belongs to the inside view of history, and to the illustration of government mistakes, and the elucidation of individual merit surmounting obstacles, to tell how it was. Twice passed by to give preference to two others in the West (General Harrison and General Winchester), once disbanded, and omitted in all the lists of military nominations, how did he get at last to be appointed Major General? It was thus. Congress had passed an act authorizing the President to accept organized corps of volunteers. I proposed to General Jackson to raise a corps under that act, and hold it ready for service. He did so; and with this corps and some militia, he defeated the Creek Indians, and gained the reputation which forced his appointment in the regular army. I drew up the address which he made to his division at the time, and when I carried it to him in the evening, I found the child and the lamb between his knees. He had not thought of this resource, but caught at it instantly, adopted the address, with two slight alterations, and published it to his division. I raised a regiment myself, and made the speeches at the general musters, which helped to raise two others, assisted by a small band of friends—all feeling confident that if we could conquer the diffi-

culty, master the first step, and get him upon the theatre of action, he would do the rest himself. This is the way he got into the regular army, not only unselected by the wisdom of government, but rejected by it—a stone rejected by the master builders, and worked in by an unseen hand, to become the corner stone of the temple. The aged man of Tennessee will remember all this, and it is time that history should learn it. But to return to the private life and personal characteristics of this extraordinary man.

There was an innate, unvarying, self-acting delicacy in his intercourse with all womankind; and on that point my personal observation (and my opportunities for observation were both large and various), enables me to join in the declaration of the belief expressed by his earliest friend and most intimate associate, the late Judge Overton, of Tennessee. A Roman general won an immortality of honor by one act of continence; what praise is due to Jackson, whose life was continent? I repeat: if he had been born in the time of Cromwell, he would have been a puritan. Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to Mrs. Jackson, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating fortunes drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life, wife, friend, neighbor, relative, mistress of slaves, never lived, or presented a more quiet, cheerful and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners and hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and

titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth, or plain old man, whose modesty made him sit at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen on her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her affectionately, "Aunt Rachel." I was young then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections, and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress, the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest eulogy is in the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead. She died at the moment of the General's first election to the Presidency; and every one that had a just petition to present, or charitable request to make, lost in her death the surest channel to the ear and to the heart of the President. His regard for her survived, and lived in the persons of her nearest relatives. A nephew of hers was his adopted son and heir, taking his own name, and now the respectable master of the Hermitage. Another nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, Esq., was his private secretary when President. The Presidential mansion was presided over during his term by her niece, the most amiable Mrs. Donelson, and all his conduct bespoke affectionate and lasting remembrance of one he had held so dear.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO ST. LOUIS.

By JOHN F. DARBY.

From "Personal Recollections," by John F. Darby. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co. Copyright, 1880, by John F. Darby.

ABOUT nine a. m., the twenty-ninth day of April, 1825, Gen. Lafayette, on a tour through the country, arrived in St. Louis on the steamboat Natchez. The steamboat on which he had left New Orleans tied up the night before at the village of Carondelet, five miles below the city. In the meantime the news spread throughout the city that the distinguished visitor would arrive in town the next morning. Everybody was up bright and early to meet the great man.

In order to understand the subject properly, it is but right to give a short statement of the condition of the town and its affairs at that time. There was no wharf in front of the city. At the foot of Market street, and again at the foot of what was then called Oak street, now Morgan street, were the only two landings in the city. From a short distance north of Market street, all the way up to Morgan street the primitive bluffs of the Mississippi rose up in a state of nature, to the height of twenty feet, and in some places more. Seventh street was the western limit of the city, beyond which were the fences of Judge John B. Lucas, Maj. Christy and others, enclosing pastures and

meadows. The court house square was entirely vacant, except a pillory and whipping post in the centre, on which the malefactors and rogues not sentenced to be hanged, were whipped with a raw cowhide on their bare backs by the sheriff of the county, who in particular case was sworn by the clerk of the court "to lay on the lashes to the best of his skill and ability, so help him God." Market street extended only to Eighth street; all beyond that to the west was Chouteau's pond, woods and hazel brush. All the space between Market street and Washington avenue and Fourth and Fifth streets was unimproved—no houses, no enclosures, no grading, no paving, all in a state of nature.

At that time the city of St. Louis had been incorporated only a little more than a year. Dr. William Carr Lane was mayor. He was a man of fine personal appearance indeed; and was, besides, an accomplished scholar, of the most noble and generous impulses, and of pleasing and winning manners and address.

The seat of government of the State of Missouri was then located at St. Charles, and Frederick Bates was governor. As there was no executive mansion at St. Charles, and the Legislature was not in session, Gov. Bates stayed mostly at home on his farm, up in Bonhomme, on the bluffs of the Missouri river in St. Louis county, about five miles above St. Charles. During his absence from the seat of government, Gov. Bates would leave the executive department in the hands of his secretary of state, Hamilton Rowan Gamble. Gov. Bates would go over to St. Charles every week and stay a day or so, as business required. When the city authorities found that Gen. Lafayette was about to visit St. Louis, they, in those primitive days of

honest municipal governments, began to doubt their authority to appropriate money from the treasury to entertain their visitor.

The mayor, in this emergency, took his horse and rode all the way out to Gov. Bates' farm, more than twenty miles from St. Louis, to beg the governor to come into town and receive Gen. Lafayette; the expectation being that some of the moneyed men would advance the funds with which to entertain the general, and that if the governor would take part, they would afterwards get the State to make an appropriation to cover the expenses of the entertainment. Gov. Bates refused to have anything to do with the matter. He said the State had made no appropriation to entertain Gen. Lafayette, and that he would take no part in the proceeding of any kind unless there had been money enough provided to entertain him in a manner becoming the dignity and character of the State.

Dr. Lane told the writer hereof that he returned from the visit to Gov. Bates despondent and disheartened. But something must be done, and that quickly. His honor the mayor went around and saw the aldermen, Joseph Charless, Archibald Gamble, Henry Von Phul, Marie P. Leduc, Williams H. Savage, and others. These gentlemen decided that they would take from the city treasury so much money as was necessary to entertain Gen. Lafayette and if there was any objection made they would join together and refund the same. That worthy and good man, Dr. William Carr Lane, informed me afterwards—for we talked upon the subject of Gen. Lafayette's visit hundreds of times afterwards—that the whole expense to the city of entertaining the distinguished guest was exactly thirty-

seven dollars. The people all seemed to acquiesce in the expenditure, although there was no authority for it in the charter. Indeed, these worthy officials of the city government economized and managed to the best advantage, the efficient, active and energetic mayor taking the lead. They went to Maj. Pierre Chouteau and engaged his house as the quarters of Gen. Lafayette. Maj. Chouteau, a man of great wealth, and as generous as he was rich, granted the use of his house, elegantly and richly furnished as it was, as the headquarters of Gen. Lafayette. Here apartments were prepared for the General, free of expense. At that early day there were no hacks or carriages in St. Louis. and the next move was to get a conveyance to take the expected guest from the steamboat to the quarters thus provided for him. Maj. Thomas Biddle, paymaster in the United States Army, brother of Nicholas Biddle, at that time president of the United States Bank, had a barouche and two white horses; and Judge James H. Peck, of the United States District Court, had a barouche and two white horses. Maj. Biddle was kind enough to lend his barouche and horses for the occasion, and Judge Peck was so obliging as to lend his two white horses to the city authorities, to convey the great man from the steamboat to his quarters. The proper committee of reception had been appointed on the part of the Board of Aldermen, designated by ribbons run through the button-holes in the lapels of their coats. Sullivan Blood, then town constable, had been appointed grand marshal of the day, with John Simonds, Jr., and John K. Walker, assistant marshals. The arrangements were now all complete to receive and welcome Gen. Lafayette. The people of the whole city began to assemble

at the foot of Market street, and shortly after nine o'clock in the morning the Natchez with colors flying, was seen down the river, in the Cahokia bend. It took but a few minutes for the boat to reach the foot of Market street. The crowd was great; old and young, men, women and children, white and black, had assembled together, and when the boat touched the shore there was considerable cheering. As soon as the planks had been run out from the boat to the land, Gen. Lafayette came on shore, where he was met and introduced to the mayor. The mayor had his address of welcome written out, and commenced to read it to the distinguished visitor. The mayor's voice was low, and the noise and confusion were so great that very few persons could hear him. To this address the eminent visitor replied in appropriate terms. The mayor was surrounded with his aldermen and committees of reception. There was no military party or power present at the reception, and it was almost impossible for the marshal to keep order in the crowd.

The barouche with the four white horses was now brought into requisition; Gen. Lafayette was assisted into the carriage; the mayor was seated by his side on the back seat; and Col. Auguste Chouteau, with Laclede, the founder of the town, and Stephen Hempstead, an old Revolutionary soldier, originally from Connecticut, who had fought with Lafayette in the War of the Revolution, took the front seat. These four filled the carriage. The horses were balky, and at first would not pull, never having been worked together before. After some delay, the vehicle was driven up to the quarters prepared for Gen. Lafayette at Maj. Pierre Chouteau's elegant mansion, where the distinguished guest was

to receive. The great body of people followed on foot behind the carriage. The horse troop of Capt. Archibald Gamble, which in the meantime had formed and taken position on Main street in front of Col. Chouteau's residence, more than a square from the reception at the foot of Market street, now joined in the procession, in the rear of the great body of the people walking behind the carriage, and proceeded up Main street to the Chouteau mansion. All the men from Capt. Gamble's company dismounted from their horses, getting some boys to hold them, formed into line on foot, and with drawn swords marched on to the piazza of the building, where they formed into single line, when Gen. Lafayette came out, arm and arm with the mayor and was introduced to them. After the military reception, Gen. Lafayette took some gentlemen by the arm and marched along in front of the line, and was introduced to each member of the troop separately, by name, and when so introduced, shook hands with every individual. The members of the company then withdrew.

There was then living in St. Louis an old Frenchman by the name of Alexander Bellesseme. He was commonly called "Old Eleckzan." He was a very old man, and had lived in St. Louis many years, keeping a tavern on Second street, on the west side, between Myrtle and Spruce streets. He had been one of Lafayette's soldiers in the Revolutionary War, had come with him from France, and had helped to fight for American liberty. He had been shot through the shoulder and had been left for dead upon the battlefield at Yorktown. But he had recovered, and had crawled out from the dead and wounded upon that historic field and had, with limping gait and shattered frame, many years

before, made his way from the East to St. Louis, where he met a French population, and where he could fraternize with a people consonant in feeling, in sympathy, in social intercourse, and religion. As soon as Gen. Lafayette had withdrawn from his presentation to the military troop of Capt. Gamble, Alexander Bellesseme presented himself before him, and asked the General if he knew him. Lafayette paused, scrutinized him closely, and then replied that he did not. Mr. Bellesseme then told the General who he was, and related some incident which happened on board the ship as they were coming from France, which Lafayette remembered, and thus brought him to mind. At this the two old soldiers rushed into each other's arms, embraced and hugged each other warmly, and shed tears of joy. The man of world-wide fame pressing to his bosom the war-worn veteran who had contributed so much to his greatness and glory, had a most touching effect upon all present, and there was not a dry eye in the room.

After the distinguished visitor had received a great many calls, he was taken in the barouche, now drawn by two horses only, and with some of the gentlemen in attendance driven upon the hill and around the town. It so happened that Capt. David B. Hill, who was a commander of a militia company had his men out on parade on the green court house square, then unimproved.

Capt. Hill was a carpenter and builder. He was a man of singular peculiarities. He died in St. Louis about the year 1873, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. He wore colored spectacles, with side-glasses and was addicted to the habit of taking snuff in immoderate quantities. He spoke through his nose with a whining accent. As soon

as Capt. Hill saw Gen. Lafayette approaching in the barouche, he became very much excited, and began to take snuff. "Gentlemen," said he, "General Lafayette, the great apostle of liberty is coming. You must prepare to salute Gen. Lafayette, the great apostle of liberty (taking more snuff). Attention, company! All you in roundabouts, or short-tailed coats take the rear rank. All you with long-tailed coats take the front rank." The Captain paused to take a fresh supply of snuff. "Now," said the commander of the company, "all those having sticks, laths and umbrellas in the front rank, exchange them with those who have guns in the rear rank." Just then Robert N. Moore, commonly called "Big Bob Moore," a noted individual about town, called out to Capt. Hill, and said, "Capting, Capting, I say, Cooney Fox is priming his gun with brandy." "I'll be consarned," said Capt. Hill, "if it isn't a scandalous shame, to be guilty of such conduct right in the presence of Gen. Lafayette—at the most important period of a man's whole life—when about to salute Gen. Lafayette. If it warn't for the presence of Gen. Lafayette, the great apostle of liberty, I'd put you under arrest immediately."

By this time the General had alighted from the carriage, and walked up in front of Capt. Hill's company, when the Captain ordered the company to "present arms;" after which the visitor withdrew and entered his carriage. It may be supposed that in all the wars in which Gen. Lafayette had been engaged, he had never encountered a more Falstaffian military organization. This much is due to Capt. Hill's military genius, as showing his ready resource of mind in case of an emergency. It is proper to state that he had military taste, and that he afterwards organized a

fine military company of volunteers, elegantly uniformed, which he called the "Marions," in honor of the distinguished Revolutionary patriot, and which he took great pride in commanding. This independent company of Capt. Hill's some mischievous persons nicknamed Capt. Davy Hill's "Mary Anns," by which name they were generally known.

Gen. Lafayette got into the carriage and was driven to the Freemasons' lodge, where he was duly received as an honorary member. From thence he was driven back to his quarters, where he received calls and visits until four o'clock, when he was most sumptuously entertained with a fine dinner, at which were all the officials and prominent citizens of the town.

In the evening a splendid ball, in honor of the man of world-wide fame, glory, and distinction was given at the City Hotel, on the corner of Vine and Third streets, where all of the most elegant and accomplished people of the city were assembled.

Gen. Lafayette, after supper, was taken by the committee from the ball-room to the steamboat, at the foot of Market street, where he slept. His baggage had not been removed from the boat. He was under engagement to meet a committee of citizens of the State of Illinois at the Kaskaskia Landing on the Mississippi river the next day at twelve o'clock, and be escorted to that ancient and time-honored town, at that time the capital of that great State, and therefore could not delay.

The next morning, when all the inhabitants of the city slumbered after the exciting and festive scenes of the day and night before, just at the dawn of day, the Natchez raised steam, pushed off into the current and glided down

the Mississippi river with the great man on board. He was not disturbed in his slumbers till the steamer was in the vicinity of the dilapidated town of Herculaneum, almost half way to the Kaskaskia Landing, when he was summoned to breakfast.

The General, on his visit here, was accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, M. L. Vassieur, his secretary, Mr. D. Lyon, Col. Moore, Col. Duross, Mr. Prieut, recorder of New Orleans, Mr. Creive, secretary of the Governor of Louisiana, and one or two others.

O WHY WAS IT SO BEAUTIFUL?

By William Vincent Byars.

I saw a white rose bloom at morn;
It faded ere the noon.
O why was it so beautiful—
It passed so soon.

I heard a wondrous melody—
A deep, seraphic tune!
O why was it so beautiful—
It ceased so soon?

I saw the first blush on the sky
At break of day in June!
O why was it so beautiful—
It failed so soon?

I asked the rose, I asked the sky;
I learned it from the tune:
All that is brightest needs must pass
Lest we die soon.

MARCH COURT.—THE RISING AND THE SETTING SUN.

By Hugh A. Garland.

From "The Life of John Randolph, of Roanoke," by Hugh A. Garland. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1850, by D. Appleton & Co.

IT was soon noised abroad that Patrick Henry was to address the people at March Court. Great was the political excitement—still greater the anxiety to hear the first orator of the age for the last time. They came from far and near, with eager hope depicted on every countenance. It was a treat that many had not enjoyed for years. Much the largest portion of those who flocked together that day, had only heard from the glowing lips of their fathers the wonderful powers of the man they were about to see and hear for the first time. The college in Prince Edward was emptied not only of its students, but of its professors. Dr. Moses Hogue, John H. Rice, Drury Lacy, eloquent men and learned divines, came up to enjoy the expected feast. The young man who was to answer Mr. Henry, if indeed the multitude suspected that any one would dare venture on a reply, was unknown to fame. A tall, slender, effeminate looking youth was he; light hair, combed back into a well-adjusted cue, pale countenance, a beardless chin, bright, quick hazel eye, blue frock, buff small clothes, and fair top-boots. He was doubtless known to many on the court green as the little Jack Randolph they had frequently seen dashing by on wild horses, riding *a la mode Ang-*

laise from Roanoke to Bizarre, and back from Bizarre to Roanoke. A few knew him more intimately, but none had ever heard him speak in public, or even suspected that he could make a speech. "My first attempt at public speaking," says he, in a letter to Mrs. Bryan, his niece, "was in opposition to Patrick Henry at Charlotte March Court, 1799; for neither of us was present at the election in April, as Mr. Wirt avers of Mr. Henry." The very thought of his attempting to answer Mr. Henry, seemed to strike the grave and reflecting men of the place as preposterous. "Mr. Taylor," said Col. Reid, the clerk of the county, to Mr. Creed Taylor, a friend and neighbor of Randolph, and a good lawyer, "Mr. Taylor, don't you or Peter Johnson mean to appear for that young man to-day?" "Never mind," replied Taylor, "he can take care of himself." His friends knew his powers, his fluency in conversation, his ready wit, his polished satire, his extraordinary knowledge of men and affairs; but still he was about to enter on an untried field, and all those brilliant faculties might fail him, as they had so often failed men of genius before. They might well have felt some anxiety on his first appearance upon the hustings in presence of a popular assembly, and in reply to a man of Mr. Henry's reputation. But it seems they had no fear for the result—*he can take care of himself*. The reader can well imagine the remarks that might have been made by the crowd as he passed carelessly among them, shaking hands with this one and that one of his acquaintance. "And is that the man who is a candidate for Congress?" "Is he going to speak against Old Pat?" "Why, he is nothing but a boy—he's got no beard." "He looks wormy." "Old Pat will eat him up bodily." There, also, was Powhatan Bolling, the other candidate for Congress, dressed in his scarlet coat, tall, proud in his bearing, and a fair representative of the

old aristocracy fast melting away under the subdivisions of the law that had abolished the system of primogeniture.

Creed Taylor and others undertook to banter him about his scarlet coat. "Very well, gentlemen," replied he coolly, bristling up with a quick temper, "if my coat does not suit you, I can meet you in any other color that may suit your fancy." Seeing the gentleman not in a bantering mood, he was soon left to his own reflections. But the candidates for Congress were overlooked and forgotten by the crowd in their eagerness to behold and admire the great orator, whose fame had filled their imagination, for so many years. "As soon as he appeared on the ground," says Wirt, "he was surrounded by the admiring and adoring crowd, and whithersoever he moved, the concourse followed him. A preacher of the Baptist church, whose piety was wounded by this homage paid to a mortal, asked the people aloud, why they thus followed Mr. Henry about?" "Mr. Henry," said he, "is not a god." "No," said Mr. Henry, deeply affected by the scene and the remark, "no, indeed, my friend; I am but a poor worm of the dust—as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more." The tone with which this was uttered, and the look which accompanied it, affected every heart, and silenced every voice.

Presently James Adams arose upon a platform that had been erected by the side of the tavern porch where Mr. Henry was seated, and proclaimed—"O yes! O yes! Colonel Henry will address the people from this stand, for the last time and at the risk of his life." The grand-jury were in session at the moment, they burst through the doors, some leaped the windows, and came running up with the crowd, that they might not lose a word that fell from the old man's lips.

While Adams was lifting him on the stand, "Why Jimmy,"

says he, "you have made a better speech for me than I can make myself." "Speak out, father," said Jimmy, "and let us hear how it is."

Old and feeble, more with disease than age, Mr. Henry rose and addressed the people to the following effect: He told them that the late proceedings of the Virginia Assembly had filled him with apprehensions and alarm; that they had planted thorns upon his pillow; that they had drawn him from that happy retirement which it had pleased a bountiful Providence to bestow, and in which he had hoped to pass, in quiet, the remainder of his days; that the State had quitted the sphere in which she had been placed by the Constitution; and in daring to pronounce upon the validity of federal laws, had gone out of her jurisdiction in a manner not warranted by any authority, and in the highest degree alarming to every considerate mind; that such opposition, on the part of Virginia, to the acts of the General Government, must beget their enforcement by military power; that this would probably produce civil war; civil war, foreign alliances; and that foreign alliances must necessarily end in subjugation to the powers called in. He conjured the people to pause and consider well, before they rushed into such a desperate condition, from which there could be no retreat. He painted to their imagination Washington at the head of a numerous and well appointed army, inflicting upon them military execution. "And where (he asked) are our resources to meet such a conflict? Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country?" A drunken man in the crowd threw up his arm and exclaimed that he dared to do it. "No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty, "*you dare not do it;* in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm."

Proceeding, he asked "Whether the county of Charlotte would have any authority to dispute an obedience to the laws of Virginia," and he pronounced Virginia to be to the Union what the county of Charlotte was to her. Having denied the right of a State to decide upon the constitutionality of federal laws, he added, that perhaps it might be necessary to say something of the laws in question. His private opinion was, that they were *good and proper*. But whatever might be their merits, it belonged to the people, who held the reins over the head of Congress, and to them alone, to say whether they were acceptable or otherwise to Virginians; and that this must be done by way of petition. That Congress were as much our representatives as the Assembly, and had as good a right to our confidence. He had seen, with regret, the unlimited power over the purse and sword consigned to the General Government; but that he had been overruled, and it was now necessary to submit to the constitutional exercise of that power. "If," said he, "I am asked what is to be done when a people feel themselves intolerably oppressed, my answer is ready—*overturn the Government.* But do not, I beseech you, carry matters to this length without provocation. Wait, at least, until some infringement is made upon your rights which cannot otherwise be redressed; for if ever you recur to another change, you may bid adieu forever to representative government. You can never exchange the present government but for a monarchy. If the administration have done wrong, let us all go wrong together rather than split into factions, which must destroy that Union upon which our existence hangs. Let us preserve our strength for the French, the English, the Germans, or whoever else shall dare to invade our territory, and not exhaust it in civil commotions and intestine wars." When he concluded, his audience were

deeply affected; it is said that they wept like children, so powerfully were they moved by the emphasis of his language, the tone of his voice, the commanding expression of his eye, the earnestness with which he declared his design to exert himself to allay the heart-burnings and jealousies which had been fomented in the State legislature, and the fervent manner in which he prayed that if he were deemed unworthy to effect it, that it might be reserved to some other and abler hand to extend this blessing over the community. As he concluded, he literally sunk into the arms of the tumultuous throng. At that moment John H. Rice exclaimed, " the sun has set in all his glory."

Randolph rose to reply. For some moments he stood in silence, his lips quivering, his eyes swimming in tears; at length he began a modest though beautiful apology for rising to address the people in opposition to the venerable father who had just taken his seat; it was an honest difference of opinion, and he hoped to be pardoned while he boldly and freely, as it became the occasion, expressed his sentiments on the great questions that so much divided and agitated the minds of the people. * * * *

He spoke for three hours; all that time the people, standing on their feet, hung with breathless silence on his lips. His youthful appearance, boyish tones, clear, distinct, thrilling utterance; his graceful action, bold expressions, fiery energy, and manly thoughts, struck them with astonishment. A bold genius and an orator of the first order had suddenly burst upon them, and dazzled them with his power and brilliancy. A prophet was among them, and they knew it not. When he concluded, an old planter, turning to his neighbor, exclaimed; "He's no bugeater now, I tell you." Dr. Hogue turned from the stand, and went away, repeating to himself these lines from the "Deserted Village:"

"Amazed, the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Mr. Henry, turning to some bystander, said: "I haven't seen the little dog before, since he was at school; he was a great atheist then." He made no reply to the speech; but, approaching Mr. Randolph he took him by the hand, and said: "Young man, you call me father; then, my son, I have somewhat to say unto thee (holding both his hands)—*keep justice, keep truth,* and you will live to think differently."

They dined together, and Randolph, ever after venerated the memory of his friend, who died in a few weeks from that day.

They were both elected in April; the one to Congress, the other to the State Legislature; and, doubtless, many of the good freeholders of Charlotte voted for both. Who can blame them? Happy people of Charlotte! it was your lot to behold the bright golden sunset of the great luminary whose meridian power melted away the chains of British despotism and withered up the cankered heart of disaffected Toryism; then, turning with tearful eyes from the last rays of the sinking orb, to hail, dawning on the same horizon, another sun, just springing, as it were, from the night of chaos, mounting majestically into his destined sphere, and driving clouds and darkness before his youthful beams.

DAVID BARTON.

By JOHN F. DARBY.

From "Personal Recollections," by John F. Darby. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co. Copyright, 1880, by John F. Darby.

MONG the eminent and distinguished men of which the western country can boast of having produced, David Barton deservedly stands in the front rank. The great ability with which he discharged the duties of the high public positions which he held under the governments of the State of Missouri and of the United States justly entitles him to this proud distinction. Called into public life in the first half century of the republic, when men of genius, of learning, of culture, and ability filled the highest places in the government, and when the main qualifications for official station were capacity, honesty, and faithfulness to the Constitution, he was one of the great men of his time.

David Barton was the fifth child and the first son of the Rev. Isaac Barton and his wife, Keziah Barton, formerly Keziah Murphy. He was born in Greene county, in the State of North Carolina—in what is now the State of Tennessee—December 14, 1783. He was educated at Greenville College under that fine scholar, Dr. H. Baulch. He studied law under Judge Anderson, in Tennessee, and was admitted to the bar be-

tween the years 1810 and 1812. Soon after he removed to St. Louis, in what was then Upper Louisiana. This was about the latter part of the year 1812. Shortly after having established himself in his new home he joined one of the volunteer military companies raised in St. Louis, and went forth as a private soldier to meet the Indians, then numerous and warlike, and to aid in protecting the white inhabitants from the barbarous savages.

Among the first lawyers to settle in St. Louis were the three Bartons (David, Joshua and Isaac), the three McGirks (Mathias, Andrew and Isaac), Alexander Gray, and James Hawkins Peck, who was afterwards made United States district judge for the Missouri District. All these men were from the eastern part of Tennessee, where they had read the common law and had made themselves acquainted with the system of English jurisprudence. But when they came to upper Louisiana, where the civil law obtained and was in force at that time, these men found that they were ignorant of the laws of the country, and entirely unqualified to practice.

By Act of Congress, the name of the Territory was very soon after changed from Upper Louisiana to Missouri Territory, and power was given for the election of a Territorial Legislature. So soon as the first Legislature met of which some of these lawyers were members, it passed an act, on the nineteenth day of January, 1816, making the common law of England, and the British statutes prior to the fourth year of James I., which were not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, the laws of the Territory. This was easily done, because the whole population of the Territory did not then exceed ten

thousand souls. While the civil law was at that time the law of the State of Louisiana, and is so to this day, the common law and British statutes so introduced by the Territorial Legislature have been, under various acts of the State, made the law of Missouri up to the present time.

Immediately after the introduction of the common law David Barton was appointed judge of the St. Louis Circuit Court. He was the first Circuit Judge who ever held a court west of the Mississippi river. And it is not saying too much to assert that the bench of that court has never since had an abler judge, if indeed it has ever had his equal.

In pursuance of an act of Congress passed March 6, 1820, members to a convention to form a State Constitution were elected, and on the twelfth of June, 1820, they assembled in the old dining room of the City Hotel, situated on the northeast corner of Third and Vine streets. David Barton, a member from the county of St. Louis, was unanimously elected president of the convention that passed the State Constitution, which went into effect on the nineteenth day of July, 1820. The most important provisions of that instrument were framed by David Barton; and from that day to the present it has been known as the "Barton Constitution."

As presiding officer of that deliberative body he gave universal satisfaction, and commanded the respect of all by the dignity, courtesy and impartiality with which he discharged the duties of that honorable position. The first session of the General Assembly of the State, under the Constitution, met in the Missouri Hotel (at that time situated on Main street in the town of St. Louis) on Monday, the eighteenth day of September, 1820. At that session two sena-

tors to represent Missouri in the Senate of the United States, were to be chosen.

David Barton was, without opposition, chosen senator. For the place of the second senator there were five applicants, viz.: Thomas H. Benton, John B. C. Lucas, Henry Elliott, John Rice Jones, and Nathaniel Cook. After many efforts, it was found to be impossible to elect any of these gentlemen.

Such was the unbounded popularity of David Barton at that time that he only needed to intimate whom he desired to be made senator, to have him elected. After an ineffectual effort had been made to elect a second senator, the members of the Legislature gave to him the privilege of selecting and naming his colleague, and Barton chose Thomas H. Benton.

Benton's unpopularity was so great, however, that with all of Barton's acknowledged strength, power, and influence in his behalf, it seemed to be almost impossible to elect him. Various plans, caucuses, schemes and councils were held to effect his election to the Senate, and consummate the wishes of David Barton.

There was a member of the Legislature from St. Louis county named Marie Philip Leduc. He was a Frenchman and had been secretary of Don Carlos Dehault Delassus, the last Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana under the Spanish government. He had asseverated over and over again that he would lose his right arm before he would vote for Thomas H. Benton as senator. Judge John B. C. Lucas, the strongest and most formidable opponent of Benton, was the father of Charles Lucas, a prominent lawyer who had been killed in a duel by Benton about three years

before. There was, therefore, a most bitter and violent feeling, growing out of this duel, between the friends of Judge Lucas and of Thomas H. Benton. Benton's friends found, upon canvassing the members of the Legislature, that they could elect him by one majority if they could win over to their side a single supporter of Judge Lucas or of one of the other candidates.

The friends of the Benton party in the Legislature therefore determined to make a "dead set" at Marie Philip Leduc. They united and brought to bear upon him the powerful influence of Col. Auguste Chouteau, John P. Cabanne, Gen. Bernard Pratte, Maj. Pierre Chouteau, Sylvester Labadie, and Gregoire Sarpy—all personal friends of Marie Philip Leduc, all Frenchmen, all men of wealth, of distinction, of great influence and popularity.

Col. Auguste Chouteau, with Laclede, the founder of the town, a man of the greatest wealth and distinction, was the principal speaker. They all met in a room where they had assembled to talk over the matter, to determine who should be Barton's colleague, and to take the steps to elect him. Col. Chouteau urged upon Leduc to vote for Benton, and to give up his support of Judge Lucas; because, he said, if Judge Lucas were elected Senator, the French inhabitants would never have the French and Spanish grants to their lands confirmed; that Judge Lucas, as a member of the board of commissioners for adjusting the titles under these grants to the inhabitants of Upper Louisiana, had been inimical to the confirmation of their claims for nearly twenty years; and that Benton would take an active part in passing laws confirming the titles to their lands.

After arguing, pleading, and reasoning with Leduc all

night long, about the break of day they induced him to yield, and he agreed to vote for Benton. It had been a desperate struggle throughout that sleepless night. This was on Saturday night, the thirtieth day of September, 1820. The election was to come off on Monday morning, the second day of October, 1820. It was all-important to the Benton men that the election should be held as soon as possible, for Daniel Ralls, one of their voters, was sick and might die.

Early Monday morning therefore, directly after nine o'clock, the two houses met in joint session, in the large dining room in the hotel, to vote for United States senator. Daniel Ralls, the sick member, was upstairs in his bed, unable to sit up. He was sinking fast, and if he died, as it was feared he might, before the election, the Benton men would not have a majority, and would fail in electing their man.

Accordingly, as soon as the two houses had met in joint session to elect another senator as the colleague of David Barton, four strong negro men were taken upstairs into the sick member's room, and seizing hold of the bed—one at each corner—on which the prostrate member lay, they brought it down stairs and laid him down in the middle of the hall wherein the two houses of the General Assembly had met. Ralls was too sick even to raise his head, but when his name was called, voted for Thomas H. Benton; which being done, the four negro men took him upstairs to his room, where he died. For this last act of his life, the Legislature, at the same session, did Mr. Ralls the honor to name a county after him—Ralls county—one of the oldest counties in the State.

Through such death struggles as this it was that Thomas H. Benton, with the powerful aid of David Barton, first reached the floor of the American Senate, where afterwards he used to boast that he had served six Roman lustrums.

Barton and Benton failed to take their seats in the United States Senate for more than a year after their election, because the State of Missouri was not admitted into the Union until after the passage of the great compromise act of Mr. Clay, known as the Missouri Compromise, when, upon the proclamation of President Monroe, the State was admitted. But when Barton and Benton did take their seats in the Senate, they were looked upon as two of the ablest men of that body, although from the youngest State at that time in the Union.

This very short and imperfect sketch will not permit the writer to enter upon a dissertation upon the public services of David Barton. He was elected for two terms as a Senator from Missouri, and served for ten years. Before his retirement from the Senate he delivered that great speech against the administration of Gen. Jackson, a masterly philippic in which he arraigned also his colleague, Mr. Bention, for his official misconduct. For force of statement, clearness of deduction, keen invective, polished wit, withering sarcasm, and vehement denunciation, it has never been surpassed in the Senate.

That speech was sought for with avidity all over the United States, as much so as was the great speech afterwards made in the same senate-chamber by Daniel Webster, in reply to Hayne, on Foote's resolution.

When Barton returned from the Senate, his friends in

St. Louis received him with the greatest enthusiasm, and gave him a grand dinner at the Missouri Hotel—that same old building in which he had been first elected to the United States Senate. Hon. Edward Bates presided.

When David Barton was defeated in his re-election to the United States Senate, the whole opposition press of the administration of Gen. Jackson looked upon it as a national calamity. The defeat of no man as a member of the Senate ever caused such universal regret to that intelligent set of men who afterwards formed the Whig party.

As soon as David Barton returned from Washington, his friends determined to run him for the House of Representatives, in opposition to Spencer Pettis, who was then the candidate of the Jackson party, which had an overwhelming majority in the State.

The State of Missouri at that time, politically, belonged to the Jackson party by many thousands majority; and David Barton, belonging to the opposition, was of course defeated. He was, however, elected afterwards to the State Senate, and served for four years as a senator from St. Louis county. This was the last public service performed by him.

The State of Missouri justly honored David Barton as well as herself, first by naming a county after him, and again by erecting a monument to his memory. He was, in truth and in fact, one of the great men, not only of Missouri, but also of the nation. He never was married. He died at Boonville, Cooper county, Missouri, on the twenty-eighth day of September, 1837, where he was buried.

THIS WOULD I DO.

By Constance Faunt Le Roy Runcie.

If I were a rose,
This would I do:
I would lie upon the white neck of her I love,
And let my life go out upon the fragrance
Of her breath.

If I were a star,
This would I do:
I would look deep down into her eyes,
Into the eyes I love, and learn there
How to shine.

If I were a truth strong as the Eternal One,
This would I do:
I would live in her heart, in the heart
I know so well, and
Be at home.

If I were a sin,
This would I do:
I would fly far away, and tho' her soft hand
In pity were stretched out, I would not stay,
But fly,
And leave her pure.

OLD ST. LOUIS.

By Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont.

From "Souvenirs of My Time," by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Copyright, 1881, by D. Lothrop & Co., now Lothrop Publishing Co.

ALTHOUGH St. Louis was not more than a small city in numbers, yet it had great interests and a stirring life, much of which revolved about my father, who was the connecting link and powerful friendly intermediary between these interests and the Government. General Clark, of Lewis-and-Clark exploring fame, was ending his days quietly in St. Louis where he had charge of all Indian affairs for that whole region; a distinguished-looking white-haired man who understood his trust and governed kindly and wisely. When Washington Irving was out there a war dance was held in the large council yard that he might see real Indians in real life. I was very young, and the whole horrible thing, as they grew excited, threw me into a panic.

St. Louis was on the border of an immense and almost unexplored Indian country. The caravans of merchandise going through it to Santa Fe ran all the risks you ever read of among Bedouins on the desert; the hunters and trappers, as well as the merchants, started off into the unknown with only the one certainty—that danger was there; and when they came back—if they did—it was as from the underworld. Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis was a large and important military post which

was kept busy enough. It ended much hard Indian warfare when they at last captured Black Hawk. I saw him when he was a prisoner at the Garrison—a real Indian and real old warrior, captive but not subdued.

The governing religion was of course Catholic, as this had been so lately a French possession, and its chief people were the French settlers, who were the chief traders in furs. Priests and Sisters of Charity in their special black dress were everywhere in the streets, so were the army officers in service-worn uniforms. The French peasant women wore, as in France, their thick white caps, sabots, and full red petticoats with big blue or yellow handkerchiefs crossed over their white bodices; and with the Indians painted and blanketed, gliding along in files towards the inclosure around General Clark's quarters, one would have been puzzled to say whose country it was now. On the levee negro boat-hands sang wild chants as they "loaded-up;" but already keen-featured, sallow men were going quietly but alertly in and out of warehouses, and council yard and fur trading houses—"white clover" which ate its way into possession of the pear orchards and made them town lots, and built square ugly meeting-houses near the cathedral, and married the French girls, and generally changed the face of the city's "French" nature.

The houses were built in the Creole way; a court-yard surrounded by a four-sided house with broad galleries, all around, which sat peacefully in the midst of trees and gardens and orchards on the gentle slope looking to the wide muddy torrent of the Mississippi and the flat green plain beyond of Illinois. There was only one "main" street—very village-like and not over a mile long. The dwelling-houses were placed just where the owners preferred without regard to any future plan. The

Bishop's garden and the Cathedral (where was the appalling picture of St. Bartholomew) were on a handsome scale, but bordered by little alleys of roughly-paved short streets. From these, by a garden gate in a high wall, you could go into a great garden which was part lawn and part orchard, and well off from the street would be the large quiet house with polished inlaid floors and handsome, old mahogany furniture. They lived a most comfortable and unceremonious life among themselves and were friendly and hospitable to those they felt to be friends, but, apart from the chosen few, had open antipathy to "dose American."

As in France, the young people in marrying did not go from home but had a part of the large house assigned them, and three generations under one roof seemed to blend smoothly in the family whole.

Coming back to Saint Louis always in springtime, even after the mild winters of Washington, the contrast was charming. The Potomac was a wide and beautifully blue river, but it did nothing, and was nothing more than a feature in the landscape, while here the tawny swift Mississippi was stirring with busy life, and the little city itself was animated from its thronged river-bank out through the Indian camps on the rolling prairie back of the town.

And it was such an embowered fragrant place in that season; the thickest of wild plum and the wild crab-apples which covered the prairie embalmed the air, and everywhere was the honeyscent of the locust. What the elm is to some New England towns the locust was to Saint Louis; the narrow streets were bordered by them and they were repeated everywhere. My father had an affection for this tree and had planted a great many about his house when he first settled there—long before

he was married. In my young days these were fine large trees. A line of them made a delicate green screen to the wide galleries which ran the length of the house, on both stories, and their long clusters of vanilla-scented blooms made part of our home-memories.

Not only did the blossoming town seem *en fete,* but everybody seemed light and gay, and my father, freed from the official and exacting life of Washington, reverted to his cheerful outdoor life. The long gallery of the parlor-floor was his place when at home, even if light rains were falling. He never breathed in-door air when he could be, head uncovered, in a bath of sunshine. His settee and a table, and "a colony of chairs" for others, made his favorite settlement, where the early light breakfast of coffee and bread and fruit was taken—by any number who might chance to come. I never heard the word trouble applied to household arrangements. For all we knew, everything grew ready to be served.

The day begins early in warm climates, and from early morning on, there was a coming and going of varied but all welcome friends. There came governing citizens to talk of political affairs. Much had to be only personal information in those days before railways and telegraphs, when the plans of an administration were only talked over confidentially with one's friends. The father of Mrs. Grant was one of my father's old friends and political allies of that time.

There, too, came officers of the army. My father was their comprehending friend. Himself an old officer, and for twenty years Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, he was their sure and intelligent friend. The French neighbors enjoyed coming for their chat and invariably brought some fine fruit or flowers for Madame, who fully appreciated both the kindly feel-

ing and the fine skillful cultivation. There too, came many priests who were soldiers in their missionary work, and had as stirring adventures to relate as the trappers and hunters who knew they were always welcome to my father.

My grandfather Benton's library in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and English, had been his joy while he lived and made the atmosphere in which my father grew up, guided by his mother and his father's close friend, a clergyman, like himself, an Oxford man, who put my father at his Greek Testament when he was but eight; at which age my grandfather's death left him the eldest son in a family of seven children.

In Washington all our lessons were had at home but my father did the important part of appointing studies and preparing us for our teachers, making broad and lucid what they might have left as "parroting," as he expressed it. Here in Saint Louis we were let go to school; chiefly for the practice in French among other children.

It makes me smile to look back at that word "school" which had not the first idea of studies, of punctuality, or discipline attached to it as I knew it. The going there each morning was as good as playing truant. *Never* could it happen that children of any position left the house alone, or even together. We were big girls of eight and ten and every one knew us, and the distance was only a short mile between houses and grounds of friends; but to go without a maid was never dreamed of. We should have greatly preferred our French nurse, Madeleine, but she was not sufficiently important for such duty. Our mother's maid, "Aunt Sara," was. She had been trained from her youth up for her post—as was the Southern custom—and understood "manners." Erect, silent, holding a hand of each, she drilled us in manners as we went

the country, he made long tours of observation to the southwest, and explored the country along the waters of Salt and Green rivers.

The time for his brother's return having arrived, he retraced his steps to their old camp, and upon his arrival there discovered, by unmistakable signs, that it had been visited by Indians. His absence, therefore, had doubtless saved him from capture and perhaps death.

On the twenty-seventh of July his brother returned, and a joyful meeting ensued. He rode one horse, and led another heavily ladened with necessaries. His brother's family he reported to be in good health and comfortable circumstances, which afforded great consolation and relief to the long absent husband.

Convinced that the portion of country they were now in was infested by bands of Indians, and that the horses would most likely excite their cupidity and lead to capture, they decided to change their location. * * * * *

In March 1771, they returned by a northeastern direction to the Kentucky river, where the soil appeared more fertile, and the country more heavily timbered; and here they resolved to fix the site of their projected settlement.

Having now completed their observations, they packed up as much peltry as their horses could carry, and departed for their homes on the Yadkin river, determined, as soon as possisible, to return with their families and settle permanently in Kentucky. * * * * *

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1773, Daniel and Squire Boone, with their families, bade farewell to their friends on the Yadkin, and set out on their march for the distant land of Kentucky. A drove of pack-horses carried their provisions, cloth-

velvet, a sort of uniform for teachers which you often see in old-fashioned French illustrations. He was quiet, gentle and forbearing, and had need to be so as there were about thirty girls, from six to sixteen—of course not a fraction of a boy in a French school—and not one with any intention of study or habit of discipline; good-natured enough, but trying. They may have learned something. We were there only for easy handling of familiar French; and except some spelling, and reading aloud in *Telemachus,* I do not recall anything of lessons. By one o'clock Aunt Sara had come for us to go home and as this was our dinner hour we made no delays.

In French schools Thursday is the holiday. Saturday and Sunday, they think, make too much holiday together. But to us Americans the Sunday was not a holiday in their sense, where after mass all their children were taken around among their elder relations and it was a family fete-day.

We did not go on Saturdays to school. That day our mother had us get our Sunday school lessons with her—telling us many interesting things and making them, as all our home lessons were, a real pleasure and improvement. On Sunday dresses were decided on and each thing reviewed and put in order that no delay might come. All our dolls and toys and week-day story books were put away until Monday; and then we had as wild a play as big grounds and good health and early youth could give. In this our French nurse Madeleine was a great factor; she was so gay and knew such beautiful songs and danced such queer dances in her pretty carved sabots that we doted on her. * * * *

It so chanced that my marriage connected me still more closely with Saint Louis and all the interests of its neighboring countries because of their connection with the explorations

of Mr. Fremont.* I would go with him to the Delaware Indian country on the frontier and stay until the expedition was ready to start; sometimes returning to Washington, and sometimes remaining in Saint Louis. The frontier of that time is now Kansas, and its Indians and wolves and unbroken green stretches of prairie are only a memory; and the present conditions of quick travel and quicker information must almost prevent your having a clear idea of the uncertainties of those journeys. * * * *

In the summer of '68 I was invited to come to Saint Louis and unveil a statue of my father. It was a bronze, cast in Munich, and on the pedestal were his words which time had made into a prophecy, though for many years they had the usual fate of ideas in advance of the public. I had seen persons smile significantly to each other, some even touch their foreheads with a gesture to intimate that much thinking on this subject had warped his mind,—it is so much easier to imagine one's self superior than to be really so. "Men said he was mad, now they asked had he a God?"

For on this pedestal, where the bronze hand of the statue points west, are the words:

"THERE IS THE EAST."
"THERE LIES THE ROAD TO INDIA."

The large park was filled with a holiday crowd—over forty thousand, I was told. The children of the public schools, dressed in white, and, boys as well as girls, carrying large bunches of roses—my father's favorite flower, were grouped, many thousands of them, around the base of the slight rise on which the statue had been placed; toward the valley below, the trees

*Her husband, General Fremont.

and shrubbery had been cleared, leaving an open view of the line of the Pacific Railway. As the veil fell from the statue, its bronze gilded with the warm sunshine, the children threw their roses at its base; at the same moment the out-going train to San Francisco halted and saluted with whistles and flags.

TO EUGENE FIELD.

By William Marion Reedy.

The sweetest Western singer sleeps,
  Stilled by Death's lullaby.
O'er Babyland a sorrow sweeps—
  A gloom across the sky.
He did not seek the starry steeps
  And windy heights of song,
But strolled and sang where Baby creeps
  His toys and dreams among.

He coined in rhyme the age of gold,
  Translated toddler's tears
To music, making hearts grown cold
  Warm back to happy years.
His heart was full as heart could hold
  Of Love's own gentleness.
He taught sour Age to soothe, not scold;
  He carolled Christ's caress.

The Laureate of the Little Ones,
  The lark of Childhood's dawn,
The King of Quips, the Prince of Puns,
  Youth's Owlglass, thou'rt not gone.
E'er yet thy frolic fancy runs,
  With fairies frisks its fill.
In days to be, 'neath senile suns,
  Thy soul goes singing still.

LEWIS FIELDS LINN.

By J. M. Greenwood.

From a Sketch of Dr. Lewis Fields Linn: Kansas City, 1901.

NO other state of the Union has had scantier justice meted out to her people or her great men than the commonwealth of Missouri. The raw material out of which the history of the people of Missouri will yet be constructed is now held in solution in the territorial and state statutes, general and special, congressional records, the proceedings of the territorial and state conventions, scraps of history, private and public correspondence, and the impetus given to the history of the state through newspaper and magazine articles. There is enough material available to give an adequate picture of every phase of life in Missouri from the time it was first trodden by the foot of the white man to the present. While we have been busy reading and studying the histories of other states and nations, we have given little attention comparatively to our own state, which was either directly or indirectly one of the most potent factors in forming the history of this republic for nearly fifty years. In the earlier period of our colonial and national history, the questions, as they arose from time to time, were always associated with the two leading colonies—Massachusetts and Virginia—and at the time of the Revolutionary War, they were the efficient forces in that con-

flict with Great Britain. But Missouri, the political storm center of the United States, a younger child of this same family, came upon the scene during a period of great national strife, which only terminated in 1870.

By the treaty of Paris in 1763, at the close of the French and Indian War, the entire tract of country, known as Louisiana, was ceded to Spain by France; but by a secret article in the treaty of St. Ildefonso, concluded in 1800, Spain ceded it back to France. Napoleon wanted the Island of St. Domingo, and with it in his possession he could the more effectually hold and defend Louisiana and harass Great Britain in the West Indies. He desired the treaty of St. Ildefonso to be kept a profound secret until he could reduce St. Domingo to submission. His project to capture St. Domingo failed and he apparently lost interest in the enterprise; but it was not until 1803 that he sent Lausset to America, as prefect of the colony of Louisiana, who gave the people the first intimation that they were once more citizens of France. This announcement caused great rejoicing among a large majority of the inhabitants who were Frenchmen in their origin, habits, instincts and manners.

As soon as President Jefferson had been informed of the retrocession, he immediately dispatched instructions to Honorable Robert Livingston, the American Minister at Paris, to make known to Napoleon that the occupancy of New Orleans by his government would not only endanger the friendly relations existing between the two nations, but perhaps oblige the United States to make common cause with England, Napoleon's bitterest, most relentless and implacable enemy.

Mr. Jefferson clearly saw that the outlet of the Mississippi, if controlled by either France or England, would result in the most serious consequences to this government. Down the Mis-

sissippi was the natural outlet for the products of the great West, and it was well known that since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, there had been growing in the entire Mississippi Valley a general dissatisfaction with the existing condition of things, and a strong sentiment was forming in favor of establishing a Southwest Confederacy, which should have its own outlet to the sea as an independent nation. Mr. Jefferson, foreseeing and interpreting correctly this condition of affairs, acted promptly and decisively. He took a practical as well as a statesmanlike view of the matter. He urged upon Mr. Livingston, first, to secure the free navigation of the Mississippi, and secondly, the purchase of New Orleans and the adjacent country. The situation was regarded so critical in the extreme, that President Jefferson appointed James Monroe, plenipotentiary, to act in conjunction with Mr. Livingston.

Prompt in the cabinet as in the field, Napoleon was convinced that he could not well defend the French possessions in America against Great Britain, and needing money besides, he decided to sell. Mr. Monroe reached Paris, April 12, and in eighteen days the treaty was signed by the commissioners representing their respective governments. On October 21 of the same year, congress ratified the purchase. Napoleon stipulated that the people of Louisiana should be incorporated into the Union as soon as possible, and the citizens were to enjoy the same rights, privileges and immunities as other citizens of the Union.

As a matter of convenience for governmental purposes, on March 26, 1804, by an act of Congress, Missouri was placed under the jurisdiction of the territorial government of Indiana, and on July 4, 1812, Congress organized Missouri as a territorial government. Population increased rapidly, and the peo-

ple were anxious that the territory should assume the duties and functions of a sovereign state. The Territorial Legislature of 1818-19 made application to Congress for the passage of an act authorizing the people of Missouri to organize a state government. This attempt at statehood was a firebrand thrown into Congress because of the existence of slavery. The discussion was bitter, partisan, national. Slavery became the chief political firebrand of dissension throughout the country, and remained in the foreground in one form or another, for more than forty-five years. Missouri was, literally speaking, the national football, which was kicked hither and thither till after the surrender at Appomattox. The Missouri Compromise, by which Maine was to be admitted as a free state, if Missouri was admitted as a slave state, was effected by the Great Pacificator, Henry Clay. The conditions imposed by Congress on Mr. Clay's resolutions were accepted at a special session of the Missouri Legislature, and on the tenth day of August, 1821, President Monroe announced by proclamation that Missouri was admitted into the Union. With the admission of Missouri as a state, came the election of United States Senators.

Missouri has, since her organization as a state, been represented in the Senate by twenty-one different men; divided by the seats the two first Senators occupied, into the Barton Line and the Benton Line,—fifteen in the former and six in the latter. This is not a political division but one of arbitrary classification by chairs.

In the Barton Line—David Barton, Alex. Buckner, Lewis F. Linn, David R. Atchison, James S. Green, Waldo P. Johnson, Robert Wilson, B. Gratz Brown, Charles D. Drake, D. T. Jewett, Frank P. Blair, Lewis V. Bogy, D. H. Armstrong, James Shields and George G. Vest.

In the Benton Line—Thomas H. Benton, H. S. Geyer, Trusten Polk, John B. Henderson, Carl Schurz, Francis M. Cockrell.

Since the admission of Missouri into the Union, it is safe to say that no other state has been more ably represented in the Senate, or had Senators of a higher order of intellectual ability. In the earlier days of our state history, if Massachusetts had her Webster, South Carolina her Calhoun, Kentucky her Clay, Michigan her Cass, Missouri had her Benton who, in some respects, was the superior of any one of those distinguished men, and certainly their equal in debate and in marshalling a vast array of facts to sustain a proposition. Such men as James S. Green, John B. Henderson, Carl Schurz, B. Gratz Brown, Frank P. Blair, George G. Vest and honest Francis M. Cockrell, are an honor to any state in this Union, not to mention the names of the other Senators each of whom was a man of no ordinary attainments.

Of the entire array of great men Missouri has sent to the Senate, in the writer's opinion, James S. Green was not only the most profound, but also the most brilliant, and as a debater of great political, logical and legal acumen, one of the most brilliant this nation ever produced. He and Uriel S. Wright, in their day, were the two ablest, clearest political thinkers as well as expounders of constitutional questions that our country has produced since the time of Chief Justice Marshall.

Dr. Lewis Fields Linn's ancestors emigrated from Pennsylvania to Kentucky soon after the Revolutionary War, and settled near the city of Louisville, Kentucky, where Lewis Fields was born, November 6, 1795. At the time of young Linn's birth, both banks of the Ohio river were the hunting grounds and fastnesses of bloodthirsty and ferocious Indians,

who spared neither persons, property, age nor sex. They were indiscriminate butchers. Both of the grandparents of Dr. Linn with seven members of their families, fell victims to the merciless and bloody scalping knife. His intrepid grandfather, Colonel William Linn, after having passed through the stormy period of the Revolution, finally gave up his life in battle against the Indians, in a conflict on the Ohio river near Louisville.

Early in life Lewis determined to practice medicine. Why this line of work was chosen is not known. He began his course of study in the office of Dr. Gault of Louisville, Kentucky. He studied so continuously that at the end of two years his health was so impaired that he decided to visit his sister who had married a Mr. McArthur, and also his half-brother, General Henry Dodge, both of whom resided at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. While on this visit, the war of 1812 broke out, and he became surgeon of the regiment commanded by his half-brother. At the close of the campaign, his health having been restored, he returned to Louisville and resumed study in Dr. Gault's office for a short time. Thence he went to the medical college at Philadelphia from which he graduated. After graduation he returned to the town of Ste. Genevieve in 1816, and there entered regularly upon the practice of medicine and surgery in his twenty-first year. Ste. Genevieve was the oldest town in Missouri, having been settled by the French in the year 1735. In the year 1818, he married Elizabeth A. Relfe, the only daughter of Mr. John Relfe of Virginia. Her brother, Dr. James H. Relfe, had emigrated from Virginia to Washington County, Missouri, and from 1843 to 1847 he was a representative in Congress from Missouri. * * * *

Dr. Linn's reputation as a physician of the highest skill had become so well established, and his time so fully occupied

in administering to the sick, that his health became greatly impaired. At this juncture his friends induced him to forego the exacting demands of his profession for a time, and to accept an appointment, tendered to him by President Jackson, to act as one of three commissioners to settle the old French claims against the state of Missouri. Prior to his appointment in 1833, he had served one term in the State Senate for the purpose of procuring the passage of a law beneficial to the people of the southern portion of Missouri.

The tact, ability and general satisfaction with which he discharged his public duties as a member of the claims commission, drew him still more closely to the hearts of the people. He was so fair, so just, so uniformly courteous and modest in all his dealings that he won the confidence of all. The needed repose that he sought did not come—social and professional duties crowded thicker and faster upon him. All circles sought his society. To the aged he was ever a most welcome and charming guest. His animated conversational powers charmed them, and their reminiscences of by-gone days were always a source of the deepest and liveliest satisfaction to him. They lived over their youth with him, and he made them feel young again in his presence. His pleasant conversational powers, the charm of his sweet mellow voice, his versatility of talents, drawn from all the storehouses of knowledge, made him a universal favorite among those in middle life. If his talents shone with these two classes under a halo of never ceasing delight, his highest charms were reserved for the young people and the little children. His presence among the young was ever hailed with delight. His manly beauty, his graceful deportment, combined with his great desire to instruct and to amuse them made them always anxious for his society. Deeply attached to little

children, their pure young hearts sprang forth to meet him whenever they saw him.

Destined to move in a larger sphere as a commissioner, he removed in 1833 to St. Louis, and during that dreadful June, the cholera broke out there, and little could be done by the commissioners, so he devoted all his time to the treatment of the victims of the pestilence. He went by day and by night. In September his old neighbors and friends in Ste. Genevieve sent a petition to him, entreating him to return if only for a short time, informing him that nearly all his old friends had been swept away by the cholera within the last few days, and that the deepest gloom hung over the village. This was the united voice of all the remaining citizens imploring him to come and save them and that he was the only mortal man that could. This appeal was not in vain. He went and for twelve days and nights he attended constantly the sick and dying. Then he himself was seized with the dreadful plague. Believing that he would die, he dispatched his faithful French servant, Antoine, for Mrs. Linn. His greatest earthly hope was to see her before he died. In less time than the distance was ever traveled before, Antoine reached St. Louis at eight o'clock in the morning, and in a few minutes Mrs. Linn started to join her husband. A friend offered her the use of his horse and carriage and offered to accompany her, but she knew she could make the journey quicker with Antoine. There was no steamboat to be taken so they crossed the river at St. Louis, and as the road was better went down on the Illinois side, and traveled at a very rapid rate. A perilous journey that day and night—thrilling as a romance, through mud and rain. The next morning she found the Doctor alive and hopes were entertained of his recovery. The day that Dr. Linn was taken ill, Colonel Alexander

Buckner and his wife, living at Ste. Genevieve, both died of cholera. Colonel Buckner was, at the time of his death, United States Senator from Missouri, and immediately after his death, numerous petitions were signed throughout Southern Missouri requesting Governor Dunklin to appoint Dr. Linn to fill the vacancy. A large number of Whigs signed the petition, stating that they knew a Democrat would be appointed to office, and that they personally preferred Dr. Linn to any other man of the party to which he belonged, as they knew he would attend to the business of his political opponents in Congress as cheerfully and impartially as he would for his Democratic constituents.

Before Dr. Linn had fully recovered, he received the appointment of United States Senator from Governor Dunklin, which was unanimously confirmed as soon as the legislature of the state convened.

Dr. Linn was an enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson, who had been the idol of his boyhood dreams, and now he was delighted with the prospect of forming the personal acquaintance of the hero of New Orleans.

Upon entering the Senate, Dr. Linn first acquainted himself with the routine duties of his position, and he addressed himself diligently to the work that was to be done, and how it should be accomplished. Indifferent at first to his own powers as a public speaker, he devoted much of his time chiefly to the private claims of Missouri. By his quiet, dignified, courteous manner, he soon won the respect of every member of the Senate without regard to party affiliation. His intellectual faculties were of a high order, and he was resolute, courageous, and ardent in every pursuit in which his energies were enlisted.

There was nothing in the Mississippi Valley or the far West that escaped his attention. After settling many of the

land claims under the Spanish and French grants, and determining what claims were valid and what invalid, he gave much attention towards putting the Western Country in a state of defense against the large bodies of Indian tribes that had been settled by the government along the borders of Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana. Naturally sensitive on the Indian question, he earnestly sympathized with the pioneer settlers, and he was their greatest advocate in the Senate. Many of the Indian tribes had been removed from the older states by the general government and located along the border settlements. He claimed that these acts were made in the interests of the older states and to free them from the Indians as a disturbing element, hence it was only justice to the newer states and territories, that a sufficient military force should be stationed along the western frontier to keep the Indians in awe as well as to prevent their depredations on persons and property.

Whatever measures were enacted by Congress touching the Indian question during the ten years he was in the Senate, were due almost entirely to his efforts. When he spoke upon this or any other topic, he confined himself strictly to a statement of the facts in the premises, and the deductions that could be logically drawn from the data involved.

It was at this period that a law was passed annexing to Missouri what was then known as the "Platte Purchase." This strip of Indian land had been over-run by outlaws who had settled in among the Indians, and besides, there was serious opposition to the measure in Congress by those who contended that it was a violation of the Missouri compromise of 1820, on account of extending slavery into a strip of free territory. The subject of annexation was referred to a committee composed of the following distinguished statesmen: John M. Clayton,

James Buchanan, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, William C. Preston and John J. Crittenden. The committee knew that annexation was a violation of the compromise of 1820, but in the language of the historian of the period, the tract had become a den of thieves, robbers and outlaws, subject to no law and under the jurisdiction of no state. It was then a part of the Indian Territory, but filled with the most infamous population which delights to escape from the restraints of civil society and to give loose rein to all the evil passions of their degraded natures. To break up this nest of outlaws who demoralized the Indian population, and committed all sorts of depredations upon the people of Missouri, was considered a greater good than the breach of the Missouri Compromise. The committee reported unanimously in favor of the measure; nor did it meet with any serious opposition in the Senate. The bill became a law June 7, 1836.

When Mr. Calhoun and others in the Senate charged that the people of Missouri and Wisconsin had plundered and oppressed the Indians, Dr. Linn defended the citizens of both states with great ability. He contended that the only proper course for the government to pursue was to civilize the Indians, and to change them from their warlike habits by education and work. More than sixty years ago he anticipated what our government is painfully attempting to do with the Indians at the present. * * * *

Another subject of the deepest solicitude to Dr. Linn was for our government to gain possession of Oregon so as to exclude the English from it. He was the best informed man in the Senate on the Oregon question, and he was unwilling that this country should be partially dispossessed of any part of that vast region, or to share her title with any other nation.

On the seventh of February, 1838, Senator Linn introduced a bill authorizing the occupation of the Columbia or Oregon river, establishing a territory north of latitude forty-two degrees, and west of the Rocky Mountains, to be called Oregon Territory. Some discussion followed the introduction of the bill, and eventually Mr. Linn made one of the clearest and most convincing reports on the Oregon Territory that was ever submitted to the Senate. His report is a complete historical and legal presentation of the entire subject, including every incident of importance connected with the territory from the time the Americans first claimed the country, to June 6, 1838. It is one of the ablest papers ever presented to the Senate. * * * *

In March, 1843, as Dr. Linn was returning home from Washington, he caught a severe cold, which came very nearly ending his life, and although he recovered, he did not regain his usual health; lingering, he expired suddenly October 3, 1843. As soon as his death became known, meetings were held in every county in the State of Missouri, for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of the lamented statesman. Letters of condolence were received from many of the most distinguished statesmen and citizens throughout the country, and Wisconsin and Iowa, then territories, mourned his death as if he had been their own honored Senator. He had represented both territories so ably in the Senate that their citizens felt with deepest gratitude and affection what he had done for them, and both Legislatures, after pronouncing most beautiful eulogies, passed appropriate resolutions in each body to wear mourning for him and to send letters of condolence to his widow and family. Such was the affection in which he was held.

In the United States Senate, December 12, 1843, Mr. Benton, among other things said: "And what he was here among

us he was everywhere and with everybody. At home, among his friends and neighbors; on the high road, among casual acquaintances; in foreign lands, among strangers; in all and in every one of these situations he was the same. He had kindness and sympathy for every human being; and the whole voyage of his life was one continued and benign circumnavigation of all the virtues which adorn and exalt the character of man; piety, charity, benevolence, generosity, courage, patriotism, fidelity, all shone conspicuously in him, and might extort from the beholder the impressive interrogatory: For what place was this man made? Was it for the Senate or the camp? For public or for private life? For the bar or the bench? For the art which heals the diseases of the body, or that which cures the infirmities of the state? For which of all these was he born? And the answer is: For all. He was born to fill the largest and most varied circle of human excellence; and to crown all these advantages, nature had given him what the great Lord Bacon calls a perpetual letter of recommendation—a countenance not only good, but sweet and winning—radiant with the virtues of his soul—captivating universal confidence; and such as no stranger could behold—no traveler, even in the desert, could meet, without stopping to reverence, and saying: Here is a man in whose hands I could deposit my life, liberty, fortune, honor. Alas! that so much excellence should have perished so soon! that such a man should have been snatched away at the early age of forty-eight, and while his faculties were still ripening and developing."

THE MORMONS IN MISSOURI.

By William F. Switzler.

From "History of Missouri," by W. F. Switzler. St. Louis: C. R. Barnes. Copyright, 1879, by C. R. Barnes.

UNQUESTIONABLY one of the most striking features in the history of modern fanaticism is the progress of Mormonism in the United States. That an educated youth without wealth or social standing, without the prestige of common morality, and in fact notorious only for a vagrant and dissolute life, should excite a revolutionary movement in the religious world, and be able to operate on the public credulity by means of the most absurd pretensions to the divine and prophetic character, and that too in an age boastful of its intelligence, is a paradox difficult to be accounted for on any known laws of the human mind.

Joe Smith, their prophet, priest and king, assumed to act by divine appointment, and claimed that his mission was of both a temporal and a spiritual character. He was to radically and essentially change all the features of divine worship, and herald the millennial reign of Christ on earth. In addition to this he was to establish a temporal kingdom, in which "the Saints" were to reign, and crush the unbelieving world beneath their righteous rule. When he came to Missouri, in 1831, it was claimed that the foundations of this kingdom were laid at Independence, which Smith named "The New Jerusalem." From this nucleus it was

to be extended by a series of supernatural incidents and brilliant conquests, more miraculous, dazzling and complete than the rapid march of the Moslem prophet under his crescent banner.

To accomplish his designs, he proposed to concentrate all the Indian tribes of the West, and incite them to avenge the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of their white oppressors. The blood-thirsty Comanches, the cruel Sacs and Foxes, still smarting under the defeat and capture of their celebrated chieftain, Black Hawk; the Winnebagoes, the Pawnees, the Omahas, and all the wild tribes of the deep valleys and lofty crags of the Rocky Mountains, were to hear the voice of the prophet, heed his counsel, and subordinate all their savage energies to the establishment of Mormon supremacy on the American Continent.

"The Book of Mormon" (a copy of which, once the property of Joe Smith's mother, is now before the writer) contains a pretended history of the ancient aborigines of the country, from whom it is claimed the modern tribes have descended. The "Book" was to be used for the conversion of the Indians. From the page of this blundering fiction the red man was to be taught of his high origin; of an ancestry which had peopled a vast continent, and established a civilization even superior to that of their European enemies who had robbed them of their homes and hunting grounds.

The truth is, there is something so remarkable about this strange infatuation and its pretensions as to justify, in this place, a brief reference to the history of Joseph Smith, the founder and apostle of Mormonism. He was born December 23, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, and in 1815, removed with his father and family to Palmyra, Wayne county, New York. A few years afterwards, many revivals of religion occurred in Western New York, and Smith professed to have become seri-

ously impressed on the subject. In April, 1820, while praying in the woods, he pretends to have received his first remarkable vision and revelation, and asserts that God appeared to him in the forest, and, like Mohammed's Gabriel, informed him that his sins were forgiven; that all of the then existing denominations of Christians were in error and enemies of the Covenant of Grace, and that he was the chosen of God to reinstate his Kingdom, and re-introduce his Gospel on earth. Three years afterwards, Smith fearfully backslided; became oblivious of his pretended revelation and conversion, and relapsed into his old habits of swearing, swindling, and drunkenness. Nevertheless he pretends that about this time (September 21, 1823) an angel came to him while in bed and revealed to him the existence and preservation of the history of the ancient inhabitants of the American continent, engraved on plates of gold, and directed him where to find them. The next day he obeyed the angelic injunction and discovered the gold plates, in a stone box, buried in a hillside—"Cumorah"—between Manchester and Palmyra, New York. He attempted to take them, but the devil and his angels prevented him for a time, by hostilities waged with carnal weapons, but they were finally vanquished and retreated. The angel of the Lord then safely delivered to him the plates—plates of gold, bell-shaped, seven by eight inches in size and six inches thick, and fastened through the ends with rings.

These plates, as can be seen, contained all kinds of characters, arranged in columns like Chinese writing, and presented a singular medley of Greek, Hebrew, and all sorts of hieroglyphics, with sundry figures of half-moons and stars, the whole ending in a rude representation of the Mexican zodiac. He at once set about translating them; but in July, 1828, the translation was suspended in consequence of Martin Harris, one of the scribes,

stealing 118 pages of manuscript, which have never been recovered. In April, 1829, the translation was resumed, Oliver Cowdery, whom John the Baptist came to the earth and ordained, acting as clerk. The ensuing year the "Book of Mormon" was published as a revelation from Heaven. * * *

Without going farther into the history of this wonderful delusion, there is very good evidence for the statement that the real author of the "Book of Mormon" was Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian clergyman of Ashford, Connecticut, who graduated at Dartmouth in 1785, and was ordained and preached for three or four years. Relinquishing the ministry, he engaged in mercantile business in Cherry Valley, New York, when, in 1809, he moved to Conneaut, Ohio, and finally, in 1814, to Amity, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1816. He wrote several novels, which he was in the habit of reading to his friends in manuscript, among them (in 1810-12) a romance of the migration of the ten lost tribes of Israel to America, maintaining the hypothesis that the American Indians are descended from the Hebrews.

Mr. Spalding intended to publish this fiction in book form, and placed it before his death in a printing office in Pittsburg, with which Sidney Rigdon was connected, who copied it. The book was never published, and the original manuscript was returned to Spalding. After the appearance of "The Book of Mormon," Mr. Spalding's widow recognized its paternity, and on May 18, 1839, in a card in the Boston Journal, published a statement in regard to its history.

Having made a number of converts, Smith in 1831 moved to Kirtland, Ohio, and during the same year made a visit to Missouri in search of a location for "Zion"; found it at Independence, Jackson County; named the place "The New Jerusalem," and returned to Kirtland.

In 1832 Smith returned with many followers to Jackson County. They entered several thousand acres of land, mostly west of Independence, professed to own all things in common, though in reality their bishops and leaders owned everything (especially the land titles) and established a "Lord's storehouse" in Independence, where the few monopolized the trade and earnings of the many. They published The Evening Star (the first newspaper in the county), in which appeared weekly installments of "revelations" promising wonderful things to the faithful, and denouncing still more wonderful things against the ungodly Gentiles. The result was that the Gentiles threw the press and type into the Missouri river, tarred and feathered the Bishop and two others, on the public square at Independence, and otherwise maltreated the Saints, who retaliated upon their adversaries, "smiting them hip and thigh" at every good opportunity. On October 31, 1833, a deadly encounter took place two miles east of Westport, in which two citizens and one Mormon were killed. The Mormons routed their enemies, and, elated with victory, determined to utterly destroy that wicked place, Independence, which had been the scene of their sorest trials. A "revelation" ordered the work of destruction and promised victory. They marched during the night, and soon after daylight of November 2, arrived one mile west of the town; but the Gentiles pouring in from all quarters, met them at that point, and forced them to lay down their arms and to agree to leave the county with their families by January 1, 1834, on the condition that the owner should be paid for the loss of the Star printing office, which was agreed to.

Leaving Jackson, they flocked into Clay, Carroll and other counties north of the river, but chiefly into the new county of Caldwell, where John Whitmer and a few others had selected a

site for a new town and lands for a new home of the Saints. The town was called "Far West," and Joe Smith and his chief officers located there, and assured their followers that it would soon become one of the mighty cities of the world.

The old town site is now in the midst of a cornfield, which constitutes part of a tract of land belonging to Col. Calvin F. Burnes, of St. Joseph, and is situated about eight miles southwest of Hamilton and about the same distance southeast of Cameron. * * *

Under the influence of their missionaries, who were canvassing all the Eastern States and many parts of Europe, the young city of Far West promised much. Converts settled all over the county, and especially along the streams and belts of timber. Farm houses sprang up as if by magic, and the wilderness was in a few months transformed into an industrious and promising community. Their settlements extended unto Livingston, Daviess, and Clinton Counties, but Far West, the only town, was their commercial center, and became their county seat. In 1837, the Mormons began work on what was intended to be one of the most magnificent temples in the United States.

The town was laid out in blocks 396 feet square and the streets were on a grand scale. The four principal avenues were each 132 feet wide, and all the others 82 1-2 feet wide. These diverged at right angles from a public square in the center, designed as the site of a grand temple, which, however, was never built. In 1837, the cellar under the prospective temple was dug. The excavation, 120x80 feet in area, and 4 or 5 feet deep, was accomplished in about one-half a day, more than 500 men being employed in the work, with no other means of removing the earth than hand-barrows. * * *

The prosperity of the Mormon settlement had drawn thither

many good and industrious men, and also many desperadoes and thieves, who soon obtained full sway in their councils. They boldly declared that "the Lord had given the earth and the fullness thereof to His people," and that they were "His people," and consequently had the right to take whatsoever they pleased from the Gentiles. In pursuance of this declaration, bands of the more lawless of them strolled about the country, taking what they pleased. As they largely outnumbered the Gentiles, and as the county officers were mostly Mormons they were enabled to act with impunity until their lawless course excited the indignation of the other settlers, who, not being able to obtain justice in a lawful manner, also resorted to mob violence and retaliation in kind, until many a dark and unlawful deed was perpetrated on both sides. * * *

The Mormons not only had a sad experience in the counties of Jackson, and Caldwell, but also in Carroll, in the neighborhood of DeWitt, near the Missouri river. During the summer of 1838, a citizen of this village, by the name of Root, then a merchant there, and now a banker in Quincy, Illinois, sold a large number of lots to G. W. Hinkle, and ——— Murdock, who, it was afterwards discovered, were Mormon leaders who came to Carroll county to establish a settlement of their order. DeWitt being a good landing on the river, they regarded it as a convenient point from which to forward goods and immigrants to Far West. No sooner was it known that these newcomers were Mormon leaders, coming into the county with the view of planting a colony, than great excitement arose in the sparse settlements then existing there. * * *

Before decisive measures were adopted for the expulsion of the Mormons at DeWitt, trouble broke out in Daviess County, and the people of Carroll were called upon for aid. During the

existence of these troubles, and while the attention of the people was directed to the suppression of disorders in Daviess, Mormon recruits, by land and by water, poured into the town of DeWitt, and their wagons and tents completely filled the grove of timber below the town. An attack on this encampment and settlement was fixed for the twenty-first of September, 1838, and on that day about 150 armed men bivouacked near the town. A conflict between the forces ensued, during which several scattering volleys were fired, but no serious casualty occurred. The Mormons finally evacuated their works and fled to some log houses, in which they were comparatively safe from attack. The Carroll County forces likewise returned to their camp to await reinforcements. Troops from Ray, Howard, and Clay Counties soon arrived. Hiram Wilcoxson, who had been sent to Jackson County for a piece of artillery, arrived in due time with it on a wagon, and it was properly mounted ready for service. By this time the attacking force had increased to four or five hundred men. Congreve Jackson, of Howard County, was chosen Brigadier-General; Ebenezer Price, of Clay, Colonel; Singleton Vaughn, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Sarchel Woods, Major. Thus officered, the brigade, after ten days' discipline, were preparing for an assault upon the Mormon force.

Before the line of battle was formed and the onslaught made, however, Judge James Earickson and William F. Dunnica, two influential and reputable citizens of Howard County, reached General Jackson's camp and asked permission to intercede, with the view of adjusting the troubles without bloodshed. After a long parley, it was finally agreed that Judge Earickson might make the Mormons this proposition: That the citizens of Carroll County would purchase from the Mormons, at first cost, their lots in DeWitt, and one or two tracts of land adjoining the town;

that the Mormons should pay for all the cattle killed by them belonging to citizens; that the Mormons should load their wagons during the night and be ready to move by ten o'clock next morning, and that they agree to make no further attempt on their part at a settlement in Carroll County. Judge Earickson very properly thought the terms of pacification rather stringent; but as they were the best that could be obtained from the excited citizens, agreed to undertake the mission. He accordingly waited upon Colonel Hinkle and informed him of the object of his visit, and of the terms upon which a peaceful and bloodless settlement could be made. Colonel Hinkle was indignant, and expressed a determination to die on the hill rather than accede to such terms. Judge Earickson expostulated. Hinkle protested, the interview resulting in Earickson agreeing to remain during the night and hear his final answer in the morning.

A little after dark, Colonel Lyman Wight reached DeWitt with about a hundred Mormons. Their coming strengthened Hinkle's conviction that he could "hold the fort." Nevertheless, Judge Earickson called a council of the principal Mormons and informed them of the perils with which they were threatened. If one citizen of Carroll County should be killed, a hundred would fly to arms to avenge his blood. In the event of hostilities, so exasperated would be the people that he would not be responsible for the safety of the women and children. Colonel Hinkle becoming better informed of the dangers which threatened him, began to consider more dispassionately the force of the arguments, but Lyman Wight was opposed to any terms, and wanted to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer."

The forces under Jackson were determined to carry the Mormon position at all hazards the next morning; and before Judge Earickson returned next morning, Jackson's forces were

in line and ready to advance. Despairing of peaceable settlement, a messenger was about to be sent to notify Judge Earickson of the determination of the opposing force, and that all non-combatants must be removed by the Mormons to a place of safety. Just at that time, Judge Earickson made his appearance with the intelligence that Colonel Hinkle had accepted the terms, and that if commissioners should be sent to DeWitt to settle the manner in which the property would be paid for, they would be received in friendship. Commissioners were accordingly appointed—W. W. Auston, A. Hancock, A. C. Blackwell, Col. Vaughn, David Walker, and Benjamin Cooper on the part of the citizens; and James Earickson, William D. Swinney, and W. F. Dunnica, of Howard County, to represent the Mormons.

In conformity to the agreement, the Mormons without delay loaded their property on wagons, and a long procession filed out of town for Far West, in Caldwell County—men, women, and children casting a sorrowful look behind them as they left forever the spot on which they hoped to build a large prosperous city. * * * *.

In 1838 the discord became so great, and the clamor for the expulsion of the Mormons from the State so imperative, that Governor Boggs issued a proclamation, ordering Major-General David R. Atchison to call out the militia of his division to put down the insurgents and enforce the laws. He called out a part of the first brigade of the Missouri State Militia, under command of General Alexander W. Doniphan, who proceeded at once to the seat of war. The militia were placed under the command of General John B. Clark, of Howard County. The Mormon forces, numbering about 1,000 men, were led by G. W. Hinkle. The first skirmish took place at Crooked River, in the southwestern part of the county, where David Patten—"Cap-

tain Fear-not," as he called himself—the leader of the Danite Band or United Brothers of Gideon, was killed. But the principal engagement was fought at Haughn's Mills, five miles south of the present site of Breckenridge. The Mormons of the eastern portion of the county had concentrated there and entrenched themselves in the mill and in the blacksmith shop, where the militia, numbering about 125 men, attacked and captured them. One militiaman was wounded and 18 of the Mormons killed—some of them after their surrender. * * *

When the militia appeared at Far West, October, 1833, where the principal Mormon forces were gathered, Joe Smith surrendered, agreeing to General Doniphan's conditions: That they should deliver up their arms, surrender their prominent leaders for trial, and the remainder of the Mormons should, with their families, leave the State.

The leaders were taken before a court of inquiry at Richmond, Judge Austin A. King presiding. He remanded them to Daviess County, to await the action of the grand jury on a charge of treason against the State, and murder. The Daviess County jail being poor, they were confined at Liberty. Indictments for various offenses—treason, murder, robbery, receiving stolen goods, arson, resisting legal process, etc., were found against Joe Smith, Hyram Smith (Joe Smith's brother), Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, G. W. Hinkle, Caleb Baldwin, Parley P. Pratt, Luman Gibbs (the basket-maker), Maurice Phelps, King Follett, Wm. Osburn, Arthur Morrison, Elias Higbee, J. Worthington, W. Voorheis, Jacob Gates and others. Sidney Rigdon was released on a writ of habeas corpus. The others requested a change of venue, and Judge King sent their cases to Boone County for trial. On their way to Columbia, under a military guard, Joe Smith effected his escape. It is claimed,

and generally believed, that the guard was bribed.

On July 4, 1839, P. P. Pratt and perhaps others, while the citizens of Columbia were attending some sort of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration on the opposite side of the town, knocked down John M. Kelly, the jailor, when he opened the door to serve them with dinner, and escaped. Gibbs and some others were tried before David Todd, Circuit Judge, and acquitted. Hon. J. S. Rollins, of Boone, and General A. W. Doniphan, of Clay, defended them. The indictments were dismissed against all the others, by Circuit Attorney James M. Gordon, at the August term of the Court, 1840. In connection with the removal of the remainder of the Mormons, and according to the terms of the surrender, there were many terrible scenes. Many of the Mormons were poor, and had invested their all in lands from which they were about to be driven. Valuable farms were traded for an old wagon, a horse, a yoke of oxen, or anything offered that would furnish means of transportation. In many instances conveyances of lands were demanded and enforced at the muzzle of the pistol or the rifle. At this time there were about 5,000 inhabitants in Caldwell County, nearly 4,000 being Mormons, most of whom went to Nauvoo (meaning "The Beautiful"), in Illinois, where they afterwards built a magnificent temple.

In July, 1843, Joe Smith pretended to receive a "revelation" authorizing polygamy. When the "revelation" became public, considerable indignation was felt in Nauvoo, and serious disturbances occurred, the ultimate result of which was that the Prophet and his brother Hyram, William Richards and John Taylor, were arrested on a charge of treason against the State and lodged in the Carthage, Illinois, jail. A short time after, it began to be rumored that some of the State officials were really

desirous that the two Smiths should escape, whereupon an armed mob of about one hundred men was organized, and near sunset was seen advancing stealthily, in single file, from the Nauvoo road, in the direction of the jail. Arriving at the jail, a conflict ensued with the guard during which several shots were fired. The guard was repulsed, and the victorious mob forced their way to the front door of the prison, and into the lower room. There was no hesitation; the excited and determined crowd instantly poured in a dark and threatening mass up the stairway which led to the room where the prisoners were confined. A volley was fired through the door, one shot of which inflicted a wound on Hyram Smith from which he instantly expired. The door was now forced, and the infuriated mob precipitated itself into the room, shouting and firing volley after volley. The contest was too fierce to continue long. Taylor was severely, and it was thought at the time, mortally wounded. The Prophet, Joe Smith, was armed with a six-barreled pistol, with which he defended himself with a bravery inspired by desperation. Three times did he discharge his weapon, and every shot was effectual, wounding one of his assailants mortally and two others slightly. A volley from the mob finally brought him lifeless to the floor.

Thus fell (June 27, 1844) a martyr to licentiousness and ambition, the most corrupt, successful and wicked impostor of modern times. After Joe Smith's death the "Council of Twelve Apostles" unanimously elected Brigham Young as his successor.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUFFALOES.

By ALEXANDER MAJORS.

From "Seventy Years on the Frontier," by Alexander Majors. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. Copyright, 1893, by Rand, McNally & Co.

IT was in the afternoon of a day in early summer, along in 1859, when we found ourselves drifting in a boat down the Missouri. The morning broke with a drizzling rain, out of a night that had been tempestuous, with a fierce gale, heavy thunder, and unusually terrific lightning. Gradually the rain stopped, and we had gone but a short distance when the clouds broke away, the sun shone forth, and the earth appeared glistening with a new beauty. Ahead of us appeared, high up on the bluffs, a clump of trees and bushes.

As we drew near, a sudden caprice seized us, and shooting our boat up on the shelving bank, we secured it, and then climbed the steep embankment. We intended to knock around in the brush a little while, and then resume our trip. A fine specimen of an eagle caught our eye, perched high up on the dead bough of a tree.

Moving around to get a good position to pick him off with my rifle, so that his body would not be torn, I caught sight, through an opening of the trees, of an immense herd of buffaloes, browsing and moving slowly in our direction. We moved forward a little to get a better view of the herd, when the eagle,

unaware to us, spread his pinions, and when we looked again for him he was soaring at a safe distance from our rifles.

We were on the leeward side of the herd, and, therefore, safe from discovery, if we took ordinary precaution, among the trees. It was a fine spectacle which they presented, and, what was more, we were in just the mood to watch them. The rolling land was covered for many acres with minute undulations of dark-brown shoulders slowly drifting toward us. We could hear the rasping sound which innumerable mouths made chopping the crisp grass. As we looked, our ears caught a low, faint, rhythmical sound, borne to us from afar. We listened intently. The sound grew more distinct, until we could recognize the tread of another herd of buffaloes coming from an opposite direction.

We skulked low through the undergrowth, and came to the edge of the wooded patch just in time to see the van of this new herd surmounting a hill. The herd was evidently spending its force, having already run for miles. It came with a lessening speed, until it had settled down to a comfortable walk.

About the same time the two herds discovered each other. Our herd was at first a little startled, but after a brief inspection of the approaching mass, the work of clipping the grass of the prairie was resumed. The fresh arrivals came to a standstill, and gazed at the thousands of their fellows, who evidently had pre-empted their grazing grounds. Apparently they reached the conclusion that that region was common property, for they soon lowered their heads and began to shave the face of the earth of its green growths.

The space separating the herds slowly lessened. The outermost fringes touched but a short distance from our point of observation. It was not like the fringes of a lady's dress coming

in contact with the lace drapery of a window, I can assure you. Nothing so soft and sibilant as that. It was more like the fringes of freight engines coming in contact with each other when they approach with some momentum on the same track.

The powerful bulls had unwittingly found themselves in close proximity to each other, coming from either herd. Suddenly shooting up from the sides of the one whose herd was on the ground first, flumes of dirt made graceful curves in the air. They were the signals for hostilities to commence. The hoofs of the powerful beast were assisted by his small horns, which dug the sod and tossed bunches that settled out of the air in his shaggy mane.

These belligerent demonstrations were responded to in quite as defiant a fashion by the late arrival. He, too, was enormous. We noticed the unusual proportions of his head. But his shoulders, with their great manes, were worth displaying to excite admiration and awe at their possibilities, if they could do nothing more.

Unquestionably the two fellows regarded themselves as representative of their different herds, the one first on the ground viewing the other as an interloper, and he in his turn looking upon the former as reigning, because no one had the spirit to contest his supremacy and show him where he belonged. They sidled up near each other, their heads all the while kept low to the ground, and their eyes red with anger and rolling in fiery fury. This display of the preliminaries of battle drew the attention of an increasing number from either herd. At first they would look up, then recommence their eating, and then direct their attention more intensely as the combatants began to measure their strength more closely. And when the fight was on they became quite absorbed in the varying fortunes of the struggle.

At last the two huge fellows, after a good deal of circumlocution, made the grand rush. I reckon it would be your everlasting fortune if one of you college fellows who play football had the force to make the great rush which either one of these animals presented. The collision was straight and square. A crash of horns, a heavy, dull thud of heads. We thought surely the skull of one or the other, or possibly both, was crushed in. But evidently they were not even hurt. The force would have shoved an old-fashioned barn from its foundations. The muscles swelled up on the thighs, the hoofs sank into the earth, but they were evenly matched.

For a moment there was a mutual cessation of hostilities to get breath. Then they came together with a more resounding crash than before. Instantly we perceived that the meeting of the heads was not square. The new champion has the best position. Like a flash he recognized it and redoubled his efforts to take its full advantage. The other appeared to quadruple his efforts to maintain himself in position; his muscles bulged out, but his antagonist made a sudden move which wrenched his head still farther off the line, when he went down on his knees. That settled the contest, for his enemy was upon him before he could recover. He was thrown aside and his flank raked by several ugly upward thrusts of his foe, which left him torn and bruised, all in a heap. As quick as he could get on his feet he limped, crestfallen, away.

The victorious fellow lashed his small tail, tossed his head, and moved in all the pride of his contest up and down through the ranks of his adversary's herd. How exultant he was! We took it to be rank impudence, and though he had exhibited some heroic qualities of strength and daring, it displeased us to see him take on so many airs on account of his victory.

But his conquest of the field was not yet entirely complete. As he strode proudly along his progress was stopped by a loud snort, and, looking aside, he saw a fresh challenge. There, standing out in full view, was another bull, a monster of a fellow, belonging to his late enemy's herd. He pawed the earth with great strokes and sent rockets of turf curving high in air, some of which sifted its fine soil down upon the nose of the victor.

As we looked at this new challenger and took in his immense form, we chuckled with the assurance that the haughty fellow would now have some decent humility imposed upon him. The conqueror himself must have been impressed with the formidableness of his new antagonist, for there was a change in his demeanor at once. Of course, according to a well established buffalo code, he could do nothing but accept the challenge.

Space was cleared as the two monsters went through their gyrations, their tossing of earth, their lashing of tails, their snorts and their low bellows. This appeared to them a more serious contest than the former, if we could judge from the length of the introductory part. They took more time before they settled down to business. We were of the opinion that the delay was caused by the champion, who resorted to small arts to prolong the preliminaries. We watched it all with the most excited interest. It had all the thrilling features of a Spanish bull-fight without the latter's degradation of man. Here was the level of nature. Here the true buffalo instincts with their native temper were exhibiting themselves in the most emphatic and vigorous fashion. It was the buffalo's trial of nerve, strength, and skill. Numberless as must have been these tournaments, in which the champions of different herds met to decide which was superior, in the long ages during which the buffalo kingdom reigned supreme over the vast western prairies of the United States, yet

few had ever been witnessed by man. We were looking upon a spectacle rare to human eyes, and I confess that I was never more excited than when this last trial reached its climax. It was a question now whether the champion should still hold his position. It stimulates one more when he thinks of losing what he has seized than when he thinks of failing to grasp that which he has never possessed. Undoubtedly both of these animals had this same feeling, for as we looked at this late arrival, we about concluded that he was the real leader, and not the other that limped away vanquished.

While these and other thoughts were passing through our minds, the two mighty contestants squared and made a tremendous plunge for each other. What a shock was that! What a report rolled on the air! The earth fairly shook with the terrific concussion of buffalo brains, and both burly fellows went down on their knees. Both, too, were on their feet the same instant, and locked horns with equal swiftness and skill, each bearing down on the other with all the power he could summon. The cords stood out like ropes on their necks; the muscles on thighs and hips rose like welts. We were quite near these fellows and could see the roll of their blood-red fiery eyes. They braced and shoved with perfectly terrible force. The froth began to drip in long strings from their mouths. The erstwhile victor slipped with one hind foot slightly. His antagonist felt it, and instantly swung a couple of inches forward, which raised the unfortunate buffalo's back, and we expected every instant that he would go down. But he had a firm hold and he swung his antagonist back to his former position, where they both held panting, their tongues lolling out.

There was a slight relaxation for breath, then the contest was renewed. Deep into the new sod their hoofs sunk, neither

getting the advantage of the other. Like the crack of a tree broken asunder came a report on the air, and one of the legs of the first fighter sank into the earth. The other buffalo thought he saw his chance, and made a furious lunge toward his opponent. The earth trembled beneath us. The monsters there fighting began to reel. We beheld an awful rent in the sod. For an instant the ground swayed, then nearly an acre dropped out of sight.

We started back with horror, then becoming reassured, we slowly approached the brink of the new precipice and looked over. This battle of the buffaloes had been fought near the edge of this high bluff. Their great weight—each one over a ton—and their tremendous struggles had loosened the fibres which kept the upper part of the bluff together, and the foundations having been undermined by the current, all were precipitated far below.

As we gazed downward we detected two moving masses quite a distance apart, and soon the shaggy fronts of these buffaloes were seen. One got into the current of the river and was swept down stream; the other soon was caught by the tides and swept onward toward his foe. Probably they resumed the contest when after gaining a good footing farther down the banks of the Missouri, they were fully rested.

But more probably, if they were sensible animals, and in some respects buffaloes have good sense, they concluded after such a providential interference in their terrific fight that they should live together in fraternal amity. So, no doubt, on the lower waters of the Missouri two splendid buffaloes have been seen by later hunters paying each other mutual respect, and standing on a perfect equality as chief leaders of a great herd.

A LYRIC OF THE HAZEL-NUT PATCH.

By R. E. Lee Gibson.

A pleasant sort of pastime, when the Autumn comes around,
Is to roam the hills and hollows where the hazel-nuts abound.
The blossom-time is over and the wren has taken wing,
And the jay, alone remaining, has the hardihood to sing.
No other sound of cheerfulness is audible about—
The Autumn comes in triumph, with her sombre banners out;
She crops the mighty forest with a melancholy swipe,
And everything is gloomy, when the hazel-nuts are ripe;
Yet merrily and cheerily, with baskets we may wend
Our way into the woodland, where the hazel bushes bend.

My blessing on the hazel bush that never grew so high
As to waste its screen of leafage, like the oak tree, on the sky.
Nor yet as dwarfed and stunted as the vine against the earth,
Whose growth of leafy thickness forms a veil of little worth;
The hazel, like a conscious bush, by intuition grew
The proper height and thickness to seclude us from the view;
As if it felt when Autumn came, with all her locks aflow,
Every maiden would be coming with a basket and a beau;
That merrily and cheerily, in couples they would wend
Their way into the woodland, where, the hazel bushes bend.

When the hull is sere and tawny, and the nut is dry and brown,
And beneath its gracious burden every twig is laden down,
And yields upon the slightest touch its treasures by the batch,
We feel as we were welcome to the finest in the patch.
The rabbit scampers from our path, his flying bounds are heard;
A covey of young partridges salutes the mother bird;
She answers from a neighboring shrub, but watch her as we may,
Unwitnessed of our alien eyes, she'll slip the brood away;
And merrily and cheerily, we'll hear her notes ascend
Far off, amid the woodland, where the hazel bushes bend.

And when at eve, the rising moon emits a mellow glow,
And our hazel-nuts are gathered, and it's time for us to go;
And the cooling dews are falling; and the clanking bells we hear
Of the cattle, winding homeward, thro' the gloaming still and clear—
We rest ourselves a little and we gather up our load,
And with a sense of gratitude, we journey on the road,

And think of all the winter nights, the blazing fire about,
When we'll crack the nuts upon the hearth and pluck the kernels out.
Thus merrily and cheerily, contentedly we wend
Our way from out the woodland, where the hazel bushes bend.

GENERAL JOSEPH O. SHELBY.

By JOHN N. EDWARDS.

From "Shelby and His Men," by John N. Edwards, 1867. Republished by his wife, Jennie Edwards, 1897. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Co. Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. Jennie Edwards.

WHEN a man is born with a profound moral sentiment, it is said, preferring truth, justice, and the serving of his country to any honors or any gain, men readily feel the superiority. They who deal with him are elevated with joy and hope; he lights up the house or the landscape in which he stands. His actions are wonderful or miraculous in their eyes. In his presence, or within his influence every one believes in the omnipotence of his efforts, and follows his instructions with an implicitness almost bordering on credulity. It happens, now and then, in the ages, that a soul is born which has no weakness of self—which offers no impediment to the Divine Spirit—which comes down into nature as if only for the benefit of others, and all its thoughts are perceptions of things as they are, without any infirmity of earth. Such souls are as the apparition of gods among men, and simply by their presence pass judgment on them. Men are forced by their own self-respect to give them a certain attention. Evil men shrink and pay invol-

untary homage by hiding or apologizing for their actions when under the "scrutiny of that glance which flashes from beneath the awful brows of genius."

Colonel Shelby was one of these men; and united to his firm and incorruptible patriotism, his hatred of everything mean, his unyielding enthusiasm and confidence, his reckless disregard of danger, his passion for incessant fighting, were all the physical and intellectual qualities which make a great cavalry leader. One of his intellectual qualities was a cautiousness almost without parallel. Often and often, in dangerous localities, he has been known, after picketing every imaginable road and bypath, to send out again and again during the night additional detachments under his trustiest officers. The expedients of his imagination were inexhaustible, and the fertility of his resources marvelous. His mind was usually active, and his combinations subtle and intricate to his foes, but burning steadily in his own vision with a clear light. Another trait upon which he constantly relied was intuition—an almost infallible divination of his enemy's designs, and a rare analysis which enabled him, step by step, to fathom movements and unravel demonstrations as if he held the printed programme in his hand. Then, the physical endowments were greater still. Imbued with wonderful nervous energy, bold, reckless and self-reliant, his face indicates quickness, impulsive daring, wiry alertness, and great bodily endurance. By those who do not know Joe Shelby, who have not seen him in the headlong fight, the rough-and-tumble conflict, the terrible raid, and the cautious retreat, no correct idea can be formed of his happy improvisations on the bloody field, and his quick, intuitive, and instantaneous combinations, which have never failed to win victory when victory was possible, and, when impossibilities were to be grappled with, have always succeeded in rescuing him from

impending peril. When near danger, sleep was almost banished, and the softest bed, and the brightest Peri who ever wore camellias, might have wooed him, but in vain. Horse and rider seemed carved from the same block, and day after day, and night after night, he never moved from the head of his silent column. Under a tree during bivouac, his feet to a large fire—of which he was remarkably fond—and his head pillowed on his saddle, he snatched what repose he was justified in taking by circumstances. The rain beat in his face, and plastered his long hair about his brow, but he only turned over, or covered it with the cape of his coat. Wagons were his special aversion, and baggage useless as a woman's wardrobe. His men kneaded their dough on india-rubber blankets, and cooked it upon boards or rocks before the fire. Forked hickory sticks made excellent gridirons, and the savory steaks thus broiled were delightful beyond measure. Whatever reports might be brought concerning an advancing enemy, of their numbers and strength, his infallible question was, "Did you see them?" If this was answered affirmatively, he followed it up immediately with, "Did you count them?" "No, General." "Then we'll fight them, by heaven. Order the brigade to form line, and Collins to prepare for action front." Collins was the heroic young commander of his battery, and one of his old company. Thus he never turned his back upon an enemy without knowing his exact power, and without inflicting more or less injury upon the advancing squadrons. Cold, nor heat, nor climate had the least effect upon his athletic frame, and intense excitement and fatigue only deepened the lines about his mouth, and hardened the color on his bronzed face. His soldiers idolized him because he shared their greatest dangers and their sternest privations; because he protected them against the cormorants of the supply departments, and had for

them the best the country afforded. His cautiousness often seemed timidity, yet, when the time came, his reckless daring and indifferent hardihood was the very acme of temerity. To him unincumbered always by wagons, streams had no perils, and mountain passes but occasional difficulties. To be with his artillery was a byword of safety, for when his horses failed, men were harnessed to the guns and dragged them, with shouts and songs, for miles and miles. Always in motion, gifted almost with the power of ubiquity, surrounding his camp or columns with a cloud of scouts and skirmishers, he invariably knew everybody else's movements, and kept his own like a sealed book.

In his large gray eyes were depths of tenderness; and ambition, and love, and passion all were there. The square massive lower face, hidden by its thick, brown beard, was sometimes hard and pitiless, and sometimes softened by the genial smiles breaking over his features and melting away all anger suddenly. Extremes met in his disposition, and conflicting natures warred within his breast. He was all hilarity, or all dignity and discipline. Lenient to-day, the men sported with his mood, to-morrow his orders were harsh as the clang of sullen drums, and his men trembled and obeyed. In the languor of camp life he might be listless and contemplative, or nervous, energetic, and rapacious for air and exercise as a Comanche brave. He would discuss by the hour politics, war, famine, crops, and field sports with the good old citizen farmers crowding around his quarters, when a change would come over his desires rapidly, and the auditors were dismissed by a wave of the hand as he galloped off to where his troops were drilling and maneuvering. Only in battle did the two antagonistic natures unite to make him stern, brilliant, concise, and overpowering. The very air seemed to bring him inspiration if it were tainted with the breath of gunpowder.

His hearing became more acute as the artillery rolled its resonant thunder over the field, and his sight had something almost of omniscience when it rested upon opposing lines and rival banners.

A boon companion and debonair gallant was Shelby, too. There was much of Launcelot's love-passion about him, with all of Launcelot's chivalry and knightly bearing. Late trysts and later wooing had for him much of glamour and more of witchery. Like Otho, he would have "lingered on his last march, in the very face of Galba's legions to decorate Poppaea's grave."

Around his own camp fire, however, when the day's hard work was done, would his generous, social qualities stand out best, and the emotions and sentiments of his brave, fond heart woo to him everyone in his presence. Accessible, kind, bluff, and free-spoken, he sympathized with the troubles of his soldiers, made their cause his own, and promised them that all differences should be smoothed away and adjusted.

A skillful diplomatist was Shelby, too—in its best sense—and his knowledge of human nature seldom failed him. The key-note to the affections of mankind is struck only through self-interest, and the roughest metals, under practised, rapid hands, can be formed and fashioned into objects of beauty and perfect usefulness. The quality which adds harmony and adhesion to conflicting elements must be valuable, and the skill which softens the fierce passions of ambition and vanity, and unites rival chieftains as brothers under a single banner, must be rarer than diplomacy, perhaps, and possessed only by the few. This power was his in a wonderful degree, and first in his old brigade and later in his large division, there were banished from the commencement those petty jars and causeless rivalries from which other and efficient commands suffered without a remedy. He rewarded the deserving, promoted the brave, encouraged all

in the exercise of laudable, healthy ambition, and assigned to each officer his position in the military list—merit ever the standard of favor, and soldierly qualities more powerful than rank.

IN NORMANDIE.

By Raymond Weeks.

So soft the wind from over the lea
  Blows 'round the manse,
I close my eyes and seem to be
  In gentle France.

So true the song the wild birds sing,
So rare the scent the wild flowers bring,
I close my eyes and seem to be
Once more a boy in Normandie!

So sweet the air of that ancient song
  My daughter hums,—
Yonder, the rose-bed path along
  The dear child comes—

So fair her face with rich deep glow,
I mind me of one loved long ago;
It seems her mother I hear and see,
When she was a girl in Normandie!

I am discontent in this English land,
  My spirit thrills
At thought of scenes beyond the strand,
  On Norman hills!

But, wait! some day of blest release
I shall see again sweet Alaïs!
Shall close my eyes and ever be
A child with her in Normandie!

AN UNWRITTEN LEAF OF THE WAR.

By JOHN N. EDWARDS.

From "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico," by John N. Edwards. Copyright, 1889, by Jennie Edwards.

SAN ANTONIO, in the full drift of the tide which flowed in from Mexico, was first an island and afterward an oasis. To the hungry and war-worn soldiers of Shelby's expedition it was a Paradise. Mingo, the unparalleled host of Mingo's Hotel, was the guardian angel, but there was no terror in his looks, nor any flaming sword in his hand. Here, everything that European markets could afford was found in abundance. Cotton, magnificent even in its overthrow, had chosen this last spot as the city of its refuge and its caresses. Fugitive generals had gathered here, and fugitive senators and fugitive governors and fugitive desperadoes, as well, men sententious of speech and quick of pistol practice. These last had taken immediate possession of the city, and were rioting in the old royal fashion.

When the daylight came, Shelby was in possession of the city. A deputation of citizens had traveled nearly twenty miles to his camp, and besought him to hasten forward, that their lives and their property might be saved. The camp was in deep sleep, for the soldiers had traveled far, but they mustered to the shrill bugle call, and rode on through the long night afterwards, for honor and for duty.

On the evening of the second day of occupation, an ambulance drew up in front of the Mingo House. Besides the driver, there alighted an old man, aged, bent, spent with fatigue, and dusty as a foot soldier. Shelby sat in the balcony watching him, a light of recognition in his calm, cold eyes. The old man entered, approached the register, and wrote his name. One having curiosity enough to look over his shoulder might have read:

"William Thompson."

Fair enough name and honest. The old man went to his room and locked the door. The windows of his room looked out upon the piazza. In a few moments it was noticed that the blinds were drawn, the curtains down. Old men need air and sunlight; they do not commence hibernating in June.

When he had drawn his blinds Shelby called up Connor.

"Get your band together, Lieutenant," was the order.

"For what, General?"

"For a serenade."

"A serenade to whom?"

"No matter, but a serenade just the same. Order, also, as you go out by headquarters, that all the men not on duty, get under arms immediately and parade in front of the balcony."

The assembly blew a moment afterwards, and as the sun set a serried mass of soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, were in line, waiting. Afterwards the band marched into the open place reserved for it, Connor leading.

Shelby pointed up to the old man's window, smiling.

"Play 'Hail to the Chief,'" he said.

It was done. No answering signals at the window. The blinds from a look of silence had put on one of selfishness.

Shelby spoke again:

"Try 'Dixie,' boys. If the old man were dead it would bring him to life again."

The sweet, familiar strains rose up rapid and exultant, filling all the air with life and the pulses with blood. When they had died with the sunset, there was still no answer.

Shelby spoke again:

"That old man up there is Kirby Smith; I would know him among a thousand. Shout for him until you are hoarse."

A great roar burst forth like a tempest, shaking the house, and in the full torrent of the tide, and borne aloft as an awakening cry, could be heard the name of "Smith!" "Smith!"

The blinds flew open, the curtains were rolled up, and in plain view of this last remnant of his magnificent army of fifty thousand men, General E. Kirby Smith came forth undisguised, a look full of eagerness and wonderment on his weary and saddened face. He did not understand the greeting, the music, the armed men, the eyes that had penetrated his disguise, the shouts that had invaded his retreat. Threatened with death by roving and predatory bands from Shreveport to San Antonio, he knew not whether one friend remained to him of all the regiments he had fed, clothed, flattered, and left unfought.

Shelby rose up in his place, a great respect and tenderness at work in his heart for this desolate and abandoned man who had lived the military life that was in him and who—a stranger in a land filled full of his soldiers—had not so much as a broken flag staff to lean upon. Given not overmuch to speaking and brief of logic and rhetoric, he won the exile when he said to him:

"General Smith, you are the ranking officer in the Trans-Mississippi Department. These are your soldiers, and we are here to report to you. Command, and we obey; lead us and we

will follow. In this public manner, and before all San Antonio, with music and with banners, we come to proclaim your arrival in the midst of that little band which knows neither dishonor nor surrender. You were seeking concealment, and you have found a noontide of soldierly obedience and devotion. You were seeking the night and the obscurity of self-appointed banishment and exile, and you have found guards to attend you, and the steadfast light of patriotism to make your pathway plain. We bid you good morning instead of good night, and await, as of old, your further orders."

Shouts arose upon shouts, triumphal music filled all the air again; thrice Smith essayed to speak, and thrice his tears mastered him. In an hour he was in the ranks of his happy soldiers as safe and as full of confidence as a king upon his throne.

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At San Antonio, also, Governor Reynolds and General Magruder joined the expedition. The first was a man whose character had to be tried in the fiery crucible of military strife and disaster, that it might stand out grand, massive and indomitable. He was a statesman and a soldier. Much residence abroad had made him an accomplished diplomatist. He spoke three foreign languages fluently. To the acute analysis of a cultivated and expanded mind, he had added the exacting logic of the law. Poetry, and all the natural and outward forms of beauty affected him like other imaginative men, but in his philosophy he discarded the ornate for the strong, the Oriental architecture for the Corinthian. Revolution stood revealed before him, stripped of all its glare and tinsel. As a skillful physician, he laid his hand upon the pulse of the war and told the fluctuations of the disease from the symptoms of the patient. He knew the condition of the Confederacy better than its President, and worked like a

giant to avert the catastrophe. Shams fled before him as shadows before the sun. He heard no voice but of patriotism, knew no word but devotion, had no ambition but for his country, blessed no generals without victorious battle fields, and exiled himself before he would surrender. His faith was spotless in the sight of that God of battles in whom he put his trust, and his record shone out through all the long, dark days as a light that was set upon a hill.

Magruder was a born soldier, dead now, and gone to heaven. He had a figure like a Mars divested of immorality. He would fight all day and dance all night. He wrote love songs and sang them, and won an heiress rich beyond comparison. The wittiest man in the old army, General Scott adored him. His speech had a lisp that was attractive, inasmuch as it lingered over its puns and caressed its rhetoric. Six feet in height, and straight as Tecumseh, Magruder, in full regimentals, was the handsomest soldier in the Confederacy. Not the fair, blonde beauty of the city, odorous of perfume and faultless in tailor-fashion, but a great, bronzed Ajax, mighty thewed, and as strong of hand as strong of digestion. He loved women, too, and was beloved by them. After Galveston, with blood upon his garments, a bullet wound upon his body, and victory upon his standards, he danced until there was daybreak in the sky and sunlight upon the earth. From the fight to the frolic it had been fifty-eight hours since he had slept. A boy at sixty-four, penniless, with a family in Europe, homeless, bereft of a vocation he had grown gray in following, having no country and no calling, he, too, had come to his favorite officer to choose his bivouac and receive his protection. The ranks opened eagerly for this wonderful recruit, who carried in his old-young head so many memories of the land towards which all were journeying.

TO RILEY.

By William R. Hereford.

I hev shet yer book, Jim Riley,
An' with it shet my eyes
Jess to swim a blessed minnit
In the summer of yer skies.
I kin feel the breath of June-time
A-playin' on my face,
That takes me back in mem'ry
To my mother's dear ole place.

When you talk about the ole times
It's as sweet as kingdom come,
An' I'm glad you've written, Riley,
On "Poems Here et Home."
I've felt like doin' it myself,
But I couldn't find the time,
An' somehow, when I hed the thoughts
I couldn't make 'em rhyme.

I kin hear the pewee chirpin'
Ez he bobs upon the limb,
An' it all comes back so nacheral
Thet I thank you fer it, Jim;
You hev heerd the children singin',
In honeysuckle-time,
An' hev tuk their voices' music
An' made it inter rhyme.

You hev touzeled in the clover
An' laughed out loud in glee
At the funny story told it
By the courtin' bumbly-bee;
You hev heerd the trees a-whisperin',
An' hev put it in yer book,
An' you know the purty meanin'
Of the ripple of the brook.

So I've shet yer book, Jim Riley,
An' with it shet my eyes
An' dream I am a-swimmin'
In yer summer's meller skies.
Here's lookin' at ye, Riley,
An' a-hopin' you will be
A-singin' up in heaven
When I reach eternity.

SHELBY AND MAXIMILIAN.

By JOHN N. EDWARDS.

From "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico," by John N. Edwards. Copyright, 1889, by Jennie Edwards.

HEN Shelby arrived in Mexico, Maximilian had been reigning over a year. The French held all the country that was worth holding—certainly all the cities, the large towns, the mining districts, and the seaports. Besides the French troops, the Emperor had in his service a corps of Imperial Mexicans, and a small body of Austrian and Belgian auxiliaries. The first was capable of infinite augmentation but they were uncertain, unreliable, and apt at any time to desert in a body to the Liberals. The last were slowly wasting away—being worn out as it were by sickness and severe attrition. The treasury was empty. Brigandage, a plant of indigenous growth, still flourished and grew luxuriantly outside every garrisoned town or city. The French could not root it up, although the French shot everything upon which they got their hands that looked a little wild or startled. No matter for a trial. The

order of an officer was as good as a decree from Bazaine. Thousands were thus offered up as a propitiation to the god of good order—many of them innocent—all of them shot without a hearing.

This displeased the Emperor greatly. His heart was really with his Mexicans, and he sorrowed over a fusilade for a whole week through. At times he remonstrated vigorously with Bazaine, but the imperturbable marshal listened patiently and signed the death warrants as fast as they were presented. These futile discussions at last ended in an estrangement, and while Maximilian was emperor in name, Bazaine was emperor in reality.

With a soldier's quickness and power of analysis, Shelby saw and understood all these things and treasured them up against the day of interview. This was speedily arranged by Commodore Maury and General Magruder. Maximilian met him without ceremony, and with great sincerity and frankness. Marshal Bazaine was present. Count de Noue, the son-in-law of General Harney, and chief of Bazaine's civil staff, was the interpreter. The Emperor, while understanding English, yet preferred to converse in French and to hold all his intercourse with the Americans in that language.

Shelby laid his plans before him at once. These were to take immediate service in his Empire, recruit a corps of forty thousand Americans, supersede as far as possible the native troops in his army, consolidate the Government against the time of the withdrawal of the French soldiers, encourage immigration in every possible manner, develop the resources of the country, and hold it, until the people became reconciled to the change, with a strong and well organized army.

Every proposition was faithfully rendered to the Emperor,

who merely bowed and inclined his head forward as if he would hear more.

Shelby continued, in his straightforward, soldierly manner:

"It is only a question of time, Your Majesty, before the French soldiers are withdrawn."

Marshal Bazaine smiled a little sarcastically, it seemed, but said nothing.

"Why do you think so?" inquired the Emperor.

"Because the war between the States is at an end, and Mr. Seward will insist on the rigorous enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. France does not desire a conflict with the United States. It would neither be popular nor profitable. I left behind me a million men in arms, not one of whom has yet been discharged from the service. The nation is sore over this occupation, and the presence of the French is a perpetual menace. I hope your Majesty will pardon me, but in order to speak the truth it is necessary to speak plainly."

"Go on," said the Emperor, greatly interested.

"The matter whereof I have spoken to you is perfectly feasible. I have authority for saying that the American Government would not be averse to the enlistment of as many soldiers in your army as might wish to take service, and the number need only be limited by the exigencies of the Empire. Thrown upon your own resources, you would find no difficulty, I think, in establishing the most friendly relations with the United States. In order to put yourself in a position to do this, and in order to sustain yourself sufficiently long to consolidate your occupation of Mexico and make your Government a strong one, I think it absolutely necessary that you should have a corps of foreign soldiers devoted to you personally, and reliable in any emergency."

On being appealed to, Commodore Maury and General Magruder sustained his view of the case, and Shelby continued:

"I have under my command at present about 1,000 tried and experienced troops. All of them have seen much severe and actual service, and all of them are anxious to enlist in support of the Empire. With your permission, and authorized in your name to increase my forces, in a few months all the promises given here to-day could be made good."

The Emperor still remained silent. It appeared as if Shelby was an enigma he was trying to make out—one which interested him at the same time that it puzzled him. In the habit of having full and free conversations with Commodore Maury, and of reposing in him the most unlimited confidence, he would look first at Shelby, and then at Maury, as if appealing from the blunt frankness of the one to the polished sincerity and known sound judgment of the other. Perhaps Marshal Bazaine knew better than any man at the interview how keen had been Shelby's analysis of the situation; and how absolutely certain were events, neither he nor his master could control, to push the last of his soldiers beyond the ocean. At intervals the calm, immobile face would flush a little and once or twice he folded and unfolded a printed dispatch he held in his hands. Beyond these evidences of attention, it was not known that Bazaine was even listening. His own judgment was strongly in favor of the employment of the Americans, and had the bargain been left to him, the bargain would have been made before the end of the interview. He was a soldier, and reasoned from a soldier's standpoint. Maximilian was a Christian ruler, and shrank within himself, all his nature in revolt, when the talk was of bloodshed and provinces held by the bayonet. His mind was convinced from the first that Shelby's policy was the best for

him, and he leaned to it as to something he desired near him for support when the crisis came. He did not embrace it, however, and make it part and parcel of his heart and his affections.

The Emperor did not reply directly to Shelby. He rose up, beckoned De Noue to one side, spoke to him quietly and earnestly for some brief moments, dismissed his visitors pleasantly and withdrew. His mind, however, it appears, had been made up from the first. He was not willing to trust the Americans in an organization so large and so complete—an organization composed of forty thousand skilled and veteran soldiers, commanded by officers of known valor, and anxious for any enterprise, no matter how daring or desperate. Besides he had other plans in view.

As De Noue passed out he spoke to Shelby:

"It's no use. The Emperor is firm on the point of diplomacy. He means to try negotiation and correspondence with the United States. He thinks Mr. Seward is favorably disposed toward him, and that the spirit of the dominant party will not be adverse to his experiment with the Mexicans. His sole desire is to give them a good government, lenient yet restraining laws, and to develop the country and educate the people. He believes that he can do this with native troops, and that it will be greatly to the interest of the American Government to recognize him, and to cultivate with him the most friendly relations. At any rate," and De Noue lowered his voice, "at any rate, His Majesty is an enthusiast, and you know that an enthusiast reasons ever from the heart instead of the head. He will not succeed. He does not understand the people over whom he rules, nor any of the dangers which beset him. You know he once governed in Lombardy and Venitia, when they were Austrian provinces, and he made so many friends there for a young prince

that he might well suppose he had some divine right to reign successfully. There is no similarity, however, between the two positions. A powerful army was behind him when he was in Italy, and a singularly ferocious campaign, wherein the old Austrian, Marshal Radetsky, manifested all the fire and vigor of his youth, had crushed Italian resistance to the earth. It was the season for the physician and the peace-maker, and the Emperor came in with his salves and his healing ointments. Singularly fitted for the part he had been called upon to perform, he won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, and left at last universally loved and regretted. It is of no use, I say again, General, the Emperor will not give you employment."

"I knew it," replied Shelby.

"How?" and De Noue shrugged his shoulders.

"From his countenance. Not once could I bring the blood to his calm benignant face. He has faith, but no enthusiasm, and enthusiasm such as he needs would be but another name for audacity. I say to you in all frankness, Count De Noue, Maximilian will fail in his diplomacy."

"Your reasons, General."

"Because he will not have time to work the problem out. I have traveled slowly and in my own fashion from Predras Negras to the City of Mexico—traveled by easy stages when the need was, and by forced marches when the need was, fighting a little at times and resting a little at ease at times, but always on guard, and watching upon the right hand and upon the left. Save the ground held by your cantonments and your garrisons, and the ground your cannon can hold in range, and your cavalry can patrol and scour, you have not one foot in sympathy with you, with the Emperor, with the Empire, with anything that promises to be respectable in government or reliable in ad-

ministration. Juarez lives as surely in the hearts of the people as the snow is eternal on the brow of Popocatapetl, and ere an answer could come from Seward to the Emperor's Minister of State, the Emperor will have no Minister of State. That's all, Count. I thank you very much for your kind offices to-day, and would have given a good account of my Americans if king-craft had seen the wisdom of their employment. I must go back to my men now. They expect me early."

Thus terminated an interview that had more of destiny in it, perhaps, than the seeming indifference and disinclination to talk on the part of the Emperor might indicate. The future settled the question of policy that alone kept the ruler and his subject apart. When the struggle came that Shelby had so plainly and bluntly depicted, Maximilian was in the midst of eight million of savages, without an army, with scarcely a guard, with none upon whom he could rely, abandoned, deserted, and betrayed. Was it any wonder, therefore, that the end of the Empire should be the dead wall at Queretaro?

AIR CASTLES.

By C. L. Phifer.

Why should we deem it idle,
Or a child's play or a snare,
For men to build their castles
In the air?

Beside them, who has buildings?
And God builds them, oh, so fair.
For this world is but a castle
Built in air.

The sun and stars a city
Floating on the ether rare;
And heaven a palace-castle
In the air.

GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

By Thomas L. Sneed.

From "The Fight for Missouri," by Thomas L. Sneed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1886, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

NATHANIEL LYON was born in Ashford, Connecticut, on the fourteenth of July, 1818. He entered West Point in 1837, and, graduating in 1841, was assigned to the Second Infantry. With that regiment he served in Florida till 1842, and with it later he took part in the war with Mexico. On the march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico he was promoted to the first lieutenancy of his company and as such commanded it during that campaign. At Cerro Gordo he was with Harney. For his gallant conduct in the battles of Churubusco and Contreras, he was, with three other officers, commended to the "special notice" of his brigade commander, and was breveted captain on the twentieth of August, 1847. On entering the city he was slightly wounded.

From 1849 to 1853 he was on duty in California, and while there made a successful campaign against the Clear Lake Indians of Northern California. General Persifer F. Smith, in his report to the War Department, says, "That all the officers in the expedition united in awarding the highest praise to Captain Lyon for his untiring energy, zeal, and skill, and attribute his success to the rapidity and secrecy of his marches, and to his skillful disposition on the ground."

Many stories are told of his adventures in this wild region. On one occasion when all alone, he was attacked suddenly by three mounted Indians. His presence of mind and quickness of movement saved him. With a bullet he emptied the saddle of the foremost. Turning upon the next with his sabre, he buried his blade in the Indian's body. The third savage was glad to get away unharmed.

Returning to Benicia toward the end of September, 1851, Captain Lyon enjoyed a much-needed rest. He pictured himself, at this time, as continuing in his "usual and long established custom, growing old, indeed, but not ashamed to own it; proud, perhaps, but not haughty; prudent, it may be, in worldly affairs, yet not crafty for wealth; desirous enough of fame, but not infatuated with blind ambition; and, in general, taking the world as it comes, enjoying richly its many blessings, sympathizing with the unfortunate, and laughing with the indifference of cool philosophy at the sore disappointments with which selfishness and cupidity are ever torturing their victims."

During the greater part of 1852 he was on leave of absence in the Eastern States and took great interest in the then pending presidential election. He was at that time a staunch Democrat, and so enthusiastic an admirer of Franklin Pierce that on his way back to California he made a speech in his favor to his fellow-passengers on the steamship.

The next year he returned to the East with his regiment and spent a part of the winter at Washington. While there he listened eagerly to the debates in Congress on the question of slavery in the Territories, for the Kansas-Nebraska bill was then under consideration. His earnest nature was deeply impressed by what he heard, and his sympathies were aroused in behalf of the negro.

The next year (1854) he was sent with his company to Fort Riley, some 120 miles west of Kansas City, and there he got into the very midst of that bitter contention and savage warfare, with which North and South were then struggling for the possession of Kansas, for supremacy in the Union, and for freedom or slavery.

Lyon was not slow to espouse the cause of the slave, and to maintain it with all the earnestness of his Puritan disposition; and he did all that an officer of the army dared to do for the success of the party of freedom, and for the triumph of the Free-State men. * * * *

In 1856 he seriously considered whether it were not better to resign his commission and quit the army, than, as one of its officers, aid in enforcing the laws of the United States in Kansas. He looked upon "the course of the General Government as selfish, partial and corrupt," and "could not submit to the self-debasement and humiliation of being employed as a tool in the hands of evil rulers for the accomplishment of evil ends." From the necessity of resigning he was saved by being ordered out of Kansas.

But he was in Kansas again in 1859, and taking as active an interest as ever in the contest between slavery and freedom; was with General Harney, in December, 1860, when Frost's Brigade was sent by the Governor of Missouri to co-operate with Harney in arresting Montgomery, and protecting the country adjacent to Fort Scott; and was left by Harney at Fort Scott, after Montgomery and his band had dispersed and escaped.

From that post he wrote, January 27, 1861:

"I do not consider troops at all necessary here, and should much prefer to be employed in the legitimate and appropriate service of contributing to stay the idiotic, fratricidal hands now

at work to destroy our Government. It is no longer useful to appeal to reason, but to the sword, and trifle no longer in senseless wrangling. I shall not hesitate to rejoice at the triumph of my principles, though this triumph may involve an issue, in which I certainly expect to expose, and very likely shall lose, my life. I would a thousand times rather incur this, than recall the result of our presidential election. We shall rejoice, though in martyrdom if need be."

Four days later he was ordered to St. Louis with his company.

He was now in the forty-third year of his age; of less than medium height; slender and angular; with abundant hair of a sandy color, and a coarse reddish-brown beard. He had deep-set blue eyes; features that were rough and homely; and the weather-beaten aspect of a man who had seen much hard service on the frontier. What manner of soldier he was will soon be seen.

His first act on reaching the arsenal was characteristic of the man, of his contentious spirit, and aggressive disposition, of his resolute purpose to have his own way, of his distrust of all conservative men, like Major Hagner. Though the latter was five years his senior in the service, his commission as captain was twenty days junior to Lyon's; for promotion in the ordnance was slower than in the infantry, to which Lyon belonged. But he had been assigned to duty at the arsenal according to his brevet rank of major, and that made him senior to Lyon.

No regard for Hagner's greater age, or longer service; no feeling of courtesy towards an older brother in arms, weighed with Lyon for a moment against the fact that Hagner was not an Abolitionist, that his wife was the daughter of a slave-holder, and himself the friend and associate of Southern sympathizers.

Such a man was not, in his opinion, to be trusted with so important a command as the St. Louis arsenal; such a man was not fit to have authority over a true and loyal soldier like himself. He at once asserted his own right to command, by virtue of his senior commission as captain. The question was submitted to General Harney. He sustained Hagner, and Lyon thereupon appealed to the President. He, too, sustained Hagner, and Lyon had to submit for the time.

This struggle with Hagner had not diverted his attention from what was happening around him, nor had it kept him out of the greater struggle to which it was merely subsidiary. He at once established the closest relations with Blair, and the other influential Union men of St. Louis, and by his zeal, intelligence and boldness won their instant and perfect confidence. They saw that he was the very man that they needed; that he had been sent to them, as it were, by Providence or by Fate to save Missouri to the Union.

Practical always, he went straight to work to organize, drill and discipline the Home Guards, and to convert them into soldiers upon whom he could rely to defend the arsenal and to fight the Secessionists. He frequented their drill-rooms and armories; instructed the officers and men; inspired them with confidence in himself; taught them, too, to have faith in themselves and in the cause for which they were going to battle; fired their enthusiasm; and inflamed their patriotism.

The election of delegates to the State Convention was to take place on the eighteenth of February. The whole Commonwealth was profoundly agitated. In St. Louis the wildest excitement prevailed. The Secessionists were confident of success, and openly boasted that if they carried the State they would seize the arsenal, and out of its stores arm, equip and supply the

State Guard, which the General Assembly would then authorize to be enlisted, and called into active service.

Blair and Lyon appreciated the danger, and redoubled their efforts to meet it. They believed that if they could get absolute control of the arsenal and its stores, they need not fear any force which the State or the Secessionists could bring against it; for they could then arm and equip the Home Guards and their other adherents, with these stores, and send what was left to Illinois where they would be safe.

Under no circumstances would Hagner distribute the arms to the Home Guards. He could not do it without violating the laws of his country and his oath as an officer; and these were things that he could not do. He had not yet learned that war silences law and burns up in its flames all formal oaths.

Lyon had learned this, and he knew that the country was on the verge of war; that armed men were gathering at the North and at the South to begin the deadly conflict; and he had made up his mind to issue the arms to the Home Guards in case of need, despite both Hagner and Harney. He would not let a law, which was intended for the safety of the Union, be used for the destruction of the Union; he would not stand idly by and let the arms which belonged to the Union be turned against the Union by its worst enemy. But he did not wish to be forced into an unlawful course, if it could be avoided; not that he cared much about it himself, but there were a great many law-abiding Union men in Missouri, whom it would be unwise to offend or they might take part with the State and against the Federal Government. He and Blair resolved, accordingly, to try again to have himself placed in command of the arsenal. This would be accomplished if the President would order Hagner, to be assigned to duty, without reference to his brevet rank. * * *

As the Buchanan administration would not listen to Blair and himself, they got Sturgeon to write again, on the ninth of February, to General Scott, and to advise him to reinforce the arsenal with all the troops that were at Jefferson Barracks, and to place Lyon in command of both them and the arsenal.

Scott ordered the troops to the arsenal, but he left Hagner in command; and on the sixteenth of February—two days before the election—203 officers and men were, in obedience to this order brought to the arsenal, which was further reinforced a few days later, by 102 officers and men. These reinforcements increased the troops at the post to nine officers and 484 men. General Harney now informed the War Department in a report made on the nineteenth of February, that there never had been any danger of an attack upon the arsenal, and that if one should be made "the garrison would be promptly rescued by an overwhelming force from the city."

Whatever danger may have existed had in fact passed. For the State had, in the election of delegates to the Convention, declared against secession by an overwhelming majority, and had affirmed the loyalty of her citizens to the Union. The Secessionists were for the moment utterly disheartened. The General Assembly sullenly submitted to the will of the people, and postponed the consideration of every measure looking to the preparation of the State for war, or for the maintenance even of her own neutrality.

Lyon and Blair were not deceived by these delusive signs of peace, nor did they relax their efforts to get ready for war. They knew that it would break out sooner or later, and that whoever then held the arsenal would hold St. Louis, and that whoever held St. Louis and the arsenal would in the end hold Missouri.

They did not even wait for the inauguration of Lincoln, now only a few days off, but Blair himself hastened to Washington in order to beg Mr. Buchanan to immediately assign Lyon to the command of the arsenal; stopping, however, at Springfield to explain the condition of affairs to Mr. Lincoln, and to prepare him to act promptly on assuming office. But neither Mr. Buchanan nor General Scott would give heed to Blair's entreaties. For they distrusted both him and Lyon, and would not give them the power to inaugurate civil war in Missouri. Moreover, they had implicit confidence in both Harney and Hagner, and felt sure that they would do all that could be done for the safety of the arsenal, and for the maintenance of the Federal authority in Missouri.

Lyon meanwhile kept urging Hagner to strengthen the defenses of the arsenal, and suggested many ways in which this could be done. Hagner paid no attention to his suggestions.

* * * * * * * *

An event which happened on the day that Lincoln was inaugurated, and on which the State Convention began its session at St. Louis (March 4th), came very near precipitating the conflict in Missouri, and gave Blair and Lyon good cause to press their demands upon the Government.

During the preceding night some of the Minute Men (Duke, Greene, Quinlan, Champion, and McCoy) raised the flag of Missouri over the dome of the Courthouse, and hoisted above their own headquarters a nondescript banner, which was intended to represent the flag of the Confederate States. The custodian of the Courthouse removed the State flag from that building early in the morning; but the secession flag floated audaciously and defiantly above the Minute Men's headquarters, in the very face of the Submissionists' Convention, of the Re-

publican Mayor, and his German police, of the department commander, and of Lyon and his Home Guards; and under its folds there was gathered as daring a set of young fellows as ever did a bold, or a reckless deed. They were about a score at first, but when an excited crowd began to threaten their quarters and the rumor to fly that the Home Guards were coming to tear down their flag, the number of its defenders grew to about one hundred. They all had muskets of the latest and very best pattern. On the floors of the upper rooms were heaps of hand grenades. In the wide hall was a swivel, double-shotted, and so planted as to rake the main entrance if anyone should be brave enough to try to force it. At every window there were determined men, with loaded muskets, and fixed bayonets; behind them were others, ready to take the place of any that might fall; and in all the building there was not a man who was not ready to fight to the death, rather than submit to the rule of Abraham Lincoln; nor one who would have quailed in the presence of a thousand foes, nor one of them that survives to-day, who would not fight just as willingly and just as bravely for the flag of the Union. Outside, too, throughout the ever growing crowd, other Minute Men were stationed, to act as the emergency might require.

Before the hour of noon had come all the streets in the vicinity were thronged with excited men, some drawn thither by mere curiosity and by that strange magnetism which mobs always exert; some to take part with the Minute Men, if "the Dutch" should attack them; some to tear down "the rebel flag," and to hang "the traitors," who had dared to raise it on the day of Lincoln's inauguration.

Everything betokened a terrible riot and a bloody fight. The civil authorities were powerless. It was to no purpose that

they implored the crowd to disperse; in vain that they begged the Minute Men to haul down their flag. The police could do nothing. The Home Guards did not dare to attack, for their leaders knew that the first shot that was fired would bring Frost's Brigade, which was largely composed of Minute Men, to the aid of their friends, and that they would also be reinforced by the Irish, between whom and the German Home Guards, there was the antipathy of both race and religion. Only once did anyone venture to approach the well-guarded portals of the stronghold. The rash fools that did it were hurled back into the street, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd. Blair and the Republican leaders, unwilling to provoke a conflict kept their followers quiet, and finally towards midnight the crowd dispersed. The next day's sun shone upon the rebel flag still flying above the roof of the Minute Men's quarters. But Duke and Greene were unhappy, for they had hoped to bring on a fight, in which they would have been reinforced by Frost's Brigade and the Irish and many Americans, and in the confusion to seize the arsenal, and hold it till the Secessionists of the State could come to their aid. They were, nevertheless, greatly elated because the people believed more than ever that there were thousands of Minute Men, instead of hundreds.

Blair used the incident with effect at the War Department, and a few days later (March 13) Lyon was assigned to the command of all the troops at the arsenal and of its defenses. General Harney, however, still thwarted the desire of Blair and Lyon, by instructing the latter that the order of the War Department did not confer upon him any authority over Major Hagner, or any control over the arms and other material of war in the arsenal, which was the very thing that Blair and Lyon needed in order to issue arms to the Home Guards. For the

full consummation of their desires they had still to wait.

Various causes, and among these the enactment of the law which placed the police, and all other conservators of the peace, and also the volunteer militia of St. Louis, under the orders of commissioners appointed by and in sympathy with the Governor, wrought a complete change in the political status of that city; and at the Municipal Election, which was held on the first of April, Daniel G. Taylor, the candidate of those who were opposed to Lincoln's administration and to war against the South, was chosen mayor by a majority of 2,658 votes, over John How, the candidate of the Unconditional Union men.

As Mr. How was an exceptionally popular man, a leading member of the Union Safety Committee, and a devoted supporter of Blair and Lyon, his defeat by so large a majority was in itself enough to alarm the Union men. But the matter was made worse for them by the fact that through this election the whole organized power of the city was taken from the Union men, and given to their enemies. The Governor had already put the police under the control of Duke, the leader of the Minute Men, James H. Carlisle and Charles McLaren, two avowed Secessionists, and John A. Brownlee who, though a Northern man, was strongly opposed to the subjugation of the South.

This new danger only caused Lyon, who fully realized its magnitude, to become more resolute, and to work more earnestly. To some Union men, who expressed to him their fears that the Southern men would now try to seize the arsenal, he said that in that event he would issue arms to the Home Guards and Union men, law or no law; and that if Major Hagner interfered he would "pitch him into the river." To Blair, who was again in Washington, he wrote on the sixth of April that the Government should forthwith give him entire control of everything at the

arsenal without exception of men or means. His desire had been already realized and in a way which was unexpected, for General Harney, who seems to have at last begun to recognize the fact that there was at least a possibility of war, had that very day made an order which virtually placed Hagner and the arsenal and everything in it under his command.

Lyon was now master of St. Louis, but, far from being content with the vantage that he had gained, he was only anxious to use it for the accomplishment of greater things.

LYON DECLARES WAR.

THE Governor notified General Lyon the next morning that he was at the Planter's House, and would be pleased to confer with him there. Lyon replied that he would meet him and General Price at the arsenal instead. The Governor, rightly considering this reply as impertinent informed General Lyon that he would confer with him at the Planters' House and at no other place. Lyon accordingly came to the Planters' House, accompanied by Blair and Major Conant, his aide-de-camp, and the conference took place there.

Lyon opened it by saying that the discussion on the part of his Government "would be conducted by Colonel Blair, who enjoyed its confidence in the very highest degree and was authorized to speak for it." Blair was, in fact, better fitted than any man in the Union to discuss with Jackson and Price the grave question then at issue between the United States and the

State of Missouri, and in all her borders there were no men better fitted than they to speak for Missouri on that momentous occasion.

But, despite the modesty of his opening, Lyon was too much in earnest, too zealous, too well informed on the subject, too aggressive, and too fond of disputation to let Blair conduct the discussion on the part of his Government. In half an hour it was he that was conducting it, holding his own at every point against Jackson and Price, masters though they were of Missouri politics whose course they had been directing and controlling for years while he was only captain of an infantry regiment on the Plains. He had not, however, been a mere soldier in those days, but had been an earnest student of the very questions that he was now discussing, and he comprehended the matter as well as any man, and handled it in the soldierly way to which he had been bred, using the sword to cut knots that he could not untie.

It was to no purpose that they all sought, or pretended to seek, the basis of a new agreement for maintaining the peace of Missouri. If they really sought to find one, they did not. Finally, when the conference had lasted four or five hours, Lyon closed it, as he had opened it. "Rather," said he (he was still seated, and spoke deliberately, slowly, and with a peculiar emphasis) "rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my Government shall not enlist troops within her limits, or bring troops into the State whenever it pleases, or move its troops at its own will into, out of, or through the State; rather than concede to the State of Missouri for one single instant the right to dictate to my Government in any matter however unimportant, I would" (rising as he said this, and pointing in turn to everyone in the room) "see you, and you,

and you, and you, and you, and every man, woman and child in the State, dead and buried." Then turning to the Governor, he said: "This means war. In an hour one of my officers will call for you and conduct you out of my lines." And then, without another word, without an inclination of the head, without even a look, he turned upon his heel and strode out of the room, rattling his spurs and clanking his sabre, while we, whom he left, and who had known each other for years, bade farewell to each other courteously and kindly, and separated—Blair and Conant to fight for the Union, we for the land of our birth.

NOW.

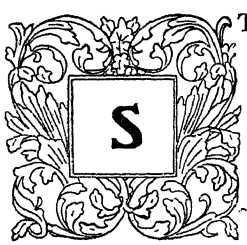
By Edward Robeson Taylor.

Oh, do not wait until in earth I lie
Before thou givest me my rightful meed;
Oh, do not now in coldness pass me by,
And then cry praises which I can not heed.
If I have helped thee on thy weary way,
Or lightened in the least thy burden's weight,
Haste with love's tokens ere another day
Shall pierce thee with the fatal words, "Too late."
The present moment is thy time to live:
The Past is gone, the Future may not be;
If thou hast treasure of thy heart to give.
To hungry souls, bestow it speedily;—
For sweet Love's sake, let not to-morrow's sun
Tempt thee to wait before thou see it done.

GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

By THOMAS L. SNEED.

From "The Fight for Missouri," by Thomas L. Sneed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1886, by Charles Scribner's Sons.



STERLING PRICE was born of a good family in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in 1809. He was carefully educated in the schools near by, and at Hampden Sidney College, and afterwards attended the law school of one of the most eminent of Virginia's jurists, her venerable chancellor, Creed Taylor. Moving with his father's family to Missouri in 1831, he had resided ever since on the same farm in Chariton County. Elected to the Legislature in 1840, he was at once chosen Speaker of the House, a distinction rarely conferred upon a man so young and wholly unused to deliberative assemblies. But he was a born leader of men. Tall, handsome, well educated, and accomplished; a gentleman of commanding presence and dignified manners; a man of character and worth, and richly endowed with that best of all mental gifts—common sense—he was also instinctively a parliamentarian, comprehended as by intuition the rules that govern legislative bodies, and enforced them with promptness and vigor. After serving four years as Speaker, he was elected to Congress. But hardly had he taken his seat when in the spring of 1846 war was declared against Mexico. Resigning his place in Congress he returned instantly to Missouri, raised a mounted regi-

ment, and led it to New Mexico to the command of which he had been assigned. The next year, the President, in recognition of his services and of his civic and military ability, promoted him to brigadier-general. At the close of the war he returned to Missouri, and in 1852 was elected Governor of the State, and occupied that office till the beginning of 1857.

In 1860, he had supported Douglas for the Presidency, because he was himself devoted to the Union, and did not like the threat of secession, which was involved in the candidacy of Breckenridge. In the late election of delegates to the State Convention he had taken ground against the secession of Missouri, and had been elected with great unanimity, as he would have been, had he taken the contrary position, for his neighbors had unbounded confidence in his patriotism and good sense. He was made President of the Convention, and had throughout its entire session borne himself as a sincere friend of the Union, opposed under all circumstances to its dissolution, and just as earnestly opposed to making war upon the South. To this position he had continued to adhere even after the President's call for seventy-five thousand men to invade the South. But the attack of Blair and Lyon upon Camp Jackson, their capture of the State troops, and their killing of helpless women and children, aroused within him the deepest indignation, and determined him to draw his sword against the men who had dared to do such things, and against the Government which sustained them.

He was unquestionably the most popular man in Missouri. With none of Doniphan's splendid talents and brilliant wit; with none of Gamble's passionless logic; with none of Green's power in debate, and none of Rollins's persuasive speech; with none of that rare blending of Christian graces with stalwart strength of

mind, which gave Trusten Polk the victory over Benton in 1856; with none of Edward Bates's bland eloquence, and with little of Governor Jackson's devotion to abstract principles, and still less of his fiery zeal; he was more trusted by Missourians than any of them, more than all of them now when Missouri wanted a warlike leader.

The recently enacted Military Bill provided for the enlistment of the Missouri State Guard, and authorized the Governor to appoint eight brigadier-generals to command the military districts into which it divided the State. The Legislature also empowered the Governor to appoint a major-general, who should have command of this entire force when called into active service. To this office General Price was, as the Legislature intended, appointed on the eighteenth of May.

IN THE ORCHARD.

By Lyman Whitney Allen.

The cattle wander home from the purple clover fields,
  Where the bees are drunk with honey and perfume;
And my love trips on behind them, my meadow sweet that yields
  Sweeter honey than the clover's purple bloom.

It was here I wooed my love as the Winter wooes the Spring,
  In the orchard, when the trees are green and white;
While the birds built nests above us and the daisies blossoming
  Filled the air with sweetest fragrance and delight.

It was here I won my love as the glowing sun slid down,
  And the red light stole my kisses from her cheek;
And the apple-blossoms shook with an angry glance and frown,
  And the jealous robins vowed I should not speak.

In the ripe October days, when the apples change to red,
And the mellow fragrance floats upon the air,
In the swaying, laughing orchard my love and I shall wed,
With the yellow sunset shining thro' her hair.

The cattle wander home from the purple clover fields,
Where the bees are drunk with honey and perfume;
And my love trips on behind them, my meadow sweet that yields
Sweeter honey than the clover's purple bloom.

SPEECH ON THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.*

By JAMES S. ROLLINS.

Delivered in the House of Representatives, January 13, 1865. From "Memoirs of James Sidney Rollins," by W. B. Smith. New York: De Vinne Press, 1891.

Mr. Chairman:

I DESIRE to submit a few observations to the House upon the important proposition now pending before the final vote is taken upon it. The remarks that I shall make will be rather of the nature of a personal explanation than of any elaborate argumentation of this question. At the last session of Congress when the vote was taken upon this proposition I opposed it. When the vote is again taken I shall

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*ARTICLE XIII. Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate egislation.

favor it. I have changed my views in reference to the expediency of this measure; and while I do not suppose that what I may say will have the slightest influence in changing the vote of any gentleman upon this floor, I am satisfied with the reasons that have induced me to change my opinion, and my action; and it is perhaps due to myself, humble as I am, as well as to those I represent and who take an interest in the opinions that I may entertain to express here, to present to the House and the country some of the considerations that have induced me to this change. * * * * *

In my action as a Representative upon this floor it has never been my purpose to pursue a course either for the preservation or for the destruction of the institution of slavery. I have had a more important and a nobler object in view, for I regard it a more important and a nobler object to preserve this free Constitution of ours, to preserve our glorious and happy form of government and the Union of these States, than can be any interest connected with the preservation or destruction of African slavery upon this continent. That has been altogether a secondary and subordinate consideration compared with the better purpose which I have just named; and in every vote that I have given, whether tending to weaken the institution of slavery or to strengthen it, that vote has been cast after considering the question, how far will this or that measure tend to strengthen the Government and to preserve the Constitution and the Union? * * * * *

I believe, sir, that this amendment is in accordance with the express letter of the Constitution; I believe that it is in accordance with the preamble of the Constitution; I believe that it is in accordance with the true spirit, meaning, and intent of that instrument, and the objects and purposes for which it was

framed by our forefathers, and that if all the States could be induced to adopt it, it would go far to strengthen the Government by preventing future dissension and cementing the bonds of the Union, on the preservation of which depend our strength, our security, our safety, our happiness, and the continued existence of free institutions on the American continent. * * * * *

I am a believer in the Declaration of Independence, wherein it is asserted that "all men are created equal." I believe that when it says "all men" it means every man who was created in the "image of his Maker" and walks on God's footstool, without regard to race, color, or any other accidental circumstances by which he may be surrounded. I know that astute politicians, crafty and ambitious men, in various periods of the Republic have tried to draw a distinction between this man and that man because he happened to have a differently colored skin; to show that the Declaration was applicable to white men only, and not to the black man, the red man, or any other than the white man; that the word "all" meant a part, not "all!" But, sir, I believe that general clause in the Declaration of Independence was meant by the immortal man who penned it, and by the immortal men who signed it, and by a large majority of the great men of that day, North and South, to assert the grand principle, founded in the rights of man, founded in reason, and in strict accordance with the law of morality and of the Divine will, that "all men are created equal," without distinction of race or of color. And although our ancestors failed to apply the principle, although they were derelict in duty by not living up to the great enunciation of principles which they made to the world and mankind, it is no proof to my mind that they did not mean exactly what I say they meant in the expression to which I have referred.

Mr. Speaker, all these considerations are influencing me in

the very vote that I shall give upon this amendment; but I desire to say that my experience upon the subject of slavery has been quite singular and diversified. An antislavery man in sentiment, and yet heretofore a large owner of slaves myself,—not now, however,—not exactly with my consent, but with or without my consent, I learned from a telegram a morning or two ago, that the convention recently assembled in my State adopted an amendment to our present State Constitution for the immediate emancipation of all the slaves in the State. I am no longer the owner of a slave, and I thank God for it. Although I think this subject might have been disposed of in a better way, causing less inconvenience to our people and doing in fact the slave no harm, I make no complaint of the convention for that act; and although there is no clause of compensation, I very gracefully yield to the public sentiment and to the action of this distinguished body of men called in my State to consider its welfare. If the giving up of my slaves without complaint shall be a contribution upon my part to promote the public good, to uphold the Constitution of the United States, to restore peace and preserve this Union, if I had owned a thousand slaves they would most cheerfully have been given up. I say with all my heart, let them go, but let them not go without a sense of feeling and a proper regard on my part for the future of themselves and their offspring! I say, let them go, and let them enjoy all the privileges consistent with sound policy and that freedom which has been vouchsafed to them! Let them go; and, sir, there is no man in this House or in this nation who feels a deeper interest in their comfort, in their happiness, in their elevation, than I do, and in the comfort and welfare of their children and their children's children for all time to come! I say again, sir, let them go, and may the blessing of God rest upon them! * * * * *

The State convention of Missouri assembled a few days since to revise the State Constitution. More than two years ago an ordinance of emancipation had been adopted allowing the institution to stand until the fourth of July, 1870, and in my view that ought to have been satisfactory. Yet the people of Missouri were not content with it. They met in convention three days ago and, if the telegram is correct, almost the very first act of that convention, after organizing was, by a vote of 60 to 4, to wipe out the institution of African slavery from the soil of Missouri. * * * * *

Mr. Speaker, when the framers of the American Constitution in 1787 formed that instrument they committed a great mistake in not disposing finally and forever of the institution of slavery. If the venerable man whose "counterfeit presentment" (pointing to the portrait of Washington) hangs upon the walls of this Representative Chamber could come from the sacred spot of Mount Vernon, which holds his ashes, and the question were put to him, "Would you, as President of that convention, and the noble men who composed that body, now dispose gradually or directly of the institution of slavery upon this continent?" is there a man who hears my voice that can doubt what would be the answer of the Father of his Country? It was not because they were not antislavery, but because they were afraid to deal with slavery. They had other delicate and important questions to settle that prevented them from disposing of that institution. They were laying deeply upon this continent the foundation of a temple that was to last forever—a temple of liberty that was to shield not only themselves, but their posterity, and where men in all time to come should take refuge. And they did not wish, as I have said I did not wish, to endanger that structure, to do anything that would cause it to totter and fall. They did not

wish to fail in the grand object that they had in view. Hence they let the minor subject of slavery go over to other times and other men. It has therefore now come down to us. Mr. Speaker, I look ahead into our history for fifty years to come, and I ask the question, suppose the institution of slavery is to remain interwoven in our mechanism of government, and our country is again, on account of it, to pass through the bloody trials that now cover our land with mourning and sorrow, and have piled upon us a debt that will tax the energies and wring the sinews of our posterity to pay; do you think, sir, that our children will not censure us and charge us with committing a mistake in that we did not during the revolution of these times wipe out forever this disturbing and dangerous element in our political system? * * * * *

I come now to speak a word in reference to my own State of Missouri. She came into the Union in the midst, as it were, of a revolution. For the sake of only a few thousand slaves there, the whole continent shook with the agitation of the "Missouri question." We were fighting for the privilege of holding a few slaves in bondage in that great State. In this miserable struggle we forgot the paramount good. Does my friend (Mr. Hall) from the district adjoining the one that I represent—does any man upon this floor tell me that it would not have been better for Missouri at once, in 1820, to have passed an ordinance for the gradual or immediate emancipation of her slaves, thus driving the institution beyond her boundaries? If there is such a man he is not as enlightened on the subject to-day as I believe I am; he has not learned as much as I think I have learned.

Why, sir, what is Missouri to-day, and what would she have been if there had been incorporated at that time into her organic law an ordinance declaring the institution of slavery forever

abolished within her limits? We should have been as Ohio, and Illinois, and Iowa. We should have been rid of this curse, which, like Banquo's ghost, is ever reappearing, and we should have been clear of all these troubles. We should have had no bands of guerrillas watering the soil of our State with the blood of our peaceful citizens. We should have had no armed bodies of men stationed on all our borders to keep the peace. Look at Illinois just across the Father of Waters. She came into the Union in 1818, two years before Missouri, and with less population, fewer mineral resources, not so many rivers nor such facilities for commerce, yet she has four thousand miles of railroad while Missouri has only twelve hundred. Illinois has a prosperous, happy, and peaceful population of two millions, while we have only half this number, and our people are leaving in every direction seeking homes in the Territories, in the distant mountains, in South America, in Mexico, in Illinois—flying away from the horrible specter of this infernal rebellion. Why is this? I know of but one real, substantial, specific reason, and that is that the framers of the Missouri Constitution allowed slavery to remain, while Illinois was made forever free by the Ordinance of 1787, which was penned by Thomas Jefferson, a son of Virginia, and by which Virginia ceded an empire within itself (the Northwest Territory) to the United States. * * * * *

Mr. Speaker, if we can get through this rebellion completely and satisfactorily; if we can steer safely between Charybdis on the one side and Scylla on the other; if we survive the storm and the strife; if we can march safely through the dark and dreary wilderness of rebellion and civil war; and if we can come out of it with the American Union as formed by Washington and his compatriots; if we can come out of it with our

free and matchless Constitution maintained substantially in all its parts; if we can come out of it and still boast of our American nationality; if we can come out of it with the further boast that, though we have passed through these great trials, we have not only saved our Constitution and Union but we have caused the sun of freedom to shine on an additional four millions of human beings; and if the old ship can once more be righted, and set sail on calmer seas, smooth and tranquil, where is the man who feels a just pride of country who cannot realize the great influence which the American Republic with freer institutions and a broader Christian civilization shall exert on downtrodden humanity in every land and beyond every sea? Ay, sir, let ours be the chosen land, let ours be the land whither the weary wanderer shall direct his footsteps and where he can enjoy the blessings of peace and freedom. Let ours be the "bright particular star," next to the star that led the shepherds to Bethlehem, that shall guide the downtrodden and oppressed of all the world into a harbor of peace, security, and happiness. And let us, kneeling around the altar, all thank God that although we have had our trials we have saved our country; that although we have been guilty of sins we have wiped them out; and that we at length stand up a great and powerful people, honored by all the earth, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the genius of Universal Emancipation."

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

By Kate Field.

From "Hap-Hazard," by Kate Field. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1873. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of "Hap-Hazard."

HEN the historical young gentleman was bullied into learning the alphabet, he expressed very great doubt as to whether it was worth while going through so much to arrive at so little. For "alphabet" read "opening of the British Parliament," and you will know the state of my feelings. Like Emerson's Brahma, "I am the doubter and the doubt." But the inquiring American mind must wreak itself upon novelty; and though novelty be as unpalatable as a dose of medicine, the undegenerate republican whose "bright home is in the settin' sun" will not shrink from the responsibilities of his birth. Therefore I said to myself, "I will assist at the opening of Parliament." Do you think it as easily done as said?

Americans who visit Washington, taking possession of the Capitol as though they owned it, and expressing great disgust if the galleries are not large enough to seat every free and independent voter,—Americans, I repeat, little appreciate the amount of strategy or diplomacy or grand and lofty influences required to obtain passports to the Houses of Parliament. If, unfortunately, you happen to be an ordinary Englishman, with no ancestors worth speaking of, your case is hopeless, unless you

know an M. P. who wants your vote, and is therefore desirous of being civil. And even then the M. P. is required to give at least a week's notice if the admission be for the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons; so that the free-born Briton is really a beggar in the house which depends upon him for existence. If you are an American, your chances are better than that of the best Britons. Lords and Commons are readier to oblige, and the American Legation exerts itself with effect upon the mighty potentate by whose sovereign pleasure a select few are permitted to be tolerated within the holy of holies. Yet when only three tickets are doled out to our Legation, it requires the art of a veteran to capture one of them.

The Queen does not open Parliament, therefore everybody is allowed to go in morning dress. As I drive up to the peers' entrance in a cab, I do not expect to be regarded with any other feeling than that of contempt; but as one spectator says to another in a stage whisper, "I shouldn't wonder if she was a peeress," I feel that republicans may attain their true stature, even upon emerging from that most ignoble of vehicles, a London "four-wheeler." Then a porter, in unlimited scarlet and gold-lace, tears off a portion of my ticket and asks me to turn to my right. Another gilded gentleman opens a door and bids me pursue my winding way. Treading soft carpets, through a long passageway, I mount steps. Another imposing scarlet and gold-laced gentleman directs me to the left: more passageways, more gold-lace, more stairs, until I begin to feel like a corkscrew, and wonder whether I shall ever be able to straighten myself. At the top of the steepest stairs I am requested to halt, and an old man takes the remains of my ticket.

At last I reach the goal of my desires. I am seated in the Strangers' or North Gallery. Opposite, far below on the floor,

is the throne. Adjoining the Strangers' Gallery, but on a lower tier, is the Reporters' Gallery. East and west runs a narrow gallery with one row of seats generally reserved for peeresses, but on this occasion devoted to the diplomatic corps, who are conspicious by their absence, the United States and India excepted. In parallel rows, east and west are the red morocco benches of the Lords, partially filled on the conservative side by sombrely dressed women who are supposed to be peeresses, but who for the most part are friends admitted to the floor by courtesy. No woman, peeress or otherwise, will care to be present at more than one opening of Parliament, unless the Queen and gorgeous array are the order of the day. The best dressed and most stylish looking woman on the floor is an American. The only portion of the hall that is filled is the Strangers' Gallery. Every one around me is English, and the silence and decorum are oppressive. My eyes go in search of the two other Americans to whom tickets have been given. There they are. I know them at a glance. A man and a woman, actually laughing and talking, actually interested in everything, so bent upon knowing who's who that an amiable Englishman in front of them undertakes the part of cicerone. In the distance looms a fourth American. How did he gain admission? Of course he is a journalist; of course a man stops him in the street, tells him he has a ticket for sale; the American buys it for two shillings and sixpence, and, without having made the slightest effort, he finds himself master of the situation. Americans are the cats of humanity. They have nine lives, and always alight on their feet.

The North Gallery does not accommodate more than a hundred people, and is not fair to gaze upon. An elderly lady whispers to her neighbor that a third lady, who is very corpulent

and very red in the face, resembles the Queen. Then the corpulent and red-faced lady is stared at. Then an Indian appears swathed in exquisite silks that I long to cut up into jackets and Dolly Vardens. He wears white kid gloves and a great diamond ring outside, and his head is done up in what, at a distance, looks like crash towelling, but isn't. This nabob sits erect, moves not a muscle, nurses a great cane, and seems to be even less in harmony with the nineteenth century than the House of Lords itself. Having calculated the number of yards of silk in his attire, I turn to the fine stained-glass windows, through which a dim light peers into the House, as though rather afraid of entering without the Lord Chamberlain's permission. It is a stately hall, but in no way adequate to the requirements of either legislators or public. It will serve as a fine committee-room for the coming republic. These fine stained windows represent the kings and queens of England; but Henry VIII, my nearest neighbor, is shorn of his fair proportions, being represented with but two wives, Katherine of Arragon and Ann Boleyn. Whether there was not glass enough to go round, or whether it was thought necessary to draw the line somewhere, is a profound question which my inner consciousness is incapable of answering.

While I am contemplating this much-married king, General Schneck, William M. Evarts, George H. Boker, our new Minister at Constantinople and General Woodhull enter the Diplomatic Gallery. Four more strongly marked types of America it would be difficult to bring together. Wiry, thin, acute, incisive New England, with features as sharp as the intellect; the shrewd, robust common sense and hearty good-nature of the west; and the tall figure and well-rounded features of Pennsylvania's elect. Then Mr. Slingsby Bethell, the reading clerk, in white wig, black gown, and muddy boots, appears upon the floor. A few

peers shake hands with a few ladies; nobody seems inclined to occupy the empty benches; Sir Augustus Clifford, the usher of the Black Rod, walks about in a gilded uniform, and the Bishop of Hereford makes bold to take his seat. He is followed by four other Bishops, who, in their black gowns and white sleeves, look, when seated, as though they had got as far as their waistcoats, and, from absence of mind, had left their coats at home. Those who love lords have little opportunity of feeding their noble passion. The Lords will not appear, but at two o'clock we have the exquisite satisfaction of gazing upon the Royal Commissioners, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hatherly), the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Halifax, Lord Sydney, and Lord Bessborough. Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these. They appear clothed in scarlet robes that, on the right side, are slashed with white, so that you think a very little of barbers' poles and a good deal of clowns in morning-gowns. The Lord Chancellor wears a wig; the others do not. The Lord Chancellor wears a black cocked hat; the others wear chapeaux. They all seat themselves on a red bench before the throne, the Lord Chancellor in the middle. "How would you feel in such clothes?" asks one distinguished American of another. "Like a confounded fool" is his prompt reply. Somebody puts a red and gold satchel of unknown significance on the table before the Commissioners. Somebody else carries a mace about. It seems very heavy and a great burden. The bearer does not know what to do with it, so he puts it away in a corner,—a very good place for it. The Black Rod bows before the Commissioners, then goes in search of the House of Commons. You hear a roar, as of waves dashing against breakers; nearer and nearer, until you know that the Commoners have obeyed the summons. You do not see them, as they stand directly under the North Gallery. Then the read-

ing clerk mumbles something that you cannot hear, but which you know to be the Royal Commission authorizing the noble gentlemen on the bench and "our well-beloved son, the Prince of Wales," to act on behalf of her Majesty. As each Commissioner is named, he removes his hat, and all the hats are raised on the entrance of the Commons. This reading over, the Lord Chancellor proceeds with the Queen's Speech, so called because the Queen has nothing in the world to do with it. The Lord Chancellor may be the cleverest of men—I dare say he is—but if a school-boy in America were to make such work of a reading lesson as the Lord Chancellor does of the Speech, he would be sent to the foot of his class. "Never, perhaps, were royal words so misread, so stumbled over, so jumbled together, or so hopelessly confused," says the "Standard." For, the first time in my life I find myself agreeing with a conservative journal. The Lord Chancellor is near-sighted, loses his place, can't see out of his glasses, and, if it were not for the prompting of Lord Ripon, I don't know what would become of him. However, he gets through, and when he comes to the Alabama clause General Schenck's eyes grow keener, and Mr. Evarts pays close attention. "Her Majesty's speech appears to me as full of bad grammar as is usually found in documents of this kind," declares the Duke of Richmond; "and it is something to say that in this respect the speech does not fall below the level of any of its predecessors." But, with all its bad grammar, Latin words, and Johnsonian sentences, it is soon over; the Commoners depart as they came; the Commissioners again remove their hats; we put on our shawls, and, like the Arabs, quietly steal away.

"For the love of God, good lady, sweet lady, help a poor woman who is starving. Buy a few flowers; do, dear lady." This is the cry that meets me as I leave the Houses of Parlia-

ment. I think of the men in gold-lace paid to do nothing; I think of the House of Lords; I think of the Seven Dials; I wonder how long it will be before the good time coming arrives and I thank God for America.

THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT.

(On the Campus of the University of Missouri.)

By Edward A. Allen.

The granite of his native hills,
Mother of monumental men,
Virginia gave, whose page her Plutarch fills
With undiminished deeds of sword and pen.

More fitting far than molten bronze,
Or polished marble carved by art,
This monument of him who broke the bonds
That bound in fetters every human heart.

The column rises in all lands,
When sinks the soldier to his rest;
This cenotaph of rustic plainness stands
To him who gave an empire to the West.

Not with the blood of thousands slain,
With children's cries and mothers' tears;
The statesman's wisdom won this vast domain
With gain of honest toil through peaceful years.

The highest honor of his State
And of his country came unsought;
It was not this, O men, that made him great,
Of this is nothing on the tablet wrought.

His pen declared his country free,
Equal and free his fellow-man:
Freedom in church and state, the right to be,
If Nature wills, the first American.

'Tis well the shaft by him devised
Rests here in Learning's classic shade;
To be her patron was by him more prized
Than all the honors that the nation paid.

Oh, may his spirit linger near,
As by old Monticello's slope;
Inspire Missouri's sons who gather here
With all the scholar's love, the patriot's hope.

And He who holds the nation's fate
Within the hollow of His hand
Preserve the Union ever strong and great,
And guide the statesmen of our native land.

THE FEUD.

By MARK TWAIN.

From "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. Copyright, 1884 by Samuel L. Clemens, and copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

COL. GRANGERFORD was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the Widow Douglass said, and nobody ever denied that she was of the first aristocracy of our town; and pap he always said it, too, though he warn't no more quality than a mudcat, himself. Col. Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres; he was clean-shaved

every morning, all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose, and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep that they seemed like they was looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight, and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot made out of linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. He carried a mahogany cane with a silver head to it. There warn't no frivolishness about him, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be—you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty-pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for a half a minute, and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week.

When him and the old lady come down in the morning, all the family got up out of their chairs and give them good-day, and didn't set down again till they had set down. Then Tom and Bob went to the sideboard where the decanters was, and mixed a glass of bitters and handed it to him, and he held it in his hand and waited till Tom's and Bob's was mixed, and then they bowed and said: "Our duty to you, sir, and madam;" and they bowed the least bit in the world and said: "Thank you;"

and so they drank, all three, and Bob and Tom poured a spoonful of water on the sugar and the mite of whiskey or apple brandy in the bottom of their tumblers, and give it to me and Buck, and we drank to the old people too.

Bob was the oldest, and Tom next. Tall, beautiful men with very broad shoulders and brown faces, and long black hair and black eyes. They dressed in white linen from head to foot, like the old gentleman, and wore broad Panama hats.

Then there was Miss Charlotte, she was twenty-five, and tall and proud and grand, but as good as she could be, when she warn't stirred up; but when she was, she had a look that would make you wilt in your tracks, like her father. She was beautiful.

So was her sister, Miss Sophia, but it was a different kind. She was gentle and sweet, like a dove, and she was only twenty.

Each person had their own nigger to wait on them—Buck too. My nigger had a monstrous easy time, because I warn't used to having anybody do anything for me, but Buck's was on the jump most of the time.

This was all there was of the family, now; but there used to be more—three sons; they got killed; and Emmeline that died.

The old gentleman owned a lot of farms, and over a hundred niggers. Sometimes a stack of people would come there, horseback, from ten or fifteen miles around, and stay five or six days, and have such junketings round about and on the river, and dances and picnics in the woods daytimes, and balls at the house nights. These people was mostly kinfolks of the family. The men brought their guns with them. It was a handsome lot of quality, I tell you.

There was another clan of aristocracy around there—five or six families—mostly of the name of Shepherdson. They was

as high-toned, and well born, and rich and grand, as the tribe of Grangerfords. The Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords used the same steamboat landing, which was about two miles above our house; so sometimes when I went up there with a lot of our folks I used to see a lot of the Shepherdsons there, on their fine horses.

One day Buck and me was away out in the woods, hunting, and heard a horse coming. We was crossing the road. Buck says:

"Quick! Jump for the woods."

We done it, and then peeped down the woods through the leaves. Pretty soon a splendid young man came galloping down the road, setting his horse easy and looking like a soldier. He had his gun across his pommel. I had seen him before. It was young Harney Shepherdson. I heard Buck's gun go off at my ear, and Harney's hat tumbled off from his head. He grabbed his gun and rode straight to the place where he was hid. But we didn't wait. We started through the woods on a run. The woods warn't thick, so I looked over my shoulder, to dodge the bullet, and twice I seen Harney cover Buck with his gun; and then he rode away the way he come—to get his hat, I reckon, but I couldn't see. We never stopped running till we got home. The old gentleman's eyes blazed a minute—'twas pleasure, mainly, I judged—then his face sort of smoothed down, and he says, kind of gentle: "I don't like that shooting from behind a bush. Why didn't you step into the road, my boy?"

"The Shepherdsons don't, father. They always take advantage."

Miss Charlotte she held her head up like a queen while Buck was telling his tale, and her nostrils spread and her eyes snapped. The two young men looked dark, but never said

nothing. Miss Sophia she turned pale, but the color came back when she found the man warn't hurt.

Soon as I could get Buck down by the corncribs under the trees by ourselves, I says:

"Didn't you want to kill him, Buck?"

"Well, I bet I did."

"What did he do to you?"

"Him? He never done nothing to me."

"Well, then, what did you want to kill him for?"

"Why, nothing—only it's on account of the feud."

"What's a feud?"

"Why, where was you raised? Don't you know what a feud is?"

"Never heard of it before—tell me about it."

"Well," says Buck, "a feud is this way. A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills him; then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the cousins chip in—and by-and-by everybody's killed off, and there ain't no more feud. But it's kind of slow, and takes a long time."

"Has this one been going on long, Buck?"

"Well, I should reckon. It started thirty year ago, or som'ers along there. There was trouble 'bout something and then a lawsuit to settle it; and the suit went agin one of the men, and so he up and shot the man that won the suit—which he would naturally do, of course. Anybody would."

"What was the trouble about, Buck?—land?"

"I reckon, maybe—I don't know."

"Well, who done the shooting—was it a Grangerford or a Shepherdson?"

"Laws, how do I know? it was so long ago."

"Don't anybody know?"

"Oh, yes, pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old folks; but they don't know now, what the row was about in the first place."

"Has there been many killed, Buck?"

"Yes—right smart chance of funerals. But they don't always kill. Pa's got a few buckshot in him; but he don't mind it 'cuz he don't weigh much anyway; Bob's been carved up some with a bowie, and Tom's been hurt once or twice."

"Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?"

"Yes, we got one and they got one. Bout three months ago, my cousin Bud, fourteen year old, was riding through the woods, on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame' foolishness, and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand and his white hair a-flying in the wind; and 'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush, Bud 'lowed he could outrun him; so they had it, nip and tuck, for five mile or more, the old man a-gaining all the time, so at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet holes in front, you know, and the old man he rode up and shot him down. But he didn't git much chance to enjoy his luck, for inside of a week our folks laid him out."

"I reckon that old man was a coward, Buck?"

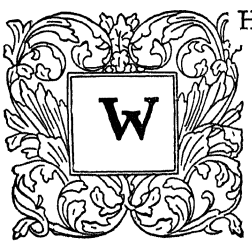
"I reckon he warn't a coward. Not by a blame 'sight. There ain't a coward amongst them Shepherdsons—not a one. And there ain't no cowards amongst the Grangerfords, either. Why, that old man kep' up his end in a fight one day, for a half an hour, against three Grangerfords, and come out winner. They was all a-horseback; he lit off his horse and got behind a little

woodpile, and kep' his horse before him to stop the bullets; but the Grangerfords staid on their horses and capered around the old man, and peppered away at him, and he peppered away at them. Him and his horse both went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be fetched home—and one of 'em was dead and another died the next day. No, sir, if a body's out hunting for cowards, he don't want to fool away any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becauz they don't breed any of that kind."

THE DEATH BED OF BENTON.

By Francis Preston Blair.

From "The World's Best Orations," published by F. P. Kaiser, St. Louis.



HEN Colonel Benton was on his deathbed, my father and mother both hastened from the country to be by his side. When they arrived his articulation was almost lost; but his mind was clear and his features gave it expression. After some motion of his lips, he drew my father's face close to his and said "Kiss me," and spoke of their long and unbroken friendship. He then uttered Clay's name and with repeated efforts gave my father to understand that he wished him to get the last of his compilation of "The Debates of Congress" which he prepared a few days before,—the last effort of his feeble hand. It contained Mr. Clay's pregnant reply to Senator Barnwell, of South Carolina, who had vindicated Mr. Rhett's secession pronunciamento for the South. Mr. Clay, in the passage preserved by Colonel Benton, proclaimed the course which should be taken against the attempt indicated by Rhett and advocated by Mr. Barnwell, and my father expressed his satisfaction that this was given prominence as the work of his last moments, since there were then strong symptoms of the revolutionary movement which culminated in the last war. Colonel Benton's countenance as he recognized that the sense of the manuscript was understood, evidenced his gratification. The scene was reported to Mr. Crittenden and other Union men who

had power to impress it on the public mind. It has its efficacy. In 1858 at the epoch of Benton's death, the country and its loyal sons were struggling, like Laocoon and his offspring, with two great serpents crushing them in their fatal coils. Benton, in his dying hour, seemed in his agonies concerned alone for those which he foresaw awaited the country.

The page to which he pointed my father's eye contained Mr. Clay's last appeal intended to arouse the people to support the government against impending convulsions. Colonel Benton adopted his lifelong rival's last appeal as his own, and made it speak when he could no longer utter the counsel which had healed the bitter enmity between him and his great political opponent. And he left that fact as a dissuasive command to the ambitious factions that would send the country into hostile sections and submerge its glorious institutions to subserve views of personal aggrandizement or gratify a vindictive hatred. The last labors of this great man's life exhibited its great moral attributes under these most striking circumstances. All the prejudice born of the rivalry of his personal and party ambitions was forgotten. Benton forget even himself, he almost forgot that he had a soul to save or that he had a suffering body bleeding to death. His bodily pangs at the moment of dissolution seemed to be lost in the thoughts fixed sadly on the ruin portending the grand commonwealth to which he gave a homage that was almost worship. He was like a soldier battling earnestly for the cause that tasked all his powers. He does not feel the bullet that carries his life's blood away in its flight. He remembered that his efforts combined with those of his great party-antagonist had once contributed to save the Union and he was unwilling to lay down his head in the peace of death until he tried to repel another similar but more appalling danger.

It was Wolsey's praise that he was the founder of Oxford University

> "——so famous,
> So excellent in art and still so rising
> That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

It is a larger merit in our Democratic statesman that he aided in the noble system of public schools in our city and he was, as I am informed, the first secretary of its board. I have often heard him say that he had mistaken his vocation—that he would have accomplished more as a schoolmaster than he had done—that he would have trained many to greatness. It is certain that this was genuine feeling, for he found time amid labors which would have overwhelmed almost any other man, to become the successful instructor of his own children.

I trust that I may not be thought to tread on ground too holy in alluding to the gentle care, the touching solicitude with which he guarded the last feeble pulses of life in her who was the pride and glory of his young ambition, the sweet ornament of his mature fame, and best love of his ripened age. These are the complete qualities which enable us to know him as he was:—

> "Lofty and sour to those who loved him not,
> But to those men who sought him, sweet as summer."

HAMLET.

By Denton J. Snider.

From "The Shakesperian Drama," by Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co. Copyright, 1887, by Denton J. Snider.

HAMLET is the Sphinx of modern literature. The difference of opinion concerning its purport and character is quite as general as the study of the work. Persons of the same grade of culture and ability hold the most contradictory theories respecting its signification; even the same persons change their notions about it at different periods of life. To others, again, it remains an unsolved mystery. Yet, curious to say, everybody recurs to this play as if it possessed some strange fascination over the mind—as if it had some secret nourishment for the spirit of man which always drew him back to take repeated draughts. A work to which intelligence thus clings must be something more than an idle riddle—in fact, it must lay open some of the profoundest problems of life. Even to appreciate and comprehend such a problem when stated requires no ordinary degree of culture and thought. Every individual brings his own intellectual capacity to the comprehension of the play, and it is no wonder that people differ so much, since they have so many different mental measuring-rods. If one man has a deeper or shallower insight than another, there must be a corresponding difference of opinion. Also, advancing years bring along great spiritual mutations; new views of life and

broader experience must reveal different phases in Hamlet, if it be that absolute work which enlightened mankind generally believe it to be. Hence we may account for the frequent occurrence of a change of opinion respecting it in the same person at the several periods of life. Indeed, a man ought, perhaps, to change his opinion concerning this drama once every decade during the first forty years of existence; it would, in most cases, be a good sign of increased culture and maturer intellect. According to our own premises, therefore, we can hardly expect to satisfy all, or the majority, or even ourselves after the lapse of years; when we have done, it is expected that the theories will still be conflicting. But we intend to grapple honestly with its difficulties, which are both many and great, and attempt to state the thought which gives unity to its widely diversified parts.

The play is a series of problems, of perplexing questions, concerning which opinions in every way contradictory have been held. The most important, as well as the most disputed, of these problems is the insanity of Hamlet. But, after taking away this question of insanity, there still remains a very great difference of opinion. In regard to the character of Hamlet, one man considers him to be courageous—another, cowardly; one, that he is moral in the highest degree—another that he is wicked; one, that he possesses vast energy of will—another, that he has little or no power of action. The same diversity of judgment exists in regard to the play as a whole. It has been condemned as the wild work of a barbarian; it has been praised as the highest product of modern Art. Between these two extremes almost every shade of opinion has had its representative. Even Goethe, speaking through one of his characters, denies its unity; he declares that there are many things—such as the story of Fortinbras, the journey of Laertes to France, the sending of

Hamlet to England—which have no justification in the thought of the work. That is, if it be a true totality, we must find some higher solution, and some more adequate and comprehensive, statement, than that of Goethe. In fact, most of these conflicting opinions may, in this way, be harmonized; they are not absolutely false, but only partial, views, which become erroneous by laying claim to universality.

Hamlet is, indeed, a sort of universal man; in him every individual sees on some side a picture of himself; each one bears away what he comprehends, and often thinks it is all. If Goethe —whose criticism of this play in Wilhelm Meister is undoubtedly the best that has yet been given—complained of the many external and unnecessary incidents, our difficulty, be it said with all the respect due to so great a genius, is quite of the opposite kind—we are compelled to supply so much. The poet has left so many faint outlines, and even wide gaps, to be filled up by the thought and imagination, that we would find here, if anywhere, a blemish in the construction of the drama. He ought rather to have taken a whole volume and a whole life for his work, as Goethe himself did in his Faust. But the defense of Shakespeare is at hand. He wrote for representation, which is an essential side of the drama; hence the limits which it imposed upon his art must be respected. In the space of a few hours he develops what might be the theme of the grandest epic. He has been forced to drop much that would otherwise be necessary, and the missing links must be supplied if one wishes to grasp the connecting thought of the piece. It will be seen that, for this reason, we shall often have to go outside of the poem and bridge over the chasms—for which work, however, the poet always furnishes the hint.

I. Hamlet's Insanity. At the very threshold stands the

question of Hamlet's insanity. Was it real or feigned? If he is insane, and so intended by the poet, let us shut the book and say no more; for, certainly, there is nothing more to be said. But even on general principles we cannot grant that such is the case. Art is the expression of reason, and that too, of the reason of a nation, of an age, of an epoch; eliminate this principle—pray what is left? Criticism, if it be true to its highest end, points out and unfolds the rational element in a drama or other work of art; but here it could only say, this poem professedly depicts the irrational—hence the ugly. A work which has as its theme the ugly cannot well possess much beauty. Moreover, what delight or instruction can there be in the portraiture of the irrational? Think of the choicest spirits of this and former generations finding spiritual nourishment in the capricious oddities of a madman.

Here lies the greatest objection to the above-mentioned view; it takes away the notion of responsibility, and, thereby, blasts the very germ of the play. That the poet intends no such thing seems very evident. Shakespeare has shown us characters passing into insanity on ethical grounds, in consequence of some violation; but to write a book on insanity is not his purpose. Hamlet has the profoundest feeling of duty—the most sensitive moral nature. Moreover, the termination of his career at the end of the play shows how Shakespeare would have us regard the matter. To destroy an insane man for his deeds would be not merely an absurdity, but a moral horror.

After all, the best method is to take the whole play into our vision, and let its complete light shine upon the parts. And the whole play, holding Hamlet responsible for his deeds, especially for what may be considered his insanest deed—the killing of Polonius—moves in a direction opposite to that of insanity.

Still, it must be granted that Hamlet is not altogether healthy; he shows a disordered state of feeling, but no unhinging of the mind, in spite of what Ophelia and others say in the course of the drama.

A modification of this opinion is that Hamlet is deranged in some of his faculties, though not in all—is mad at times, with lucid intervals, etc. These views are hardly worthy of a detailed examination; in them all definiteness fades away; their supporters are evidently on both sides, and on neither. But a true criterion may be laid down to guide our wandering steps in this trackless waste of uncertainty. Hamlet is never so mad as not to be responsible. Hence, with any ordinary definition of insanity, he is not mad at all. He has, undoubtedly, weaknesses —so has every mortal. He possesses finite sides to his character and intelligence; otherwise, he could hardly perish as the hero of a tragedy. A definition of insanity which includes Hamlet would sweep at least three-fourths of mankind into the mad-house. That he is lacking in the element of will, that he is melancholy in his feelings, that his reasoning is often unsound and, in fact, so intended by himself, is all very true, but does not make out a case of insanity. He assumes madness for a special purpose, and says so when he speaks of his antic disposition; nothing can be plainer than this purpose throughout the entire play. He took a mask to conceal his own designs, to discover the secrets of the King and to deceive the court, and, particularly, Polonius, the sharp-scented detective, who was sure to be placed upon his track.

It is manifest that Hamlet wishes to produce the impression of an insane man— a thing which a really insane man would hardly seek to do. Mad people are not so eager to play mad, but rather to play sane. At this point there seems to be a great

hitch in the argument of the doctors. They say that when Hamlet speaks of putting on "an antic disposition," it shows, not a disguised but a real, madness, inasmuch as insane people are very subtle in excusing their eccentric conduct, even when they cannot help it, and in hiding their insanity. Very true; but this is just the opposite of the case of Hamlet, who wishes to conceal his sanity rather, and to make the world believe he is insane. An insane man trying to feign an insanity which he already has without feigning is, then, Hamlet; if this be his condition, there can be no further doubt, not only of Hamlet's but of Shakespeare's madness.

Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia is often held to be a mark of an unsettled mind. It is harsh, but we must see the provocation. She who ought to love him and cling to him, has believed the dishonoring suspicions of her father and brother, and sent back his tokens. Then she has allowed herself to become the instrument of his enemies, whereat a sane man might be led to exclaim: "Get thee to a nunnery."

His ultimate object was to find out the guilt of the King; for this purpose he deemed it necessary to divert the attention of the court—headed and guided in its opinions by Polonius—as far as possible from the design of which he might otherwise be suspected. But why should he take the special form of insanity to hide his plans? This was determined by the character of Polonius, who was no fool, but very astute in his particular calling—who had, therefore, to be caught in his own net. That trait of his character in which all others were resumed was cunning. Now, Hamlet was known to the court as a man of profound candor and earnestness, and disinclined to all trickery and deceit; hence, to meet Polonius, he had to reverse his entire nature and reputation. But how would everybody regard this

sudden transformation? Either in its true light as a disguise, in which case the whole design of it would fail, or that the man had lost his wits. Hence Hamlet, in order to conceal his plans and thoughts, had to counterfeit madness; such was the impression that he was compelled to make upon the world. Thus he had a veil, beneath which he could be cunning, too, and indulge in all sorts of vagaries without exciting suspicion, and could thwart Polonius and the other court spies on all sides. Such was his great and sudden change, which has so mystified both King and court.

Yet Hamlet, once started in his disguise, begins to take pleasure in it; he seems to find a certain relief in playing an assumed part—a relief from his internal struggles; though not insane, he takes an insane delight in feigning insanity. He is fond of plotting, sporting, mocking, masking, loves the theatre, and is often a most theatrical sort of a person. What an actor! we have to cry out at times; truly a hypocrite, in the old sense of the word, we have to call him. Yet this is but the outside of him; he is also deeply in earnest, has the most sensitive moral nature, and a conscience responsive to every whisper of duty.

Still, Polonius sometimes half suspects the truth, for he can not but observe that there is method in Hamlet's madness.

Such are the reasons why Hamlet had to feign insanity. He was the self-chosen instrument of a mighty design, which, however, for a time, required concealment; concealment demanded cunning; cunning was the reversal of his entire rational nature; still to carry out his end, he had to submit to the circumstances, and to assume the garb of the irrational. How perfectly our poet has succeeded in portraying this disguise is shown by the fact that quite a number of modern critics have been deceived as badly as Polonius. They maintain that Hamlet is mad;

that his profound intelligence, and his deep conscious planning, mean nothing, or, to cite the expression of one of them, that "madness is compatible with some of the ripest and richest manifestations of intellect;" whereof Hamlet is an example. Just the thought of old Polonius. Hear him: "How pregnant, sometimes, his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of." We can not but regard those persons who believe in the madness of Hamlet, as in the condition of Polonius in the play—most completely befooled by Hamlet's disguise, and laughed at by the poet himself. If, too, the leading characters of the play are considered, but little will be found to justify the hypothesis of Hamlet's madness. Besides, Polonius, only the two women—the Queen and Ophelia—neither of whom was strong enough to have an independent opinion, take Hamlet to be mad: The King, though a little doubtful at first, soon knows better, and acts upon his conviction to the end; moreover, Horatio, the most intimate friend and chosen vindicator of Hamlet, does not seem to have the remotest notion of the insanity of Hamlet.

The people of the play, however, like the readers of it, divide into two main parties on the question of Hamlet's madness. It is a great problem at court; there the two theories were held which have been held ever since, and will be held forever. The poet takes into his play the audience of centuries and its doubt; each person must see the solution for himself or leave it unseen. Indeed, Hamlet himself divides on his own question; he calls himself mad and not mad, even argues that he is and is not mad, in different places. Still, further, when he speaks of the same act—his wild conduct at the grave of Ophelia—he calls it madness at one time, and something else at another time. Speaking of it to Horatio, his bosom friend (Act V, Sc. 2), he

says, "I forgot myself," and that he was put "into a towering passion." But speaking of it to Laertes a little later, in the presence of the court, by way of apology he calls it madness, and proceeds to give a mad account of himself. Here it is manifest that the difference of occasion produces the difference of statement. His disguise is not for Horatio, but for the court. But such an adjustment to the situation is not the work of a madman. The sole anchor in this ocean of opinion would seem to be the insight—Hamlet is never so mad as not to be responsible.

But the theory of feigned insanity has a very grave difficulty. What is the motive of the man? What good is to be gained by such a pretense? Nay, does not this simulated madness add new difficulties to his situation? He would seem of himself to have given to the King the very best pretext for putting him out of the way by incarcerating him in a mad-house. Even his great popularity could not help him, for the people would say, a madman can not be allowed to run loose. It has even been brought forward as an argument that the best proof of real insanity is to feign insanity under such circumstances. Hardly any two writers agree about the purpose of this strange simulation, and the poet here, as on so many other points, gives no decisive clew. So the apple of discord is thrown among the supporters of the doctrine of feigned insanity, after having valiantly defended their cause against its enemies. It is said that Hamlet's object was to conceal his own thoughts, to assassinate secretly the King, to escape without responsibility, to amuse himself by confounding others—there is no end to the various motives assigned. Some have held that the disguise was not necessary to effect Hamlet's purpose; others have even thought that it was in the way of his success. Hence it was a mistake, his first great mistake, from which all the tragic consequences

flowed. But we have already traveled too far in this primeval chaos of conjecture. So much may be finally said: Hamlet's insanity is feigned, his immediate object being to deceive Polonius and the court, in order that he might more surely pursue his greater and more ultimate object—the discovery and punishment of the King's guilt.

RECOLLECTIONS.

By Ernest McGaffey.

To conjure up old memories; to say,
"Do you remember that in such a June,
An orchard oriole sang us a tune
Melodiously from out a branching spray
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day
We saw the silver spectre of the moon
Long after dawn, and nearing unto noon,
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and grey?"

These are love's echoes, faintly heard and fine,
But ever-present, never dim nor mute,
That you and I in comradeship do share;
Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,
Though all the silver strings are shattered here.

IN AGRA, THE CITY OF THE TAJ.

By Eugene R. Hendrix.

From "Around the World," by Eugene R. Hendrix, D. D. Nashville: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South.

LONG before coming to India, the one object which I desired to see above all others in this historic land was the Taj, at Agra. I had read and heard of its splendor, and had formed so high a conception of it that I was fearful of disappointment. I imagined that no building in the East could give one so correct an idea alike of the costly magnificence of Solomon's temple and its stately beauty, which inspired the Jewish heart as the lovely vision burst upon the eye from some of the approaches to the Holy City. After traveling all night from Delhi we changed cars about fourteen miles from Agra, and shortly after starting on the branch road my attention was attracted by what seemed massive enough for a solid dome, and yet light enough for an air-castle. It grew more beautiful as it became more distinct. It was the white dome of the Taj, distinctly visible ten miles away. Presently the minarets appeared in sight, and thus for miles before reaching Agra the one object which I desired most to see had almost come forth to greet us. It had fully met my expectations thus far, but would it stand a closer inspection? Crossing the Jumna by an iron bridge, and reaching our hotel, we ordered an early break-

fast, and soon set out with our guide and gharry to visit the gem of India.

We had time on the way to recall the history of this wonderful building. It was erected by that greatest of imperial builders, the Emperor Shah Jehan, in whose reign the palace at Delhi as well as the fort and great mosque were also erected. Strange to say, like many polygamists, he had one wife especially whom he deeply loved. As Jacob loved Rachael, so did Shah Jehan love Mumtaz Mahal. Her pet name was Taz, or more commonly Taj. His affection was reciprocated, and the faithful wife, "the distinguished of the harem," as her name signifies, had accompanied her husband on one of his campaigns, when she died in childbirth. The emperor brought her remains to Agra and interred them in her favorite garden, declaring that he would erect over them a mausoleum that should surpass anything of the kind in the world. This building, which employed twenty thousand workmen and required twenty-two years for its construction, was the result of his vow. When completed he called it by his wife's pet name, Taj. By this name, Taj, or Taj Mahal, it has been since known. Its erection was commenced in A. D. 1630. The cost was very great. Even with much of the labor either forced or only paid for in food, its cost was fifteen millions of dollars. It is estimated that the cost of the material and work at the present day would be not less than sixty millions of dollars.

Our gharry stops, and we enter the massive gateway, crowned with twenty-six white marble cupolas, itself a splendid work of art, built of sandstone and inlaid marble. We look up the long avenue through the beautiful garden, with its fountains, flowers and foliage, a fit approach to the stately marble pile which excites the enthusiasm of every traveler who sees it. A

walk of perhaps two hundred and fifty yards brings us to a white marble platform, about twenty feet high and over three hundred feet square. On this stands the mausoleum, with a graceful minaret of white marble at each corner. The principal building is over one hundred and thirty feet square, with a central dome seventy feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet high. From the garden-level to the top of the golden crescent of the pinnacle which surmounts the dome is two hundred and sixty feet, nearly a hundred feet higher than the minarets. Below the marble platform is a yet larger one of sandstone, measuring nine hundred and sixty-four feet in length, at one end of which is a handsome mosque of sandstone faced with marble. But as it is a point in some styles of Oriental architecture never to leave a building, or any part of it, without something to correspond with it, called a "jawab," or answer, so at the other end of the platform is a similar building, equally fine, to be used as a sort of resting-place or inn for such worshipers as should come from any distance to the mosque. The foundations of this platform reach down to the River Jumna, which glides by in silent beauty, as if itself paying a tribute to the lovely dead.

The central building is almost a square, save that the corners are cut off so as to give it an octagonal shape, with recesses at proper intervals to relieve the angles. Aside from the marble cupolas on the corners is the marvelous white marble dome of exquisite beauty, which, instead of resting flat upon the building, rises as if it were a bubble, and yet looks as if it could withstand the storms of ten centuries with as great immunity from harm as it has withstood those of the two and a half centuries gone. The whole is of marble. Over and around the grand entrance at each of the four sides the white marble is inlaid with black marble, the design being Arabic characters, giving

sentences from the Koran. These are so frequent inside and outside of the building that it is claimed that the whole of the Koran is thus inlaid. The different arches over the entrances and recesses are pointed so as to be in keeping with the height of the edifice. The whole design, if not absolutely perfect, comes more nearly realizing my ideal of architectural beauty than anything which I have ever seen.

We enter one of the spacious door-ways to find the interior as elegant as the imposing front would lead us to expect. The first object seen is the marble screen-work which surrounds the tomb. It is over six feet high, and is made of slabs of marble perforated so as to represent graceful flowers. It is inlaid with precious stones. Passing through the entrance of this protecting marble tracery we come to the tomb, a solid block of marble inlaid with agate, carnelian, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. These are made to represent different flowers, and are so shaded as to bring out the proper colors. The tomb of the queen rests just beneath the center of the dome. Shah Jehan had contemplated a similar mausoleum for himself, and laid the foundation of the lower platform on the opposite side of the River Jumna, intending to connect the two by a marble bridge. It is supposed that the wars which disturbed the latter end of his life—wars with a son borne him by his lovely queen—prevented the completion of his design. At any rate, on his death he was buried by the remains of his wife in the Taj. "Thus," as has been beautifully said, "fate conceded to love what was denied to vanity." His tomb is at the left of his queen's. It is somewhat larger than hers, and is inlaid with precious stones in the same manner. On her tomb are the ninety-nine names of God, in the Arabic characters, inlaid in black marble, while on his, inlaid in the same way, is an Arabic inscription containing a

reference to the death of the emperor and the history of this wonderful building. All the inside of the marble screen-work is also inlaid with precious stones in imitation of flowers, some single blossoms containing over fifty different stones. The walls are ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured tablets representing flowers.

The building is lighted through windows of marble screen-work, which, from below, look almost as fine and delicate as lace. The light, of course, is not strong enough to reveal all the hidden beauties of the interior, but doubtless a soft, somber light was part of the original design, as most becoming a place of burial. The real graves are just beneath the tombs described. We descended by a few steps into the vault to see them, and found that they were covered by inlaid blocks of marble, the exact counterpart of those above, his with the pen-box and hers with the slate, ready to receive whatever he might communicate. Even the vault is finished with no less care than the more public room above.

The building possesses a most remarkable echo. Words distinctly and slowly spoken linger for some seconds in the air, and finally float imperceptibly away, leaving you in doubt as to whether they are really gone.

Were this building devoted to religious uses the Mohammedan would certainly be tempted to idolatry, his very temple being the object of his worship. It is infinitely more calculated to excite religious emotion than any idol or heathen temple which we have seen.

The fascination was so great that we returned to see it by moonlight. We first, by the payment of a few rupees, had the interior illuminated by the burning of blue lights, the precious stones glittering in the same light which revealed the symmet-

rical proportions of the spacious dome. We then waited the rising of the moon, which was to flood the whole scene with a beauty which we had not beheld during the day. We had climbed one of the graceful minarets in the morning and from its summit had seen the garden, the river, and the stately pile of marble, and thought that nothing was wanting to make the view complete. But we needed to see the combination of light and shade as the soft light of the moon half illuminated the recesses and played upon the dome, or seemed to hide itself in the cupolas, or cast the shadow of the Taj upon the white marble platform and the silvery surface of the Jumna. We rejoice that in a land where woman is the almost universal slave, and where, if petted and fondled at all, no confidence is shown in her integrity, there should rise the stateliest, as it is the most beautiful, monument in the world to the memory of a faithful wife and mother. Agra has other interesting buildings, but her greatest honor, and one that any city might covet, is to be the city of Taj. Shah Jehan left a number of villages as a perpetual endowment of this costly building, the income from which is to be used to keep the grounds in repair. The government is now engaged in renovating the whole premises. An agent has charge of them, and under his care the spacious garden is constantly fragrant with flowers, and on certain occasions the playing fountains throw the water many feet in the air to fall back into its marble basins. The warbling birds dwell undisturbed among the trees, making perpetual melody.

HOW THE GARDENER'S SON FOUGHT THE "SERAPIS."

By Winston Churchill.

From "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. Copyright, 1899, by The Macmillan Co. Mr. Churchill's interesting novel, "Richard Carvel," covers Revolutionary times, and accounts of the life and local customs of those times, both in this country and abroad, may be found in the story.

HEN I came on deck the next morning our yards were a-drip with a clammy fog, and under it the sea was roughed by a southwest breeze. We were standing to the northward before it. I remember reflecting as I paused in the gangway that the day was Thursday, September 23, and that we were near two months out of Groix with this tub of an India-man. In all that time we had not so much as got a whiff of an English frigate, though we had almost put a belt around the British Isles. Then straining my eyes through the mist, I made out two white blurs of sails on our starboard beam. Honest Jack Pearce, one of the few good seamen we had aboard, was rubbing down one of the nines beside me.

"Why, Jack," said I, "what have we there? Another prize?" For that question had become a joke on board the *Bonhomme Richard* since the prisoners had reached an hundred and fifty, and half our crew was gone to man the ships.

"Bless your 'art, no, sir," said he. "Tis that damned Frenchy Landais in th' *Alliance*. She turns up with the *Pallas* at six bells o' the middle watch."

"So he's back, is he?"

"Ay, he's back," he returned, with a grunt that was half a growl; "arter three weeks breakin' o' liberty. I tell 'ee what, sir, them Frenchies is treecherous devils, an' not to be trusted the len'th of a lead line. An' they beant seamen eno' to keep a full an' by with all the takteek. Es for that Landais, I hearn him whinin' at the commodore in the round house when we was off Clear, an' sayin' as how he would tell Sartin on us when he gets back to Paree. An' jabberin' to th' other Frenchmen as was there that this here butter-cask was er King's ship, an' that the commodore wern't no commodore nohow. They say as how Cap'n Jones be bound up in a hard knot by some articles of agreement, an' daresn't punish him. Be that so, Mr. Carvel?"

I said that it was.

"Shiver my bulkheads!" cried Jack, "I gave my oath to that same, sir. For I knowed the commodore was the lad t' string 'em to the yard-arm an' he had the say on it. Oh, the devil take the Frenchies," said Jack, rolling his quid to show his pleasure of the topic, "they sits on their bottoms in Brest and L'Oriong an' talks takteek wi' their han's and mouths, and daresn't as much as show the noses o' their three-deckers in th' Bay o' Biscay, while Cap'n Jones pokes his bowsprit into every port in England with a hulk the rats have left. I've had my bellyful o' Frenchies, Mr. Carvel, save it be to fight 'em. An' I tell 'ee 'twould give me the greatest joy in life t' leave loose *Scolding Sairy* at that there Landais. Th' gal ain't had a match on her this here cruise, an' 't my mind she couldn't be christened better, sir."

I left him patting the gun with a tender affection.

The scene on board was quiet and peaceful enough that morning. A knot of midshipmen on the forecastle were discus-

sing Landias's conduct, and cursing the concordat which prevented our commodore from bringing him up short. Mr. Stacey, the sailing-master, had the deck, and the coasting pilot was conning; now and anon the boatswain's whistle piped for Garrett or Quito or Fogg to lay aft to the mast, where the first lieutenant stood talking to Colonel de Chamillard, of the French marines. The scavengers were sweeping down, and part of the after guard was bending a new bolt-rope on a storm staysail.

Then the fore-topmast crosstrees reports a sail on the weather quarter, the *Richard* is brought around on the wind, and away we go after a brigantine, "flying like a snow laden with English bricks," as Midshipman Coram jokingly remarks. A chase is not such a novelty with us that we crane our necks to windward.

At noon, when I relieved Mr. Stacey of the deck, the sun had eaten up the fog, and the shores of England stood out boldly. Spurn Head was looming up across our bows, while that of Flamborough jutted into the sea behind us. I had the starboard watch piped to dinner, and reported twelve o'clock to the commodore. And had just got permission to "make it," according to a time-honored custom at sea, when another "Sail, ho!" came down from aloft.

"Where away?" called back Mr. Linthwaite, who was midshipman of the forecastle.

"Starboard quarter, rounding Flamborough Head, sir. Looks like a full-rigged ship, sir."

I sent the messenger into the great cabin to report. He was barely out of sight before a second cry came from the masthead: "Another sail rounding Flamborough, sir."

The officers on deck hurried to the taffrail. I had my glass, but not a dot was visible about the sea-line. The messenger was

scarcely back again when there came a third hail: "Two more rounding the head, sir. Four in all, sir."

Here was excitement indeed. Without waiting for instructions, I gave the command:

"Up royal yards! Royal yardmen in the tops!"

We were already swaying out of the chains, when Lieutenant Dale appeared and asked the coasting pilot what fleet it was. He answered that it was the Baltic fleet, under convoy of the *Countess of Scarborough,* twenty guns, and the *Serapis,* forty-four.

"Forty-four," repeated Mr. Dale, smiling; "that means fifty, as English frigates are rated. We shall have our hands full this day, my lads," said he. "You have done well to get the royals on her, Mr. Carvel."

While he was yet speaking, three more sail were reported from aloft. Then there was a hush on deck, and the commodore himself appeared. As he reached the poop we saluted him and informed him of what had happened.

"The Baltic fleet," said he, promptly. "Call away the pilot-boat with Mr. Lunt to follow the brigantine, sir, and ease off before the wind. Signal 'General Chase' to the squadron, Mr. Mayrant."

The men had jumped to the weather braces before I gave the command, and all the while more sail were counted from the crosstrees, until their number had reached forty-one. The news spread over the ship; the starboard watch trooped up with their dinners half eaten. Then a faint booming of guns drifted down upon our ears.

"They've got sight of us, sir," shouted the lookout. "They be firing guns to windward, an' letting fly their topgallant sheets."

At that the commodore hurried forward, the men falling back to the bulwarks respectfully, and he mounted the fore-rigging as agile as any topman, followed by his aide with a glass. From the masthead he sung out to me to set our stu'nsails, and he remained aloft till near seven bells of the watch. At that hour the merchantmen had all scuttled to safety behind the head, and from the deck a great yellow King's frigate could be plainly seen standing south to meet us, followed by her smaller consort. Presently she hove to, and through our glasses we discerned a small boat making for her side, and then a man clambering up her sea-ladder.

"That be the bailiff of Scarborough, sir," said the coasting pilot, "come to tell her cap'n 'tis Paul Jones he has to fight."

At that moment the commodore lay down from aloft and our hearts beat high as he walked swiftly aft to the quarter-deck, where he paused for a word with Mr. Dale. Meanwhile Mr. Mayrant hove out the signal for the squadron to form line of battle.

"Recall the pilot-boat, Mr. Carvel," said the commodore, quietly. "Then you may beat to quarters, and I will take the ship, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir." I raised my trumpet. "*All hands clear ship for action!*"

It makes me sigh now to think of the cheer which burst from that tatterdemalion crew. Who were they to fight the bone and sinew of the King's navy in a rotten ship of an age gone by? And who was he, that stood so straight upon the quarter-deck, to instill this scum with love and worship and fervor to blind them to such odds? But the bo'suns piped and sang out the command in fog-horn voices, the drums beat the long roll and the fifes whistled, and the decks became suddenly alive. Breech-

ings were loosed and gun-tackles unlashed, rammer and sponge laid out, and pike and pistol and cutlass placed where they would be handy when the time came to rush the enemy's decks. The powder-monkeys tumbled over each other in their hurry to provide cartridges, and grape and canister and double-headed shot were hoisted up from below. The trimmers rigged the splinter nettings, got out spare spars and blocks and ropes against those that were sure to be shot away, and rolled up casks of water to put out the fires. Tubs were filled with sand, for blood is slippery upon the boards. The French marines, their scarlet and white very natty in contrast to most of our ragged wharf-rats at the guns, were mustered on poop and forecastle, and some were sent aloft to the tops to assist the tars there to sweep the British decks with hand grenade and musket. And, lastly, the surgeon and his mates went below to cockpit and steerage, to make ready for the grimmest work of all.

My own duties took me to the dark lower deck, a vile place indeed, and reeking with the smell of tar and stale victuals. There I had charge of the battery of old eighteens, while Mr. Dale commanded the twelves on the middle deck. We loaded our guns with two shots apiece, though I had my doubts about their standing such a charge, and then the men stripped until they stood naked to the waist, waiting for the fight to begin. For we could see nothing of what was going forward. I was pacing up and down, for it was a task to quiet the nerves in that dingy place with the gun-ports closed, when about three bells of the dog, Mr. Mease, the purser, appeared on the ladder.

"Lunt has not come back with the pilot-boat, Carvel," said he. "I have volunteered for a battery, and am assigned to this. You are to report to the commodore."

I thanked him, and climbed quickly to the quarter-deck.

The *Bonhomme Richard* was lumbering like a leaden ship before the wind, swaying ponderously, her topsails flapping and her heavy blocks whacking against the yards. And there was the commodore, erect, and with fire in his eye, giving sharp commands to the men at the wheel. I knew at once that no trifle had disturbed him. He wore a brand-new uniform; a blue coat with red lapels and yellow buttons, and slashed cuffs and stand-up collar, a red waistcoat with tawny lace, blue breeches, white silk stockings, and a cocked hat and a sword. Into his belt were stuck two brace of pistols.

It took some effort to realize, as I waited silently for his attention, that this was the man of whose innermost life I had had so intimate a view, who had taken me to the humble cottage under Criffel, who had poured into my ear his ambitions and his wrongs when we had sat together in the dingy room of the Castle Yard sponging house. Then some of those ludicrous scenes on the road to London came up to me, for which the sky-blue frock was responsible. And yet this commodore was not greatly removed from him I had first beheld on the brigantine *John*. His confidence in his future had not so much as wavered since that day. That future was now not so far distant as the horizon, and he was ready to meet it.

"You will take charge of the battery of nines on this deck, Mr. Carvel," said he, at length.

"Very good, sir," I replied, and was making my way down the poop ladder, when I heard him calling me, in a low voice, by the old name: "Richard!"

I turned and followed him aft to the taffrail, where we were clear of the French soldiers. The sun was hanging red over the Yorkshire Wolds, the Head of Flamborough was in the blue shadow, and the clouds were like rose leaves in the sky. The

enemy had tacked and was standing west, with ensign and jack and pennant flying, the level light washing his sails to the whiteness of paper. 'Twas then I first remarked that the *Alliance* had left her place in line and was sailing swiftly ahead towards the *Serapis*. The commodore seemed to read my exclamation.

"Landais means to ruin me yet, by hook or crook," said he.

"But he can't intend to close with them," I replied. "He has not the courage."

"God knows what he intends," said the commodore, bitterly. "It is no good, at all events."

My heart bled for him. Some minutes passed that he did not speak, making shift to raise his glass now and again, and I knew that he was gripped by a strong emotion. 'Twas so he ever behaved when the stress was greatest. Presently he lays down the glass on the signal-chest, fumbles in his coat, and brings out the little gold brooch I had not set eyes on since Dolly and he and I had stood together on the *Betsy's* deck.

"When you see her, Richard, tell her that I have kept it as sacred as her memory," he said thickly. "She will recall what I spoke of you when she gave it me. You have been leal and true to me indeed, and many a black hour have you tided me over since this war began. Do you know how she may be directed to?" he concluded, with abruptness.

I glanced at him, surprised at the question. He was staring at the English shore.

"Mr. Ripley, of Lincoln's Inn, used to be Mr. Manners's lawyer," I answered.

He took out a little note book and wrote that down carefully.

"And now," he continued, "God keep you, my friend. We must win, for we fight with a rope around our necks."

"But you, Captain Paul," I said, "is—is there no one?"

His face took on the look of melancholy it had worn so often of late, despite his triumphs. That look was the stamp of fate.

"Richard," replied he, with an ineffable sadness, "I am naught but a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I have no ties, no kindred, no real friends, save you and Dale, and some of these honest fellows whom I lead to slaughter. My ambition is seamed with a flaw. And all my life I must be striving, striving, until I am laid in the grave. I know that now, and it is you yourself who have taught me. For I have violently broken forth from those bounds which God in His wisdom did set."

I pressed his hand, and with bowed head went back to my station, profoundly struck by the truth of what he had spoken. Though he fought under the flag of freedom, the curse of the expatriated was upon his head.

Shortly afterward he appeared at the poop rail, straight and alert, his eye piercing each man as it fell on him. He was the commodore once more.

The twilight deepened, until you scarce could see your hands. There was no sound save the cracking of the cabins and the tumbling of the blocks, and from time to time a muttered command. An age went by before the trimmers were sent to the lee braces, and the *Richard* rounded lazily to. And a great frigate loomed out of the night beside us, half a pistol shot away.

"What ship is that?" came the hail, intense out of the silence.

"I don't hear you," replied our commodore, for he had not yet got his distance.

Again came the hail: "What ship is that?"

John Paul Jones leaned forward over the rail.

"Pass the word below to the first lieutenant to begin the action, sir."

Hardly were the words out of my mouth before the deck gave a mighty leap, a hot wind that seemed half of flame blew across my face, and the roar started the pain throbbing in my ears. At the same instant the screech of shot sounded overhead, we heard the sharp crack-crack of wood rending and splitting—as with a great broadaxe—and a medley of blocks and ropes rattled to the deck with the thud of the falling bodies. Then, instead of stillness, moans and shrieks from above and below, oaths and prayers in English and French and Portuguese, and in the heathen gibberish of the East. As the men were sponging and ramming home in the first fury of hatred, the carpenter jumped out under the battle-lanthorn at the main hatch, crying in a wild voice that the old eighteens had burst, killing half their crews and blowing up the gundeck above them. At this many of our men broke and ran for the hatches.

"Back, back to your quarters! The first man to desert will be shot down!"

It was the same strange voice that had quelled the mutiny on the *John,* that had awed the men of Kirkcudbright. The tackles were seized and the guns run out once more, and fired, and served again in an agony of haste. In the darkness shot shrieked hither and thither about us like demons, striking everywhere, sometimes sending casks of salt water over the nettings. Incessantly the quartermaster walked to and fro scattering sand over the black pools that kept running, running together as the minutes were tolled out, and the red flashes from the guns revealed faces in a hideous contortion. One little fellow, with whom I had had many a lively word at mess, had his arm taken off at the shoulder as he went skipping past me with the charge under his coat, and I have but to listen now to hear the patter of the blood on the boards as they carried him away to the cock-

pit below. Out of the main hatch, from that charnal house, rose one continuous cry. It was an odd trick of the mind or soul that put a hymn on my lips in that dreadful hour of carnage and human misery, when men were calling the name of their Maker in vain. But as I ran from crew to crew, I sang over and over again a long-forgotten Christmas carol, and with it came a fleeting memory of my mother on the stairs at Carvel Hall, and of the negroes gathered on the lawn without.

Suddenly glancing up at the dim cloud of sails above, I saw that we were aback and making sternway. We might have tossed a biscuit aboard the big *Serapis* as she glided ahead of us. The broadsides thundered, and great ragged scantlings brake from our bulwarks and flew as high as the mizzen-top; and the shrieks and groans redoubled. Involuntarily my eyes sought the poop, and I gave a sigh of relief at the sight of the commanding figure in the midst of the whirling smoke. We shotted our guns with double-headed, manned our lee braces, and gathered headway.

"Stand by to board!"

The boatswains' whistles trilled through the ship, pikes were seized, and pistol and cutlass buckled on. But even as we waited with set teeth, our bows ground into the enemy's weather quarter-gallery. For the *Richard's* rigging was much cut away, and she was crank at best. So we backed and filled once more, passing the Englishman close aboard, himself being aback at the time. Several of his shot crushed through the bulwarks in front of me, shattering a nine-pounder and killing half of its crew. And it is only a miracle that I stand alive to be able to tell the tale. Then I caught a glimpse of the quartermaster whirling the spokes of our wheel, and over went our helm to lay us athwart the forefoot of the *Serapis,* where we might rake and rush her

decks. Our old Indiaman answered but doggedly; and the huge bowsprit of the *Serapis*, towering over our heads, snapped off our spanker gaff and fouled our mizzen rigging.

"A hawser, Mr. Stacey, a hawser!" I heard the commodore shout, and saw the sailing-master slide down the ladder and grope among the dead and wounded and mass of broken spars and tackles, and finally pick up a smeared rope's end, which I helped him drag to the poop. There we found the commodore himself taking skillful turns around the mizzen with the severed stays and shrouds dangling from the bowsprit, the French marines looking on.

"Don't swear, Mr. Stacey," said he, severely; "in another minute we may all be in eternity."

I rushed back to my guns, for the wind was rapidly swinging the stern of the *Serapis* to our own bow, now bringing her starboard batteries into play. Barely had we time to light our matches and send our broadside into her at three fathoms before the huge vessels came crunching together, the disordered riggings locking, and both pointed northward to a leeward tide in a death embrace. The chance had not been given him to shift his crews or to fling open his starboard gun-ports.

Then ensued a moment's breathless hush, even the cries of those in agony lulling. The pall of smoke rolled a little, and a silver moonlight filtered through, revealing the weltering bodies twisted upon the boards. A stern call came from beyond the bulwarks.

"Have you struck, sir?"

The answer sounded clear, and bred hero-worship in our souls.

"Sir, I have not yet begun to fight."

Our men raised a yell, drowned all at once by the popping

of musketry in the tops and the bursting of grenades here and there about the decks. A mighty muffled blast sent the *Bonhomme Richard* rolling to larboard, and the smoke eddied from our hatches and lifted out of the space between the ships. The Englishman had blown off his gun-ports. And next someone shouted that our battery of twelves was fighting them muzzle to muzzle, our rammers leaning into the *Serapis* to send their shot home. No chance then for the thoughts which had tortured us in moments of suspense. That was a fearful hour, when a shot had scarce to leap a cannon's length to find its commission; when the belches of the English guns burned the hair of our faces; when Death was sovereign, merciful or cruel at his pleasure. The red flashes disclosed many an act of coolness and of heroism. I saw a French lad whip off his coat when a gunner called for a wad, and another, who had been a scavenger, snatch the rammer from Pearce's hands when he staggered with a grape-shot through his chest. Poor Jack Pearce! He did not live to see the work *Scolding Sairy* was to do that night. I had but dragged him beyond the reach of the recoil when he was gone.

Then a cry came floating down from aloft. Thrice did I hear it, like one waking out of a sleep, ere I grasped its import. "The *Alliance!* The *Alliance!*" But hardly had the name resounded with joy throughout the ship, when a hail of grape and canister tore through our sails from aft forward. "She rakes us! She rakes us!" And the French soldiers tumbled headlong down from the poop with a wail of *"Les Anglais l'ont prise!"* "Her Englishmen have taken her, and turned her guns against us!" Our captain was left standing alone beside the staff where the stars and stripes waved black in the moonlight.

"The *Alliance* is hauling off, sir!" called the midshipman of

the mizzen-top. "She is making for the *Pallas* and the *Countess of Scarborough.*"

"Very good, sir," was all the commodore said.

To us hearkening for his answer his voice betrayed no sign of dismay. Seven times, I say, was that battle lost, and seven times regained again. What was it kept the crews at their quarters and the officers at their posts through that hell of flame and shot, when a madman could scarce have hoped for victory? What but the knowledge that somewhere in the swirl above us was still that unswerving and indomitable man who swept all obstacles from before him, and into whose mind the thought of defeat could not enter. His spirit held us to our task, for flesh and blood might not have endured alone.

We had now but one of our starboard nine-pounders on its carriage, and word came from below that our battery of twelves was all but knocked to scrap iron, and their ports blown into one yawning gap. Indeed, we did not have to be told that sides and stanchions had been carried away, for the deck trembled and teetered under us as we dragged *Scolding Sairy* from her stand in the larboard waist, clearing a lane for her between the bodies. Our feet slipped and slipped as we hove, and burning bits of sails and splinters dropping from aloft fell unheeded on our heads and shoulders. With the energy of desperation I was bending to the pull, when the Malay in front of me sank dead across the tackle. But, ere I could touch him, he was tenderly lifted aside, and a familiar figure seized the rope where the dead man's hands had warmed it. Truly, the commodore was everywhere that night.

"Down to the surgeon with you, Richard!" he cried. "I will look to the battery."

Dazed, I put my hand to my hair to find it warm and wringing wet. When I had been hit, I knew not. But I shook my

head, for the very notion of that cockpit turned my stomach. The blood was streaming from a gash in his own temple, to which he gave no heed, and stood encouraging that panting line until at last the gun was got across and hooked to the ring-bolts of its companion that lay shattered there. "Serve her with double-headed, my lads," he shouted, "and every shot into the Englishman's mainmast!"

"Ay, ay, sir," came the answer from every man of that little remnant.

The *Serapis,* too, was now beginning to blaze aloft, and choking wood-smoke eddied out of the *Richard's* hold and mingled with the powder fumes. Then the enemy's fire abreast us seemed to lull, and Mr. Stacey mounted the bulwarks, and cried out: "You have cleared their decks, my hearties!" Aloft, a man was seen to clamber from our mainyard into the very top of the Englishman, where he threw a hand-grenade, as I thought down her main hatch. An instant after an explosion came like a clap of thunder in our faces, and a great quadrant of light flashed as high as the *Serapis's* trucks, and through a breach in her bulwarks I saw men running with only the collars of their shirts upon their naked bodies.

'Twas at this critical moment, when that fearful battle once more was won, another storm of grape brought the spars about our heads, and that name which we dreaded most of all was spread again. As we halted in consternation, a dozen round shot ripped through our unengaged side, and a babel of voices hailed the treacherous Landais with oaths and imprecations. We made out the *Alliance* with a full head of canvas, black and sharp, between us and the moon. Smoke hung above her rail. Getting over against the signal fires blazing on Flamborough Head, she wore ship and stood across our bows, the midshipman

on the forecastle singing out to her, by the commodore's orders, to lay the enemy by the board. There was no response.

"Do you hear us?" yelled Mr. Linthwaite.

"Ay, ay," came the reply; and with it the smoke broke from her and the grape and canister swept our forecastle. The *Alliance* sailed away, leaving brave Mr. Caswell among the many Landais had murdered.

The ominous clank of the chain pumps beat a sort of prelude to what happened next. The gunner burst out of the hatch with blood running down his face, shouting that the *Richard* was sinking, and yelling for quarter as he made for the ensign-staff on the poop, for the flag was shot away. Him the commodore felled with a pistol-butt. At the gunner's heels were the hundred and fifty prisoners we had taken, released by the master at arms. They swarmed out of the bowels of the ship like a horde of Tartars, unkempt and wild and desperate with fear, until I thought that the added weight on the scarce-supported deck would land us all in the bilges. Words fail me when I come to describe the frightful panic of these creatures, frenzied by the instinct of self-preservation. They surged hither and thither as angry seas driven into a pocket of a storm-swept coast. They trampled rought shod over the moaning heaps of wounded and dying, and crowded the crews at the guns, who were powerless before their numbers. Some fought like maniacs, and others flung themselves into the sea.

Those of us who had clung to hope lost it then. Standing with my back to the mast, beating them off with a pike, visions of an English prison-ship, of an English gallows, came before me. I counted the seconds until the enemy's seamen would be pouring through our ragged ports. The seventh and last time, and we were beaten, for we had not men enough left on our two decks

to force them down again. Yes—I shame to confess it—the heart went clean out of me, and with that the pain pulsed and leaped in my head like a devil unbound. At a turn of the hand I should have sunk to the boards, had not a voice risen strong and clear above that turmoil, compelling every man to halt, trembling in his steps.

"Cast off, cast off! The Serapis is sinking. To the pumps, ye fools, if you would save your lives!"

That unerring genius of the gardener's son had struck the only chord.

They were like sheep before us as we beat them back into reeking hatches, and soon the pumps were heard bumping with a renewed and a desperate vigour. Then, all at once, the towering mainmast of the enemy cracked and tottered and swung this way and that on its loosened shrouds. The first intense silence of the battle followed, in the midst of which came a cry from our top:—

"Their captain is hauling down, sir."

The sound which broke from our men could scarce be called a cheer. That which they felt as they sank exhausted on the blood of their comrades may not have been elation. My own feeling was of unmixed wonder as I gazed at a calm profile above me, sharp-cut against the moon.

I was moved as out of a revery by the sight of Dale swinging across the *Serapis* by the main brace pennant. Calling on some of my boarders, I scaled our bulwarks and leaped fairly into the middle of the gangway of the *Serapis*.

Such is nearly all of my remembrance of that momentous occasion. I had caught the one glimpse of our first lieutenant in converse with their captain and another officer, when a naked seaman came charging at me. He had raised a pike above his shoulder ere I knew what he was about, and my senses left me.

THE POLICE.

By D. R. McANALLY, JR.

From "Irish Wonders," by D. R. McAnally, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright, 1886, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DURING the last few years, the most obviously conspicuous individual in Ireland is the policeman. Go where you will, if the policeman is not there before you, the reason is probably to be found in the fact that he has just been there and will likely return before you leave. In Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Athlone, Belfast, and other large cities and towns, the police are seen, at every corner, singly, in pairs, and in groups. Fresh-looking police are going on duty; tired-out police are going home; clean, well-brushed police are starting to the country on horseback, having heard reports of rural disturbance; muddy police are coming in on jaunting-cars, with prisoners from the nearest eviction. Everywhere you meet them; young policemen, with fresh, rosy complexions; middle-aged policemen, with stern faces, bearing strong evidence of Irish pugilistic talent; old policemen, with deeply scarred and weather-beaten countenances, looking forward to speedy retirement and a moderate pension; they are in the city, in the village, on the high road, in the by-way, and on the mountain paths. At every railroad station they are to be seen in pairs, observing those who arrive and depart, and noting all that may seem suspicious in the appearance and actions of travellers.

As long as a stranger remains on the common, well-frequented tourist routes he escapes with a sharp glance of inspection, but let him leave the courses usually followed by travellers, or go into parts of the country not often visited by strangers, and he at once becomes an object of intense suspicion. You are driving along a retired country road; at the turn of the hill a policeman heaves in sight. He speaks pleasantly, and if nothing arouses his suspicion, he will pass on and you see him no more; but if the slightest distrust of you or your business finds lodgment in his mind, he marks you as a possible victim. He temporarily vanishes; look round as you proceed on your journey, and you may, by chance, catch a glimpse of him a mile away, peeping over a wall after you, but in the next village, where you stop for the night, he reappears, and the local policeman, after his coming, will be sure to observe you with some degree of attention. Leave your baggage in the public room of the inn and step out on the street. In comes the policeman, ascertains your name, takes a mental inventory of your effects, makes a note of the railway and hotel labels on your trunks, and goes away to report. A sharp detective is the policeman even in the country districts. He knows articles of American manufacture at a glance, and needs only to see your satchel to tell whether it came from America or was made in England. Talk with him, and he will chat cordially about the weather, the crops, the state of the markets, but all the time he is trying to make out who you are and what is your business. His eyes ramble from your hat to your shoes, and by the time the conversation is ended, he has prepared for the "sargeant" a report of your personal appearance and apparel. "Hat, English; coat, London made; trousers, doubtful; shoes, American; party evidently an Irish Yankee, who might as well be looked after."

The Irish policeman, or "consthable," as he is familiarly known on his native sod, is the son of a peasant. Finding life as a laborer or tenant in either case intolerable, he debated in his own mind the question whether he should emigrate to America, enlist in the British army, or apply for a place on the constabulary. The first step was, to him, the most acceptable, but he lacked the money to go; of the two courses left open, enlistment in the army was the more pleasant, since in Ireland, the constabulary are almost entirely cut off from association with the people in a social or friendly way, a general belief prevailing that the Irishman who enters the police has deserted the cause of his country and entered the service of her deadliest foe. So the police are avoided by their former companions, shunned by old friends, and, lastly, what is of some consequence to a genuine Irishman, are given the cold shoulder by the ladies, To be sure, the Irishman who enlists in the British army would be treated in the same way at his old home, but as he usually leaves never to return, the case is materially different. Chance, or the obligation of supporting aged parents or a helpless family of young brothers and sisters, usually determines the question, and the young Irishman enters the constabulary, thenceforth to be a social leper, for the constable is hated by his countrymen with a hatred that knows no bounds.

From the day he puts on his neat blue uniform and saucerlike cap, the constable, in the troubled west coast counties, carries his life in his hand. Every hedge he scrutinizes with a careful eye; behind it may lurk an assassin. Every division wall is watched for suspicious indications, his alertness being quickened by the knowledge that he is guarding his own life. He is compelled to undertake duties obnoxious to his own feelings and sense of justice, and to risk life and limb to carry out re-

pugnant orders. A bad year comes, a tenant is in arrears and can not pay rent; the agent determines on an eviction and sends for the police. The constables arrive in force, but the tenant has anticipated them and collected a crowd of friends. The hut is closed and barred, while inside are half a score of men and women, determined to resist as long as resistance is of any avail.

As soon as the police appear on the scene, a babel of Irish voices ensues and fearful curses and imprecations are hurled at all concerned in the eviction, succeeded by showers of stones from enthusiastic outside supporters of the cabin's defenders. The constables draw their clubs and make a rush striking right and left at the heads of the crowd. A desperate battle ensues, in which the police are generally victorious, driving the rabble to a safe distance; then, leaving a portion of the force to keep them away, the remainder return to effect an entrance to the hut. A beam, handled by several pairs of strong arms, speedily demolishes the miserable pretense of a door, then in go the police, to be met with fists, clubs, stones, showers of boiling water, and other effective and offensive means of defense. After a stubborn contest the cabin is finally cleared; the furniture, if there be any, is set out in the road, the thatched roof torn off and scattered on the ground, the walls levelled, and the police, battered with sticks and stones, scalded, burned, return to headquarters with their prisoners. Not infrequently a policeman is killed on one of these evictionary expeditions, the defense of his slayers being generally grounded on the statement made in court in one instance of this kind near Limerick: "We niver intinded fur to kill him at all, but his shkull was too thin entirely for a consthable, and 'broke wid the batin' he was afther gettin'."

Firearms are not often used in these encounters between the police and the populace, for such battles always take place in daylight, and although, when an eviction promises to be of more than usual danger, the police carry rifles, strict orders are given not to use them save in dire extremity, and a policeman will be beaten almost to death without resorting to the use of his gun. On ordinary day-duty the police carry only a short club or revolver, hidden under the coat, but at night, the country constables are armed with rifle and bayonet, and patrol the roads in pairs, one walking on each side and as close as possible to the hedge or wall.

But in spite of the extraordinary difficulties and unceasing dangers of his work the constable does his duty with scrupulous exactness, and instances of treachery to the government among the Irish constabulary are extremely rare. Indeed, service in the constabulary is much sought for, and there are always more applicants than vacancies. The physical standard is so high that the police are the picked men of the country, while the average grade of intelligence among them is better than among the peasantry from whose rank they have come.

Ready as they are to go cheerfully on any service, however laborious or perilous, there is one task which the constabulary of the west coast hold in mortal detestation, and that is, an expedition into the mountains to seize illicit stills and arrest distillers of poteen. Such an enterprise means days and nights of toilsome climbing, watching, waiting, and spying; often without result, and generally with a strong probability that when the spot where the still has been is surrounded, the police thinking they have the law breakers in a trap, the latter take the alarm, escape by some unknown path, leaving nothing but "the pot and the smell" as reminiscence of their presence and em-

ployment. The disappointing nature of the duty is thus one good reason for the dislike felt for it by the constables, but another is found in the usual degree of peril attending it, for in the mountains of Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Clare, and Kerry, the distillers generally own firearms, know how to use them, and feel no more compunction for shooting a policeman than for killing a dog. The extremely rugged character of the Mayo mountains, in particular, offers many opportunities for the outlaws to practice their craft in safety and secrecy, for, the whole building being on the lookout for the enemy, there are always friends to give the alarm. To hide the still in the ground or in a convenient cave is the work of a very few minutes, after which the distillers are quite at leisure and turn their attention to shooting at the police, a job attended with so little risk to themselves and so much discomfort to the constables that the latter frequently give up the chase on very slight provocation.

Near Lake Derryclare, in the Connemara district of Galway, and almost under the shadow of the Twelve Pins, there stands by the wayside a small rude monument of uncut stones, a mere heap, surmounted by a rough wooden cross. Such stone heaps as this are common on the west coast, and originate in the custom of making a family memorial, each member of the family, or, in some cases, each friend attending the funeral, contributing a stone to the rude monument. In some neighborhoods, every relative and friend casts a stone on the common pile whenever he passes the spot, so the heap is constantly growing. This particular monument in Connemara does not differ in any important respect from many others, but before it, in the summer of 1886, there knelt, all day long, an old peasant woman. Every morning she came from a hut in the glen near by and spent every hour of daylight in prayer before the wooden cross. It

seemed to matter little to her whether it rained or the sun shone; in sunshine, the hood of her tattered cloak was thrown back and her white hair exposed, while the rain compelled her to draw the hood forward, but rain or shine she was always there, her lips silently moving as the beads slipped through the withered fingers, nor could any question divert her attention from her devotions. She never looked up, never took the slightest notice of remarks addressed to her, nor was she ever heard to speak aloud. Once a week provisions were sent to her house from the nearest police station; they were left within, and those who brought them went their way, for she gave them no word of thanks, no look of gratitude; nor, for many years, had the constables sent with the allowance made her by the government ventured to compel her to speak to them.

Her story was told by a sergeant of police, and formed a painful illustration of the poteen trade in the mountains. In the year 1850, while the country was still suffering from the effects of the "starving time," she lived with her husband, Michael O'Malley, and four sons, on a little farm near Lake Derryclare. Year after year had the crops failed, but the little family held together, faring, or rather starving, alike. In the year mentioned, although the country in general was beginning to recover from the famine, this part of Connemara was still stricken, and the crop seemed likely again to fail. Starvation stared the hapless family in the face. The boys were well grown lads, accustomed to the hard life of peasants, and willing to work if any could be found. All four left home, the eldest going to Galway, the other three to the seashore, where they found temporary employment in the fisheries. While so engaged, they learned the secrets of the illicit distiller, and having, in course of time, managed to procure a small still, they returned home with it,

and as the cabin was in a secluded quarter of a little frequented district, they persuaded the old man to engage in the enterprise with them. The risk of detection appeared so small, especially when compared with the profits, that against the prayers and entreaties of the woman, the still was set up in a retired spot near by and the manufacture of the poteen begun in as large quantities as their limited resources would allow. A number of years passed, and, as their product found a ready sale in the neighborhood, the O'Malleys prospered as they had never done before, the boys married, and families grew around them.

The eldest brother, John O'Malley, having gone to Galway, succeeded, by what he considered a great stroke of good fortune, in obtaining a place on the constabulary. The family at home knew nothing of him, nor had he communicated with them, for directly after his enlistment he was sent to the County Waxford on the opposite side of the island, and completely lost sight of his old home. Proving intelligent and capable, he was promoted, made a sergeant, and ordered to the County Galway. Immediately upon his arrival at his new post, a small village in Connemara, intelligence was brought of illicit distilling near the Twelve Pins, and O'Malley was ordered to proceed with a strong party of police to seize the still, and, if possible, arrest the criminals. The names of the offenders were not given, but the location of the glen where operations were carried on was described with such exactness that O'Malley, who knew every foot of ground in the vicinity, laid such plans as to render escape by the distillers a practical impossibility. Before dark one evening a party of twelve mounted constables armed with rifles started from Maume, at the head of Lough Corrib, travelled all night, and by morning Sergeant O'Malley had so posted his men round the glen that the arrest of the distillers was appar-

ently a certainty. In the early dawn, before objects could be distinctly seen, several men were observed going into the glen, and, at a given signal, the police closed in on the little shanty where the still was in operation. A desperate fight ensued, and Sergeant O'Malley was shot dead by one of his brothers without knowing whose hand pointed the weapon. Two of the O'Malleys were killed by the police bullets, and a constable was mortally wounded. Michael and his remaining son were taken alive, afterwards tried for murder, when for the first time they learned that the dead sergeant was their relative. Both were hanged, the singular circumstances of the crime for which they suffered attracting wide attention.

Mrs. O'Malley thus beheld herself, at a single blow, deprived of husband and four sons. For a time she was wildly demented, but the violence passed away, and as her clouded brain became calm, it was occupied by one idea, to the exclusion of all others—prayer for the repose of her dead. The body of the sergeant was buried near Maume, but O'Malley and his three sons were buried together under the cairn in a long disused churchyard through which the road passed, a churchyard like thousands more in Ireland, where the gravestones are hidden by the nettles and weeds. Thither, with a love stronger than death, goes the old woman every day, and, untiring in her devotion, spends her life reciting her prayers for the dead.

THE STEERAGE TO NAPLES.

By Lee Meriwether.

From "A Tramp Trip," by Lee Meriwether. New York: Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

ENTERING the office of the Florio-Rubatino Steamship Line in New York one Saturday morning, I inquired the rate of passage to Naples.

"One hundred and thirty dollars," replied the polite young man behind the desk.

"Have you not a cheaper rate?"

"Second cabin, ninety dollars."

"But your cheapest rate?"

The young man looked up at me.

"You do not wish steerage, do you?"

"Certainly."

"Phew!" and the polite young man whistled. "You are aware the steerage is no paradise?"

"At any rate I wish to learn for myself."

"Very well. The cost is twenty-five dollars."

A few moments later I received my ticket—a large piece of yellow paper, with the picture of a ship and a lot of Italian on it—and hurried to my hotel to complete preparations for the departure of the steamer, to take place that same day at noon.

A half hour sufficed to divest myself of the modish raiment which, taken in connection with a steerage passage, had so surprised the ticket-clerk, and in its place a slouch hat, a coarse

flannel shirt, and a heavy sack-coat, warm and compact around the body, was substituted. A knapsack strapped over the back held all the baggage needed; and thus equipped, with scarcely more impedimenta than a lady has in shopping, I sauntered down to the Wall Street ferry, crossed over to Brooklyn, and walked up the gangway of the *Independente* just as the last bells were ringing and the last good-byes were being said.

What a scene was that on the wharf the last half hour before sailing! A crowd of men, women and children, some staggering under huge bundles of clothing and bedding that they were bringing on board; others collecting skillets and pans and bundles tied in red handkerchiefs—all hurrying and skurrying around like a swarm of disturbed bees.

Some of the passengers were men bearded like the pard, but this did not prevent their fellow-laborers, who had come to see them off, from giving them showers of kisses. One of the ship's scullions—a particularly grimy and greasy looking fellow —stood on the wharf until the last moment, talking with a friend equally grimy and greasy. As the last bell rang, the scullion and his piratical-looking friend affectionately embraced, took a mouthful of farewell kisses, and the last I saw of them they were blowing kisses at each other across the water as the steamer slowly glided from her moorings and started on her long journey across the sea.

The ticket-agent told the truth. The steerage of an Italian steamer is not a paradise. The bunks are in the hold in the forepart of the ship, in rows like shelves, one about three feet above the other. Lanterns hung from the ceiling give just enough light to make visible the rude beds and their dirty, picturesque occupants. Among the crowd of returning emigrants I noted two young girls. Both were handsome—dark olive complex-

ions, sparkling black eyes. Slumbering peacefully, their arms thrown around under the head, supple figures in pretty postures, they seemed out of place in that semi-dark room, with the stalwart forms of men and women of every description around them. They did not seem to mind it, but slept as calmly as if in a grotto of roses. Habit is well-nigh all-powerful. Accustomed to a private chamber, the first night or two in that strange place, those curious characters around me, my eyes closed in sleep less than an hour. The third night an hour's pacing to and fro on deck before retiring overcame such squeamishness, and I slept soundly.

A life on the ocean wave is, all things considered, rather monotonous. The first day out the sea-sick passenger groans and wails, and fears he will die. The next day he fears he *won't* die. After this he is all right, gets his sea legs on, and develops an enormous appetite. At eight in the morning a big bell strikes, and a black-bearded Italian shouts, "Colazione!" which means breakfast of black coffee and bread. At one o'clock there are two bells, the black-bearded Italian cries "Pranzo," and the emigrant is served with macaroni or potato stew, bread, and red wine. At night the Italian cries "Cena" instead of "Pranzo," and there is more bread and black coffee. This regimen will certainly not produce gout or kindred ailments; it is, however, as good as can be expected, considering that the three weeks' board and lodging, together with five thousand miles transportation, costs only twenty-five dollars.

For the first few days after leaving New York we did not receive any visits from the cabin—first-class passengers get seasick as well as immigrants. After about a week, though, we received a call from a Boston dude, who looked at the steerage in a very supercilious manner, probably with a view to

enhance his importance with the young lady he was escorting. They had been studying an Italian phrase-book, and dosed every immigrant they met with "Come State," or "Buon Girono," or something else equally original. Passing my bunk, as I lay studying an Italian grammar, the dude said to me in his blandest manner:

"Ah, my good fellow, parlate Inglese?" (Do you speak English?)

I gave him a blank stare, shrugged my shoulders, and replied:

"Non parlo Inglese." (I do not speak English.)

"What a peculiar-looking Italian," murmured the young lady.

"Yes," responded the dude, "he speaks the southern patois. He comes from Sicily;" and the Boston couple went on their way discussing "that peculiar Italian."

On the night of the thirteenth day we entered the Strait of Gibraltar. The moon was shining brightly. Here and there flitted a sail across the water. The sombre coast of Africa lay a few miles to our right, on the left were the hills of Spain, and in front—miles in front—was the rock of Gibraltar, jutting abruptly fifteen hundred feet above the sea—a scene for a poet or a painter. It was midnight before the vessel came to under the frowning English guns, and that enchanting scene gave way to bunks and dreams and sleep. Six o'clock next morning found us on our way for a stroll through the narrow lanes and crooked alleys of Gibraltar. The English soldiers, and their flaming coats and brimless caps that set perched on the back of their skulls, letting the nose burn red as fire; the miles of galleries that honeycomb the prodigious rock; the one-hundred-ton guns; the Arabs with their blankets and naked legs

and villainous faces—all were duly admired and stared at, and then at two in the afternoon, the steamer having taken on coal, the voyage into the Mediterranean was begun.

Two days out from Gibraltar a little girl, the child of immigrants returning to their home in sunny Italy, died. They were poor, and there were other children, but the misery in that mother's face spoke to the dullest heart. The little thing was buried in the sea at eleven o'clock at night. The ceremony was short and simple; a few words over the box by the captain, the steerage passengers standing by with solemn faces; the mate counts one-two-three, a splash in the water, and all is over.

There was a man in St. Louis once—Professor Donaldson, the aeronaut—who went up in a balloon and was never heard of afterwards. His body was never found. The last seen of him was near the frontier of Canada, in his balloon, floating towards the icy regions of the north. With the exception of this mode of death, this floating off into space, severing absolutely every tie with mother-earth and leaving not even a corpse to tell the story—with this exception, a burial in the sea seems the most terrible, the most like annihilation.

Mark Twain relates that when he walked into a Marseilles restaurant, and attempted to give his order in French, the waiter laughed at him and began to talk English. Since then everybody else who writes about a European trip gets up something similar. This is all a joke. It reads well enough in a humorous book, but the American who believes it, and who goes to Marseilles expecting to talk English, will have to live on short rations. At the restaurants there are signs like this:

HERE ONE SPEAKS ENGLISH.

which means simply that when you go there "one" speaks

English, and you are that one; the rest speak French, and you must follow suit or not parlez at all.

Queer things in Marseilles are the vehicles and horses. The horses have their tails cut off, and are either extremely large or extremely small. One moment there passes a lady in a phaeton driving a pony the size of a large goat, the next moment a fellow in blue blouse comes along with a cart and a troop of horses almost as large as elephants. The cart or dray is an enormous affair, fully forty feet long, and drawn sometimes by eight or ten of these powerful horses, all tandem, and on each horse a lot of bells and a collar surmounted by a curved leather cone a foot or eighteen inches high. These processions look very picturesque and very absurd.

After forty-eight hours in Marseilles, another two days' stop was made in Genoa. A few minutes before pulling out of Genoa there was a great bustle in the cabin. The waiters rushed backward and forward getting easy-chairs, arranging cushions, and spreading awnings. This commotion was on account of Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, who, with his wife, secretary, and a retinue of servants, was on his way to Sicily, thence to Corfu and the Grecian Isles. The famous financier is a cadaverous-looking man, sallow and sickly. The baroness, his first cousin, also his wife, atones for the baron's lack of charms. She has a commanding presence, fine features and form, and a gracious, winning manner.

As an offset to this increase to the cabin passengers list, a company of soldiers and a lot of convicts on their way to some island dungeon were taken into the steerage at Leghorn. They were heavily chained in couples, and again all altogether by one long chain fastened to their feet. Except at meal-times, when

the right hand was freed, they remained in this miserable condition, unable to sleep themselves, and preventing others from sleeping by the horrible clanking of their fetters.

The last week of the voyage in the Mediterranean passes like a dream. The vessel sails along the Spanish coast within full view of old Moorish castles and modern light-houses, passes near the Chateau d'If, Monte Christo's prison, on by Corsica and Elba, places of Napoleon's birth and exile, and at last, on the morning of the twenty-second day, glides into the beautiful bay of Naples.

THE LONG AGO.

By Willis P. King.

I'm thinking to-night of the long, long ago
And a pair of blue eyes that were bright,
And a form that was timid and shrinking and lithe,
And a hand that was pretty and white.
We sat on the banks of the swift-running stream,
In the heat of the summer noon's glow,
And paddled our feet in the water and played,
In the sweet, in the blest long ago.

We talked of the time when, as woman and man,
We would launch our small boat on the stream,
And float in repose its smooth current along,
And life would then be like a dream;
When we'd gather the flowers from its grass-covered banks,
And dance to its ripple and flow;
But that was a time when we were both young—
In the beautiful, sweet long ago.

The mocking-bird came and sang a sweet song,
And gladdened our hearts with his tune,
And lingered and played on the banks of the stream,
Till we saw the red crest of the moon,
Through the willow tops green that bent o'er the stream,
And mingled their branches below,
And dipped in the clear and swift-running brook,
In the sacred, the sweet long ago.

We lingered and played till the sun chased the shade,
And the shadows grew narrow and long,
And the whippoorwill came to the banks of the stream,
And sang us his sad, plaintive song.
We lingered and played in the gathering shade,
'Neath the willow boughs bending down low,
And we tripped along home in the fast-coming gloom,
In the beautiful, blest long ago.

I have floated, Dear Ettie, far, far, down the stream,
Where the current is bold, rough and strong,
But I gather no flowers from its steep, rugged banks,
And I miss the sweet mocking-bird's song;
My sky is o'ercast with great shadows of doubt,
As I view the swift current below,
And my heart will turn back to the stream where we played,
In the sweet, in the blest long ago.

I sigh for the sacred and sweet trust we gave,
Where the willow boughs bent o'er the stream,
And the mocking bird sang, and the sun chased the shade,
Although like a child I may seem.
I long to return to the dear, blessed spot,
And catch the departing sun's glow,
And gather the flowers on the banks of the stream,
As we did in the long, long ago.

A TRIP TO ASIA MINOR.

By Lee Meriwether.

From "A Tramp Trip," by Lee Meriwether. New York: Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

WALKING through a narrow alley in Stamboul one day, I was overtaken by a Turk who addressed me in tolerable English.

"You want guide?" he asked.

I told him no, but he continued walking by my side.

"Maybe you not know me?"

"Certainly not. How should I?"

"Why," he said, "you ought to know me. Me in Mark Twain's book. You remember Mark Twain's book? Me Far-away-Moses."

Did I know him? I should think I did. What American does not know, and has not laughed over, Far-away-Moses? Here was I in the very presence of that celebrated man. I gazed a moment in silent admiration, then squeezed his hand, and treated to a Turkish pastry at the first booth we came to.

A day or two after this event, I was again walking in Stamboul, and again I was approached by an English-speaking guide.

"No, I don't need a guide," I told him. "I can paddle my own canoe."

"But me very good guide," insisted the man. "You don't know me, gentleman; I tell you who I am. You know Mark Twain's book? Me Far-away-Moses."

Had the great Far-away-Moses changed so in three days? It was impossible. The only solution to this remarkable incident was that there were two Far-away-Moseses. A day or two later still another Far-away-Moses turned up. Before I left Constantinople I began to think the woods full of them. That the guides should think the mere name Far-away-Moses a passport to your good graces is a great compliment to Mark Twain. There was a sequel to this little adventure in Antwerp several months afterwards. I was visiting the Turkish bazaar at the Exposition then being held in that city. I spoke to the man in charge of my recent return from the east.

"Ah, you were in Stamboul?" he said. "Perhaps you saw Far-away-Moses."

I had seen several of them, but I did not tell him so. I merely said "yes." His face lighted with a smile.

"Tell me," he said, "how did he look? Far-away-Moses is my father."

It is very possible the sons were as numerous as the father, but I saw only this one.

The cistern of the thousand and one columns is a gloomy place. It was originally three stories deep. The two lower stories have been filled with dirt and debris, and at the present day only the third or upper floor is accessible. A number of silk-spinners carry on their work in this cistern forty feet under the earth. They smoke while they work. One hand is busied with the whirling spinning-wheel, the other hand manipulates the long tube of their pipe. Although there are not literally a thousand and one columns, there are several hundred; they present the appearance of a forest of marble shafts. It is supposed Philoxenos built this cistern. Several others are in the same vicinity. That of the "Forty Martyrs" was built by the tyrant

Phocas. The exact purpose of these immense underground reservoirs has never been precisely ascertained. A plausible supposition is that they were designed to collect the storm-water to use in case of fire.

In Scutari, Asia Minor, a steep and rugged street leads to the cloister of the howling dervishes; an ordinary-looking house in a garden surrounded by a high wall. I had no guide, and could not have found the way but for persistent repetition of the word "Tekke," Turkish for cloister. I repeated that open-sesame word to every one I met, and at last reached the right place. In the anteroom or hall leading to the main apartment was a coal-black negro, who upon my entering promptly ordered me out. At any rate, I presume that is what he said, for he followed his remark with a gentle but firm seizure of my arm, leading me to the door. From his pantomimic action I discovered that I had neglected to remove my shoes. Having rectified my error, I humbly sought admittance again, and this time with success. The turbaned black gave me a stool, and made me understand as well as he could by signs and gestures that the ceremonies had not yet begun. I amused myself in the interim by observing my surroundings. Lying on the floor were a dozen or two men, some of them dervishes, smoking pipes and sipping coffee, which the negro served in very small cups. In the garden were graves of devout dervishes, over which waved the boughs of fig and pomegranate trees, and the leaves of grape vines. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes the turbaned black who had put me out, and who seemed to be head-manager of the coffee department, went out into the garden and carried on a little pious performance all by himself. First he would bow and strike the ground with his head; then arising, he would give vent to doleful howls, as if afflicted with a horrible

case of stomach-ache. After howling and butting the ground for several minutes, thus relieving himself of superfluous religious ecstasy, the turbaned fellow returns to his post and resumes the duty of ladling out coffee.

I have witnessed the war and medicine dances of the Indians in the Northwest; I have visited a number of lunatic asylums, but neither among the Indians nor among the lunatics did I ever see so grotesque or fearful an orgy as that of the howling dervishes of Scutari.

The ages of the dervishes varied from tender youth to extreme old age. They wore loose, white gowns. In the beginning all were squatting on lamb-skins in the centre of the floor. There they howled and rocked backward and forward a quarter of an hour; then of a sudden all leaped to their feet, and backing against the wall, began a more hideous howling than ever. They howled in unison; as they did so they swayed backward and forward, up and down, distorted their faces, jerked their heads about, and writhed as if in convulsions. As the moments flew, the distortions became more violent, the movements more rapid, the hoarse grunts and screams more and more furious. I observed that the antics of the coal-blacks were wilder and fiercer than those of lighter-complexioned dervishes. A tall black in the uniform of an officer of the army was so violent in his contortions that I momentarily expected to see him tumble over in a swoon. He sprang up and down, screamed, roared, twisted his neck; his eyeballs glared, the long tassel of his fez flew hither and thither—he was a horrible sight. This man had the strength of a Hercules. He was the last to give up; to the last his writhings and hoarse shouts retained their full vigor and perfection. He sunk suddenly, from nervous exhaustion. Some of those who took part in the

ceremonies were Turkish officers and medical students. The women were penned in a closely latticed gallery. Through the bars I saw that they were swaying back and forth, marking time to the mad music going on below.

When, after an hour of this mad tumult, all the dervishes collapsed to the floor, the Scheich, or head-priest, enacted a still more revolting performance. A number of children ranging from six months to ten years of age were laid on the bare floor face downward; then the hoary sinner called "Scheich," a man weighing fully one hundred and sixty pounds, deliberately walked over these children. The little fellows screamed with pain. As each child was trod upon it was picked up by an attendant and presented to the Scheich, who blew in its face and made magic passes in the air over its head. If the infant survives this treatment it is holy; if it dies (as it often does) it is not holy, and ought to die. Such is the barbaric belief and practice of the howling dervishes.

TO JOSE-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

By Edward Robeson Taylor.

'Twas eagle-winged, imperial Pindar who
Sent down the ages on the tide of song
The thought that only to the years belong
Those deeds that win immortal poet's due.
Still rise his crowned athletes to the view,
On his unwearied pinions borne along;
Still shepherd's pipe and lay sound sweet and strong
As when Theocritus attuned them true.
And so through thee the feats of heroes great,
The hues of life of other times than ours,
With such refulgence in thy sonnets glow,
That in the splendor of their new estate,
They there, with deathless Art's supernal powers
Shall o'er the centuries enchantments throw.

SPEECH ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE STATUES OF BENTON AND BLAIR.

By Hon. A. M. Dockery.

CONGRESS having by the act of July 2, 1864, invited each of the States to present statues, not exceeding two in number, in marble or bronze, of deceased persons who have been distinguished citizens, and who, on account of civil or military services, are deemed worthy of national commemoration in Statuary Hall in the National Capitol, the State of Missouri, in the fullness of time, has availed herself of the invitation, and has presented the two marble statues which we to-day formally accept on behalf of the Federal Government.

By the act of the Legislature of Missouri, approved April 8, 1895, a fund was appropriated and a commission constituted, who were directed to have executed statues of Thomas H. Benton and Francis P. Blair. That commission discharged their functions with care and complete success, and under their painstaking supervision models were selected and the sculptures executed in marble by the artist, Mr. Alexander Doyle, of New York City.

Mr. Speaker, it is with special pride that Missouri contributes to our national pantheon these memorials of two of her most illustrious sons, Benton and Blair. Their names and their deeds not only have wrought especial blessing and reflected lasting renown upon their own imperial commonwealth, but they

are the heritage of the whole country as well; and as such, their marble images worthily find a place in yonder hall, side by side with those of others of the nation's noblest children—pioneers, warriors, statesmen, inventors, benefactors—heroes all.

Both Benton and Blair rendered most distinguished service in the National Legislature—Benton for five terms in the Senate and one term in the House, and Blair for parts of four terms in the House and part of a term in the Senate; so that with peculiar fitness their sculptured images will stand yonder and be viewed by generations to come, hard by the scenes of their legislative struggles and triumphs.

In Benton we behold the mightiest son of the early West—the most colossal figure in the march of trans-Mississippi development, striding onward head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. It was not my good fortune to have known him, or my privilege ever to have seen him; but his grand, manly character, his splendid achievements in public life, and his princely qualities as a private citizen, as I have learned them from the lips of others and as I find them chronicled in our history, command my unstinted admiration. Himself a pioneer, I take him to have been the recognized exponent of the great pioneer class, hardy, enterprising, irresistible; the ablest expounder of their views, and the most typical representative of their aspirations. In his day and generation he was the greatest champion of the West and its interests, and the most zealous advocate of every movement for the extension of the western boundaries of the Republic, beholding with clearer vision than most of his fellows, through the mist of coming years, something of the later grandeur and glory which the nation has attained.

And yet, despite the strength of his local and sectional predispositions, his aggressive patriotism was national and all em-

bracing; the love of his great heart comprehended alike the North, the South, the East, and the West. He gloried in the American Union, and his marvelous endowments were always freely offered to the service of his whole country. His teachings, in their effect upon the people of his own State, did perhaps as much as any other agency to keep Missouri still within the sisterhood of the Union when her Southern neighbors left it; they formed the groundwork upon which Blair afterwards so brilliantly operated to hold the State fast to her old moorings.

There were giants in those days, and Benton was one of them, towering amid the greatest of his colleagues—Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. When it is remembered that from the time of Monroe down to the time of Buchanan, he exercised a controlling sway over Western politics such as few statesmen ever did, it is not surprising that he should have left behind him such ineffaceable and monumental marks of his greatness. During his service in the Senate that body was admittedly the most influential legislative body in the world; the nation's greatest political chiefs were members of it; and in it, from the time of Jackson, Benton stood forth continuously a commanding figure and the most eminent representative of Jacksonian Democracy.

The Republic has never produced a statesman more valiantly loyal and true to his convictions than Benton. His faculties always responded to the call of a great emergency. His metal on such an occasion always rang true and clear. He grew steadily wiser as he proceeded in his career. With his developing maturity he became better equipped for the performance of yeoman service to the public, and it has been said of him that, during the last period of his life—the heroic period—he rendered greater service to the nation than any of his fellow-Senators.

In addition to his herculean achievements in statecraft, his attainments in other directions attested his amazing industry, versatility, and liberal culture. Daniel Webster once remarked that Benton knew more political facts than any other man he ever met, and possessed a wonderful fund of general knowledge. He not only left his powerful impress upon the events in which he was an actor during his thirty-two years' service in Congress, but he left to posterity two veritable monuments attesting his ceaseless activity and study—his two great literary productions, the Thirty Years' View and his Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1850—both of them acknowledged to be indispensable to the student of American political and governmental history.

Most happily has the sculptor modeled forth his physical lineaments and suggested the qualities that characterized the man. From a study of the artist's handiwork we can the better understand what good sturdy stuff Benton was made of—his magnificent physique, his tireless energy, his masterful intellect, his indomitable will. From a contemplation of that marble figure we can fancy his aggressive courage, his stern sincerity, his earnestness, tenacity, and uprightness; we can picture in our minds what a proud, resolute, fearless, self-reliant hero he must have been in life, and we can join in humbly doing him honor for the immeasurable good he wrought for his country, in his own generation and for all the generations after him.

Mr. Speaker, in a most remarkable way the life work of Benton and of Blair merged together, to the incalculable benefit of our common State; the achievements of the younger of the two linked themselves with and supplemented those of the elder. When Benton died in 1858, the tide of Southern sentiment was rising like a flood, and but for the living influence of the veteran

statesman then still in death, Missouri would probably have been overwhelmed by that tide. And notwithstanding that potent influence, it would yet have been overwhelmed, had not Blair, courageous and preternaturally energetic, intervened at the right moment and with the sagacity of genius to direct and utilize that influence. His lofty patriotism, spirit, and capacity saved the State to the Union, and left her free at the close of the civil strife to march onward without interruption in the paths of progress.

To have accomplished this was in itself an extraordinary achievement for any man. But Blair rested not there. He plunged with knightly ardor into the Titanic struggle then beginning, and ere long became a major-general of volunteers and a corps commander of high efficiency. He was the most illustrious soldier that Missouri gave to the Union; indeed, he was regarded as one of the most successful of all the chiefs of the volunteer army.

Meanwhile he served also with distinction in Congress; and in the Thirty-seventh Congress, as chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, he reported and pressed those essential measures that equipped and maintained the Union armies in the field.

He was a hero in council, in the camp, and on the field of battle. And after the war, voluntarily renouncing the grateful political rewards that would have freely come to him from his own political party, he devoted his energies to the heroic and magnanimous but unpopular task of protecting his late enemies from injustice at the hands of his own triumphant and intolerant partisans. In that work of self-abnegation, viewed calmly after this lapse of time, the moral grandeur of the hero shines forth with dazzling luster. A hero in the tribulations of war, he be-

came ten times a hero in the tribulations of returning peace. In the face of frenzied calumny, furious partisanship, and mob violence, his manly heart demanded justice for his beaten foes; and with undaunted personal courage, with coolness and bravery almost unexampled, he espoused the cause of the weak, the disfranchised, the taxridden, and the downtrodden, and sought by practical means to bind up and heal the wounds of the recent strife.

Like others of the proscribed class who witnessed his intrepid conduct in behalf of my oppressed people on the most trying occasions, I may say that, in adding this humble tribute to his fame, it is not prompted by a mere formal or perfunctory impulse, but by a sentiment of sincere personal affection. The political and civic honors that would have come to him immediately following the war, but which he denied to himself, and the later political success which he would doubtless have attained had his life been spared, are more than compensated by the fervent love which all the people of Missouri cherish for his memory.

THE COURAGE OF LEADERSHIP.

By Hon. Champ Clark.

From the address delivered February 4, 1899, at the presentation by Missouri to the United States of the Busts of Thomas H. Benton and Francis P. Blair. From "The World's Best Orations." Copyright, 1899, by Ferd. P. Kaiser.

IN the outskirts of Louisiana, Missouri, stand four immense sugar trees, which, if the Druidical religion were in vogue in the Mississippi Valley, would be set aside as objects of worship by Democrats. They form the corners of a rectangle about large enough for a speaker's platform. Beneath their grateful shadow, with the Father of Waters behind him, the eternal hills in front of him, with the blue sky above his head, in the presence of a great and curious concourse of people, Frank Blair made the first Democratic speech delivered in Missouri after the close of the civil war. Excitement was intense. Armed men of all shades of opinion abounded on every hand. When Blair arose to speak he unbuckled his pistol belt and coolly laid two navy revolvers on the table. He prefaced his remarks as follows:

"Fellow citizens, I understand that I am to be killed here to-day. I have just come out of four years of that sort of business. If there is to be any of it here, it had better be attended to before the speaking begins."

That calm but pregnant exordium has perhaps no counterpart in the entire range of oratory.

> There was silence deep as death;
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time.

He then proceeded with his speech, but had not been going more than five minutes until a man of gigantic proportions started toward him, shaking his huge fist and shouting, "He's an arrant rebel! Take him out! Take him out!" Blair stopped, looked the man in the face, crooked his finger at him, and said, "You come and take me out!" which put an end to that episode, for the man who was yelling "Take him out!" suddenly realized that Blair's index finger which was beckoning him on would soon be pressing the trigger of one of those pistols if he did go on, and he prudently declined Blair's cordial invitation.

He got through that day without bloodshed; but when he spoke at Warrensburg, a little later, he had not proceeded a quarter of an hour before a prominent citizen sitting on the speaker's stand started toward Blair, with a pistol in his hand and with a mighty oath, yelling: "That statement is a lie!" which instantly precipitated a free fight, in which one man was killed and several severely wounded. Blair went on with his speech amid ceaseless interruptions. I know a venerable, mild-mannered, Christian statesman, now in this very Capitol, who for two mortal hours of that pandemonium stood with his hand upon his revolver ready to shoot down any man that assaulted Blair.

Afterwards Blair was advertised to speak at Marshall, in Saline County. On the day of his arrival an armed mob was organized to prevent him from speaking, and an armed body of

Democrats swore he should. A collision occurred resulting in a regular pitched battle, in which several men lost their lives and others were badly injured. But Blair made his speech.

One night he was speaking in Lucas Market Place, in St. Louis, when a man in the crowd, not twenty feet from the stand, pointed a revolver directly at him. Friendly hands interposed to turn the aim skyward. "Let him shoot, if he dares," said Blair, gazing coolly at his would-be-murderer; "if I am wrong, I ought to be shot, but this man is not the proper executioner." The fellow was hustled from the audience.

Amid such scenes he toured the State from the Des Moines River to the Arkansas line and from the Mississippi to the mouth of the raging Kaw. The man who did that had a lion's heart in his breast.

The old Latin dictum runs: *"Poeta nascitur non fit."* The same is true of the leader of men—he is born, not made.

What constitutes the quality of leadership, Mr. Speaker? You do not know. I do not know. None of us know. No man can tell.

Talent, genius, learning, courage, eloquence, greatness in many fields we may define with something approximating exactness; but who can inform us as to the constituent elements of leadership? We all recognize the leader the moment we behold him, but what entitles him to that distinction is and perhaps must forever remain one of the unsolved mysteries of psychology.

Talent, even genius, does not make a man a leader, for some men of the profoundest talents, others of the most dazzling genius, have been servile followers and have debased their rich gifts from God to the flattery of despots. Most notable among those was Lord Bacon, the father of the inductive philosophy,

who possessed the most exquisite intellect ever housed in a human skull, and whose spirit was so abject and so groveling that he was not unjustly described in that blistering, scornful couplet by Alexander Pope:

> If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!

Courage is not synonymous with the quality of leadership, though necessary to it, for some of the bravest soldiers that ever met Death upon the battlefield and defied him to his face were amazingly lacking in that regard.

Learning does not render a man a leader, for some of the greatest scholars of whom history tells were wholly without influence over their fellow-men. Eloquence does not make a leader, for some of the world's greatest orators, among them Cicero, have been the veriest cravens; and no craven can lead men.

Indeed, learning, eloquence, courage, talents, and genius altogether do not make a leader.

But whatever the quality is, people recognize it instinctively, and inevitably follow the man who possesses it.

Frank Blair was a natural leader.

Yet during his career there were finer scholars in Missouri than he, though he was an excellent scholar, a graduate from Princeton; there were more splendid orators, though he ranked with the most convincing and persuasive; there were profounder lawyers, though he stood high at the bar; there were better mixers, though he was of cordial and winning manners; there were men, perhaps, of stronger mental force, though he was amply endowed with brains, so good a judge of human nature as Abraham Lincoln saying of him, "He has abundant talents;" there

were men as brave, though he was of the bravest; but as a leader he overtopped them all.

Believing sincerely that human slavery was wrong *per se* and that it was of most evil to the States where it existed, he fought it tooth and nail, not from sympathy for the negroes so much as from affection for the whites, and created the Republican party in Missouri before the civil war—a most hazardous performance in that day and latitude. At its close, when, in his judgment, his party associates had become the oppressors of the people and the enemies of liberty, he left them, and lifting in his mighty arms the Democracy, which lay bleeding and swooning in the dust, he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life.

HENRY GEORGE.

By Edward Robeson Taylor.

He, like some prophet in the days of old,
Took every weary heart into his own,
And sought assuagement of the dreadful moan
Forever rising and by naught controlled.
Against the giant wrongs whose coils enfold
The myriad souls that starve, and freeze, and groan,
His flaming message flew as if 'twere blown
By all the woes that earth has ever told.
His love was man's until his latest day,
When, battling 'gainst corruption's foul array,
He fell, to flood with glory all the scene.
Alas! Alas! the world has lost him now;
But men will look to it that on his brow
The laurel keeps imperishably green.

THE MONEY KINGS.

By JAMES K. HOSMER.

From "The Story of the Jews," by James K. Hosmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1885, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE streets in the Juden-gasse at Frankfort are dark even by day; the worn thresholds are still in place that have been stained with blood in the old massacres; the houses are furrowed and decrepit as if they had shared in the scourgings which their owners have undergone. A picturesque, gabled dwelling rises not far from the spot where once stood the gate within which the Jews were barred at nightfall, and behind which they sometimes sought to shelter themselves when the wolves of persecution were upon their track. Here lived one hundred years ago Meyer Anselm, whose surname, derived from the sign above his door, was Rothschild. The money-changer had raised himself from a low position by unusual dexterity. By a touch of the finger he could tell the value of any strange coin; at the same time he had won a name as an honest man. At length into the Rhine region, in the year 1793, came pouring the legions of the red republicans from France. The princes fled in terror from the invasion, and the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, driving up to the door of the Jew, in the confusion, surprised him with this address: "I know of old your trustiness. I confide all I have in the world to you. Here is my treasure; here are the jewels of my family. Save

the jewels if you can, and do with the money as you choose." The landgrave became a fugitive, and within an hour or two the *sans culottes,* taking possession of the city, were plundering high and low. Neither Jew nor Christian escaped, Meyer Anselm suffering with the rest.

Ten years later, with the coming of Napoleon into power, stability was again restored. The landgrave, returning, called at the Red Shield in the Juden-gasse of Frankfort, with small hope of receiving a good report. "Well, here I am, friend Meyer, escaped with nothing but life." To his astonishment, the faithful trustee had been able through all the trouble of the time to conduct affairs prosperously. While his own means had been plundered, he had saved in some hiding-place in the cellar-wall the treasure of the prince. The heirloom jewels were untouched; with the money he had made a million; and he now restored all to the wondering landgrave, principal and interest. This was the beginning of the Marvelous career of the great house of Rothschild. The prince spread far and wide the story of his rescue from ruin. One may well suspect that the shrewd old hawk of the Juden-gasse had had all along a careful eye toward the comfortable feathering of his own nest. At any rate, no better policy for the advancement of his interests could have been hit upon than this honesty in the affairs of the distressed prince. In ten years he was the money king of Europe, transmitting to his able sons, when he himself died in 1812, a proud inheritance which they well knew how to improve.

On his death-bed Meyer Anselm made his five sons bind themselves by an oath that they would remain faithful Jews, that they would always carry on business in company, that they would increase money as much as possible, but never divide it, and that they would consult their mother on all affairs of import-

ance. The old mother long survived her husband. She had a singular reason for never sleeping away from her poor home in the Juden-gasse; she felt that her remaining there was in some way connected with the fortune of her sons. H. C. Anderson draws a picturesque scene, the open door of the house of one of her sons at Frankfort, when he had become a financial prince, rows of servants with lighted candles on heavy silver candlesticks, between them the old mother carried down stairs in an armchair. The son kisses reverently the mother's hand as she nods genially right and left, and they bear her to the poor lodging in the despised quarter. The luxury of severeigns was prepared for her, but that the good fortune of her sons depended upon her remaining where she had borne them was her superstition.

The wish of the father was conscientiously fulfilled. The house abounded in wealth, and in children and grandchildren. The five sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James, divided among themselves the principal exchanges of the world, were diplomatically represented in foreign lands, regulating all their affairs, their dowries, marriages, and inheritances, by their own family laws. Nathan Meyer, the third son of Anselm, who became head of the London house early in the present century, was the leader of the family. He went to England a youth of twenty-one, with a portion of about $100,000. Establishing himself in Manchester as manufacturer, merchant, and banker, he became a millionaire in six years. Removing then to London, his famous career in connection with the government began. In every move he was adroit as a fox, and yet full of audacity. He managed in surprising ways to obtain news, breeding carrier-pigeons, employing the fastest vessels, discovering short routes for uniting the great capitals, using his super-

ior information often with too little scruple, but in ways which few business men would question. On the memorable eighteenth of June, 1815, the sharp eyes of Nathan Meyer watched the fortunes of Waterloo as eagerly as those of Napoleon or Wellington. He found some shot-proof nook near Hougomont, where he peered over the field,—saw the charge before which Picton fell, the countercharge of the Enniskilleners and Scotch Grays, the immolation of the French Cuirassiers, the seizure of La Haye Sainte at the English centre, the gradual gathering of the Prussians and at last the catastrophe, as the sunset light threw the shadow of the poplars on the Nivelles road across the awful wreck, and the *"sauve qui peut"* of the panic-stricken wretches arose, who fled in the dusk before the implacable sabres of Blucher. When the decision came, the alert observer cried, exultingly: "The house of Rothschild has won this battle." Then, mounting a swift horse which all day had stood saddled and bridled, he rode through the short June night at a gallop, reaching, with daybreak, the shore of the German ocean. The waters were tossing stormily, and no vessel would venture forth. The eager Jew, hurrying restlessly along the shore, found a bold fisherman at last, who for a great bribe, was induced to risk his craft and himself. In the cockleshell, drenched and in danger of foundering, but driving forward, the English shore was at length gained, and immediately after, through whip and spur, London.

It was early morning of June 20 when he dropped upon the capital, as if borne thither upon the enchanted mantle of the Arabian Nights. Only gloomy rumors, so far, had reached the British world. The hearts of men were depressed, and stocks had sunk to the lowest. No hint of the truth fell from the lips of the travel-worn but vigilant banker, so suddenly at his post

in St. Swithin's Lane. Simply, he was ready to buy consols as others were to sell. With due calculation, all appearance of suspicious eagerness was avoided. He moved among the bankers and brokers, shaking his head lugubriously. "It is a sad state of affairs," his forlorn face seemed to say; "what hope is there for England?" and so his head went on shaking solemnly, and those who met him felt confirmed in their impression that England had gone by the board, and that it was perhaps best to get away in time, before the French advanced guard took possession of the city. But he bought consols, for some unaccountable reason, and his agents were in secret everywhere, ready to buy, though a panic seemed to be impending. So passed June 20—so passed June 21. On the evening of that day the exchange closed and the chests of Nathan Meyer were crammed with paper. An hour later, came galloping into the city the government courier, with the first clear news of victory. London flashed into bonfires and illuminations. The exchange opened next day with everything advanced to fabulous prices. In the south corner, under a pillar which was known as his place, leaned the operator so matchless in swiftness and audacity. His face was pale, his eye somewhat jaded; but his head, for some reason, had lost its unsteadiness. His face, too, had lost its lugubriousness, but had a dreamy, happy expression, as if he beheld some beatific vision. The little gentleman had made ten millions of dollars.

The house of Rothschild, it has been said, was rapacious, as well as bold and full of tact, often showing toward the hard world, the ancient Hebrew implacability and stripping it without mercy. When England in the struggle with Napoleon was sore pressed to supply its fleets and armies, the Rothschilds, buying up all the available food and clothing, are accused of having

caused prices to advance largely; at the same time they possessed themselves of all the gold. Supplies must be purchased of the house, and when the settlement came gold must also be purchased at a great premium. The treasury bought gold of the Rothschilds to pay its obligations to the Rothschilds, and so the child of Jacob flayed the Gentile with a two-edged sword. Wellington, it is said, could never afterward endure the family, and put many a slight upon them, even while they held between thumb and finger the princes of Europe. The famous martinet was familiar with military, but not with business, expedients. It is not probable that the financiers of any bourse in the world, at the present time, could condemn the methods of the able Hebrews without condemning themselves.

So grew great the house of Rothschild. Its whole course was a marvel of enterprise. Its boldness brought it sometimes to the brink of ruin, but more often the Jews' shekels were breeding like rabbits. Now it acquired the monopoly of supplying the world with quicksilver, now it saved a bankrupt monarchy from destruction, now it turned aside the march of armies. The five sons of the wrinkled old money-changer of the Red Shield in the Frankfort Juden-gasse, who had played as little children on the Maccabaean festival with their seven-branched silver candlesticks, held court as money kings in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Naples. They were financial agents of all the important governments, conductors of every money transaction upon a large scale. Meantime the oath sworn to the dying father was respected. The brothers were bound by the strongest ties, their children intermarried, they got all they could, and kept all they got, until men scarcely dared to name their wealth. It was a giddy and harassing eminence. One day in 1836, Nathan Meyer, a man scarcely past middle age, left

London to attend the marriage of his eldest son in a distant city of the continent. Weeks passed; at length a little incident happened at Brighton, exciting at first slight wonder, but afterward gaining more fully the world's attention. An idle marksman, catching sight of a bird which, after breasting the breeze of the English channel, was flying somewhat heavily over the town, its wings drooping as if from a long passage, brought it down by a lucky shot. It proved to be a carrier-pigeon, about whose neck was tied a slip of paper, dated only the day before in a far-away part of Europe. It contained only three French words: "It est mort." The marksman wondered who the mysterious dead man could be, and speculated with his neighbors over the slip. At length it was made plain. The bird whose flight was interrupted was carrying to St. Swithin's Lane news of the great banker's death,—a timely message, that sail might be reefed and all be tight and trim for the shock, when perhaps after a fortnight's time, by slow-moving coach and bark, the news should reach the world that the money king no longer lived.

Lionel Rothschild, eldest son of Nathan Meyer, and his successor as head of the London house, was, in a different way, not less famous than his father. He was of agreeable person and manners, the friend of royalty and the nobility, himself at last ennobled, and of great political influence, even before he sat in Parliament. He became the central figure in the struggle for the abrogation of Jewish disabilities. He was elected to Parliament in 1847, the first son of his race so honored; but for ten years, as he stood before the bar of the House of Commons to take the oath, he was each year rejected, because his uplifted hand, upon the enunciation of the words "on the faith of a Christian," fell promptly to his side. The Israelite yielded by

no jot, but the Christian at last gave way. Baron Lionel's palace in London adjoined Apsley House, the mansion of Wellington, and bore on its front the arms of the German empire, the consul-generalship of which was handed down through the generations of the family. Great statesmen were his guests, the princes of the royal family made a point of being present at the weddings and christenings of his children, ambassadors of the highest powers came to sign as witnesses, and the sovereign sent gifts.

The career of James, the son of Anselm Meyer, who became head of the Paris house, is no less extraordinary than that of Nathan Meyer in London. After the overthrow of Napoleon, the allies required from the restored Bourbon, Louis XVIII., the immense sum of 200,000,000 francs, as an indemnity for their sacrifices in bringing about the consummation. James Rothschild first became a great power in France, through his successful conduct of this immense operation. With soul as haughty as the royal line to whose relief he had come he demanded social recognition for himself and wife. "What!" cried the Duchess d' Angouleme, daughter of the king, "the chair of a Jew in the royal circle! They forget the ruler of France is the most Christian king." The demand was refused; but Baron James, for he had acquired a title, established in the magnificent palace presented by Napoleon I. to his step-daughter Queen Hortense de Beauharnais, waited for his opportunity. When at length, at the revolution of 1830, the house of Orleans supplanted the Bourbons, it was the Hebrew parvenu who made it possible for Louis Philippe to mount the throne. The social barrier was now surmounted. The monarchy itself only existed at the Baron's pleasure. His family were as splendidly lodged as royalty itself at the Tuileries. Madame la Baronne

gave the law to the social world. Paris followed her beck, and at the fashionable watering-places, in magnificence of raiment, in ornaments and equipages, she dazzled the sovereigns. But the ambition of the Israelite was insatiable. He used his high position for further money-making, and was accused of showing little loyalty except to his own faith and race. The sons of the various houses of Rothschild in general, with the exception of the branch in England, even while deciding the fate of nations, hold themselves, as it were, above politics. Parties and governments shift, revolutions come and go, dynasty succeeding dynasty; but every turn of the political wheel drops gold into their ever-hungry coffers.

Often they have cared little to respect the feelings, reasonable or otherwise, of the world which they have substantially swayed. In the time of Baron James at Paris, the journals were full of hits at the alleged meanness and vulgarity which, it was insisted, the house of Rothschild coupled with their magnificence. Millions, it was charged, went into luxurious display, but rarely a sou for art or public improvements. One finds such stories as follows: One day, at a festival, Rothschild was approached by a lady who asked from him a contribution for a charitable object. The baron dropped a gold piece into her box, which the lady, whose attention at the moment was attracted elsewhere, did not perceive. She repeated her request, whereupon the rich man curtly declared he had already given. "Pardon," said the lady, "I did not see you, but I believe you." "And I," said a witty princess who stood near, "saw it, but I do not believe it." Some one once related before Scribe, the dramatist, that Rothschild had the evening before lost ten napoleons at play, without an expression of regret. "Nothing surprising in that," was the quick remark; "great griefs are always voiceless." But

Plutus elbowed his way cavalierly forward, caring little for gibes or harsher criticism. "How is Madame la Baronne?" politely inquired a man of high rank, who met the Jew at the opera. "What's that to you," was the rejoinder, as he turned his back. To Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, who was once his guest at dinner, the baron took pleasure in being roughly familiar. "Paul, let me help you to some of this Johannisberg," at length he began. As the prince did not reply, the presuming host repeated the remark; upon which his highness, with his feathers well ruffled, beckoning to the steward, said: "Do you not hear? the baron is addressing you," and left the house.

Baron James could snub a duke, or even a sovereign, with perfect self-possession, but there was one man by whom he seemed to be cowed and mastered, the brilliant Heinrich Heine, one of his own race. Heine was often at the banker's palace, maintaining his intimacy, not through any obsequiousness, but by a kind of spell which his bitter tongue exercised over the host. As Heine declared, he was received "famillionairement," because the poor banker wished to be the first to hear the evil which his reckless guest was going to say about him. One day, as the baron was drinking a glass of the Neapolitan wine called "Lacrimae Christi," he remarked on the strangeness of the name, and wondered how it could have originated. "That's easy enough," said Heine; "it means, translated, that Christ shed tears to have such good wine wasted on Jews like you."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

By James K. Hosmer.

From "The Story of the Jews," by James K. Hosmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1885, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AND now we take up the most singular and fascinating of characters, the adventurer born among outcasts, who had the address to make himself the leader of the haughtiest and most conservative of aristocracies, the Tories of Great Britain. Born a Jew of the "Sephardim," the *elite* of the race, of a family of Spanish derivation, which, after a sojourn in Venice, came in the last century to England, the Earl of Beaconsfield, Benjamin Disraeli, when twelve years old, through the instrumentality of Samuel Rogers, the poet, who felt that the bright boy ought to have a career, was baptized a Christian. We shall, however, find no better type of the Jew than he. His descent was written in every trait of his character, as in every feature of his face. The persistency with which he fought his way upward, handicapped by limitations of every kind, by outward circumstances, by personal peculiarities which brought ridicule, his origin in the eyes of the world so contemptible—it is that extraordinary Jewish force. Without dwelling upon his lighter title to fame, his literary career, let us take up at once the story of his first speech in Parliament, into which he at last pushed himself after disappointments and labors that can scarcely be measured. At length he stood there, the strange,

fantastic figure, the olive skin, the thick Jewish nose, the black curl on his forehead, the Oriental passion for glitter and adornment in his blood manifesting itself in excess of jewelry, finical attire, curling and scented hair,—and presumed to call to account Daniel O'Connell, then in the very height of his influence. The great agitator, with his hat tipped on the back of his head, leaning back in an attitude of easy insolence, stared at him in surprise, presently shaking his burly figure as he laughed in his face. The whole House of Commons at length was roaring with mockery at the dandy upstart, who seemed to most of them like some intruding pawnbroker. Showing no pity to the untried and friendless speaker, they laughed him into silence, but before the silence came, there was a memorable manifestation. Raising his voice to a scream which pierced the uproar, and shaking his thin hand at the hostile house, he cried, "The time will come when you will be glad to hear me."

Thence onward he runs in his marvelous Parliamentary career, speaking on every question, more often the mark of obloquy than eulogy, advocating often policies which few Americans can approve, but always with pluck and fire perfectly indomitable, rising slowly toward leadership, battered as his head became prominent by every Parliamentary missile, mercilessly lampooned, written down by able editors, ever pushing his way undismayed, until one day the world gave in to him and knelt to kiss his feet. It is interesting to read how he was borne up by his noble wife, whom he loved with all his soul. Here is a slight incident, one of many similar ones. Disraeli was to speak in Parliament at an important crisis. He entered the carriage with his wife to drive to Westminster. The coachman, slamming the door violently, caught the lady's hand, injuring it severely. Fearing to disturb her husband, on the eve, as he was, of a great

effort, she wrapped it in her handkerchief hastily, without uttering a sound or changing her face, drove, cheerfully chatting, to the House, and not until the arrow had been sent with all his steady strength, did the great archer know the circumstances which might have impaired his aim.

Disraeli's public course furnishes points enough to which exception might be taken; perhaps his personal character may have been in many ways open to criticism. But certainly, if a tonic influence goes forth into the world from every man who boldly wrestles with difficulty, no one has done more in this way to brace his generation than this superbly strong and courageous champion, rising from the dust to guide the mightiest and haughtiest power upon the face of the earth, so that it was obedient not only to his deliberate will, but to his caprices. A Christian and an orthodox Christian he was throughout his career, but none the less the most arrogant of Jews. He feared, says his able biographer, Brandes, if he dropped the supernatural origin of Jesus, he would be depriving his race of the nimbus which encircles it, as the people among whom God himself, as the Redeemer of the world, was born. To him Christianity was only Judaism completed, Judaism for the multitude.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

By Eugene Field.

From "The Ladies' Home Journal," by courtesy of the publishers. Copyright 1895, by The Curtis Publishing Co.

AFTER our mother's death we two little boys were sent East. It was at that time that our father wrote to Grandma Field that he did not care to have his sons imbued with the "superstitions of New England." To this our grandma made answer in these words: "Roswell, I do not know what you mean by 'superstitions,' but of one thing you can rest assured: my grandchildren shall be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Dear grandma has been asleep these many, many years; I was still a boy when I saw her saintly, beloved face for the last time. But I have not forgotten her. We were famous friends, and so very many times, in these years that have elapsed since I was a boy amid the New England hills, I have, with closed eyes and in moments of solemn, sweet revery, seen dear grandma's lovely face and heard her gentle voice and felt the caress of her loving touch. All that I remember of grandma is so pleasant that I love to speak of her and of the days when I was one of her two little boys.

The old homestead was to the south of the common; it was a long, two-story white frame house with narrow windows and a green front door, upon which there was a curious little brass knocker, and a brass door-plate bearing the name, "Gen. Martin

Field." Above this front door was an archaic window or transom in the shape of a fan. Three acres of ground were around the house—a large front yard and a side yard and an orchard; there were numerous outbuildings, a museum (for my grandfather was an amateur naturalist), a wood-shed, a barn, an ice-house and a carriage-house. In the carriage-house was a monster chaise, and I used to wonder whether there ever was a horse big enough and strong enough to haul it. There was a long gravel walk leading from the front gate to the front door, and on each side of this walk there was a flower-bed, in which, at the proper season, prim daffodils bloomed. On the picket fence which divided the front and side yards there was a sun-dial, and just to the north of this dial stood a sassafras tree—you see I recall these details, although twenty-five years have elapsed since I last visited the old homestead in Vermont. How true and how good it is that the scenes of childhood never fade from our memories.

There were hills all around the little village, and there were trout brooks that crept furtively through woods and thickets; and, my! but how steep those hills were, and how sweet the wild strawberries, and how cool and pungent the checkerberries were that nestled away up there in that gravelly, sterile soil! On the east side of the mountain flowed the West River, a black and turbulent stream, in ill repute with all solicitous mothers, for Reuben Fisher's boy Lute was drowned therein in the summer of 1823, and Lute's grave in the burying-ground on the hill near the Steadman farm was studiously and solemnly pointed out to every little boy who evinced a disposition to hook off and go swimming. By common consent the only proper place for little boys to go swimming was in the brook just this side of Burdette's melodeon factory on the Dummerston road. The vil-

lage was called Fayetteville then; now it is Newfane.

Grandma was a pillar in the Congregational Church. At the decline and disintegration of the Universalist society, she rejoiced as cordially as if a temple of Baal or an idol of Ashtaroth had been overturned. Yes, grandma was Puritanical—not to the extent of persecution, but a Puritan in the severity of her faith and in the exacting nicety of her interpretation of her duties to God and mankind. Grandma's Sunday began at six o'clock Saturday evening; by that hour her house was swept and garnished, and her lamps trimmed, and every preparation made for a quiet, reverential observance of the Seventh Day. There was no cooking there on Sunday. At noon Mrs. Deacon Ranney and other old ladies used to come from church with grandma to eat luncheon and discuss the sermon and suggest deeds of piety for the ensuing week. I remember Mrs. Deacon Ranney and her frigid companions very distinctly; they never smiled and they wore austere bombazines that rustled and squeaked dolorously. Mrs. Deacon Ranney seldom noticed me further than to regard me with a look that seemed to stigmatize me as an incipient vessel of wrath that was to be disapproved of, and I never liked Mrs. Deacon Ranney after I heard her reminding grandma one day that Solomon had truly said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I still think ill of Mrs. Deacon Ranney for having sought to corrupt dear old grandma's gentle nature with any such incendiary suggestions.

I recall those Sunday luncheons, for I was always hungry then, and they were so very good. They consisted of hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, cookies, crackers, doughnuts, cheese, gingerbread and a certain kind of cake called loaf-cake, which in the West I have met with under the corrupted and plebeian name of dough-cake. These viands were always cold.

For herself and her austere visitors, grandma would heat water in the fireplace and make tea, but even this was always done with a certain fear and trembling, for, as I have as good as told you, grandma believed that naught should be done upon the Seventh Day save in the service of God. Grandma really had a passion for church-going; I could not understand it at all. There was no heat in the meeting-house in winter time in those days—in fact, grandma always denounced stoves and furnaces as abominations of Satan's invention. I fancy she actually enjoyed the divers discomforts entailed upon church-goers in those days. The meeting-house was cold and draughty, and the seats, with their straight backs, were, oh, so hard. Grandma's pew was near the pulpit. I remember now how ashamed I used to be to carry her footstove all the way up that long aisle for her—I was such a foolish little boy then—and now, ah me, how ready and glad and proud I should be to do that service for dear old grandma!

When grandma went to meeting she carried a lovely, big black velvet bag; it had a bouquet wrought in beads of subdued color upon it, and it hung by two sombre silk puckering-ribbons over grandma's arm. In the bag grandma carried a supply of crackers and peppermint lozenges, and upon these she would nibble in meeting whenever she felt that feeling of goneness in the pit of her stomach, which I was told old ladies sometimes suffer with. It was proper enough, I was assured, for old ladies to nibble at crackers and peppermint lozenges in meeting, but that such a proceeding would be very wicked for a little boy. This seemed hard to understand then, but it is clear enough to me now. There was one thing, however, which I have never been able to study out. Grandma used to make a practice of getting up out of bed at night and eating hard-boiled eggs when-

ever she felt hungry. It was impossible to make her believe that "a biled hard egg could hurt anybody." And it never did harm grandma; I guess that eggs in these degenerate days are no longer what they were in the good old times.

Already have I said that grandma considered stoves an abomination. Maybe you would have thought so, too, if you could have eaten of the many nice things grandma used to cook in those great open chimneyplaces in the old homestead. Doughnuts and cookies nowadays give me dyspepsia terribly, but grandma's doughnuts and cookies never hurt anybody! And fried potatoes—well, I am sure that there never was anybody else, and there never will be anybody else, capable of frying potatoes half so deliciously as grandma. When father lay dying of a dreadful malady he said one day to his brother, an old man who had come many miles to soothe father's last hours: "Charles, I wish mother were living and here to cook for me. It may be an idle fancy, but I believe I could eat and relish some of her fried pork and potatoes."

And do you know that's just how I have felt many and many a time, when illness, or, maybe, the heat of summer made me indifferent to viands carefully prepared to tempt my appetite? At such times I've thought to myself that if I only had some of grandma's cooking, how gladly and heartily I would eat! And then has come the second, sweetly-sad thought that maybe, after all, it was grandma herself—the cheer, the restfulness, the healing, the solace of that sympathetic, saintly presence —that I pined for.

The few books that grandma had were kept in the old secretary in the front room under the spare chamber. Grandma was a life member of the American Tract Society, so her library was constantly increasing, and there was no other woman in the

State of Vermont who had so wide and so exact an acquaintance with the spiritual condition and needs of the heathen as grandma had. There was not in all grandma's collection, as you can imagine, a book that could not with the utmost propriety be read on Sunday. The nearest approach to light literature were "The Blind Man's Offering" and a "Life of Mary Lyon." But my favorite reading when I visited grandma was "The Well Spring" and the New England primer. The rude cuts in the primer had then, and still have, a certain weird fascination which I can neither explain nor resist. My devotion to this kind of literature inspired grandma with the fond delusion that maybe some time I would become a minister, so she set about cultivating the theological germ she fancied was in me. She paid me ninepence for every sermon or report of a sermon I wrote for her, and one of these sermons has survived the ruthlessness of years, and here it is now beside me—the sermon I wrote (when I was nine years old) in pencil in an old account book belonging to my grandfather. I can not forbear giving you just one extract from this sermon, in order that you may understand what a gloomy, stilted, conventional thing it is, and in order, furthermore, that you may see how good a thing it is that I abandoned sermonizing so many years ago:

"I remark secondly that conscience makes the way of transgressors hard, for every act of pleasure, every act of guilt, his conscience smites him. The last of his stay on earth will appear horrible to the beholder. Sometimes, however, he will be stayed in his guilt. A death in a family of some favorite object, or be attacked by some disease himself is brought to the portal of the grave. Then for a little time perhaps he is stayed in his wickedness, but before long he returns to his worldly lust. Oh, it is indeed hard for sinners to go down into perdition over all

the obstacles which God has placed in their path. But many, I am afraid, do go down into perdition, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

Grandma herself was an able theologian, and her familiarity with the Scriptures was simply amazing. I think that Proverbs must have been her favorite book in the Bible, for she was always quoting therefrom, and, moreover, she constantly held Solomon up to me as one whose example I should emulate. One day I wanted to hear more about this wisest man, for I discovered all at once that in her talk about Solomon, grandma seemed to take pains to avoid all reference to the conclusion of his career. But I never got any satisfaction on this point from grandma, and but for future investigation, conducted without grandma's advice or consent, I might still be fancying that Solomon was cut off in the flower of his wisdom and godliness.

One bitter winter's night my younger brother had an attack of croup. While somebody was going for Dr. Warren—how well I remember his splendid shirt frills and blue coat with brass buttons—grandma came up-stairs and administered spiritual consolation to the sick child. She told him that in the midst of life we are in death, and she asked him if he were prepared to render up an account before the King of Kings. Poor little child, he was frightened nearly to death, of course; they banished grandma from the room, but not without much difficulty, for grandma didn't propose to sit tamely by and see a human soul in danger of the unquenchable fire.

She was a prudent and thrifty soul, was grandma. Extravagance and wastefulness she regarded as cardinal sins.

I wish I had space to tell you about the wonderful garret in that old homestead at Fayetteville, for, oh, the curious and

splendid things I used to discover there when I went rummaging about therein on rainy days! I wish I had some of those quaint old things now. I should particularly like that large, white muslin banner, on which I used to read the mysterious legend: "Vote for Old Hickory." Indeed, I have many souvenirs of the old homestead and of dear grandma, but not enough. I have grandma's cunning little pewter teapot, and her beautiful gold watch that grandpa gave her when they were married, and her pewter porringer, and a set of her shovels and tongs, and one of her custard cups, and her copy of the American Tract Society's edition of the Psalms, and several pieces of linen she spun, and two of her brass candlesticks. I treasure and love these things and they are beautiful in my eyes, because they were grandma's.

Now, I have told you of grandma simply as I knew her. I could tell you many things which others have told me of her—of the hardships and the valor of her early life, of her very many deeds of charity and piety, of her great personal beauty—for she was the belle of Hadley once—and of the really noble public service she performed as the first lady in that community where she lived for nearly ninety years; but I have chosen to speak of her as she was known to the little motherless boy who found in her arms a sure and sweet refuge.

I think grandma feared death—others have told me so; I can't imagine why she should have, for her life was pure and high and full of good works. But she prayed God that when death came to her it should not be through lingering illness, but while she slept, so that her awakening in the Land of Promise might be from the sleep of that life wherein she had served God by the light that was within her. And so it came

to pass, even as she had asked; for one fair morning when they went and called, grandma did not answer. A voice, sweeter and more beloved than ours, had summoned her patient, valorous, tender soul to its reward.

Among those hills—those sturdy hills of old Vermont that were witnesses to her good works—dear grandma sleeps the sleep that awaiteth all humanity. Those who were nearest and dearest to her in life, they, too, sleep that same sleep around here there. In the winding valley below, the little village stretches itself quietly and lovingly along. The steeple of the old meeting-house reaches high into the air as if to see the hilltop yonder, whither so many have gone forever. Just as of old, the wild strawberries and the wintergreens cluster where little eyes and little hands may find them out, and the daffodils beside a gravel walk incline their heads as if to hear what the gentle wind of springtime has to tell of a lovely spot where the shepherd keepeth his vigil over his beloved.

And very, very far from those sweet, peaceful scenes, a child—for he is still a child that hath the grace of grandma's love in his heart—a child is thinking and speaking now of that dear, dead, saintly one, and he blesses her memory.

IN THE WHIRL OF THE TORNADO.

By John R. Musick.

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TO stand quietly for even ten seconds and watch the rapid approach of inevitable doom, to look utterly helpless into the face of a devouring monster, and speculate on the chances of being swept into eternity, is enough to turn white the hair of youth. Old soldiers—veterans of two wars and the heroes of scores of battles—assert that they would rather storm a well-defended fort, or lead a forlorn hope, than meet one of those monsters of the air inaccurately spoken of in the United States as "cyclones."

It was my good or ill-fortune to be an eye-witness of one of the devastating tornadoes that often sweep American soil.

About half-past six on the afternoon of April 27, 1899, I left my house in Kirksville, Missouri, to post some letters. The day had been rather remarkable, alternating between suffocating heat and the chilliness of early spring. Dense black clouds occasionally rolled across the saffron sky, and showers of rain alternated with bursts of sunshine, while the winds had been capricious, at times blowing in gusts and gales, to be followed by a dead calm. It needed no barometer to indicate an impending atmospheric disturbance, for every one could feel it.

At the time I started from my house a gentle shower was falling, and I took my umbrella with me. As I stepped from the west door upon the veranda, a continuous roaring off to the southwest burst on my ears, and my house being on high ground, I had an excellent view in that direction.

In the southwest, at the extreme limit of my vision, hung a lowering, dark cloud, from which occasional peals of thunder issued. Just below the cloud, seeming to rest upon the earth, was a whirling monster of vapor, dust, and smoke, coming apparently toward me, with an incessant and steadily increasing roar. The first appearance was that of a huge locomotive emitting black smoke and steam, and coming at a tremendous speed. The tornado seemed suddenly to tear itself loose from the black storm-cloud and to advance at increased speed, rotating from right to left. I quickly re-entered the house, calling to my wife and children to fly for their lives. My youngest daughter, aged sixteen, had gone to the second story to secure some windows, and, evidently alarmed at my call, was for a moment dumfounded with fear. Bounding up the stairway, I met her coming down, and my wife took her and our eldest daughter into the yard west of the house, where they sought safety behind some cedars.

Having placed them in what I thought the most secure place available, I once more turned my attention to the storm, which I found much nearer. The great funnel-shaped cloud, expanding and extending up into the vault of heaven, seemed to spread over the entire eastern horizon. It was a dark, steamy cloud, from which were emitted evanescent flashes of electric light.

My next care was for my mother and two sisters, one of whom is blind. Their cottage is on the same street, just oppo-

site my own house. As I started across the street I shouted to a neighbor, who with his wife and child stood motionless on his veranda, calling to them to fly for their lives. By this time the tornado was so near, and its roar so loud, that my voice could not be heard, though they saw my frantic gestures.

In the west wing of my mother's cottage were north and south windows, and I could see her standing quietly at the south window, gazing in awe and silence upon the fearful phenomenon, so terrible in its splendor that she was spellbound and incapable of motion. I shouted as I ran, but my calls were unheeded. She stood like a marble statue, her slight form and white hair silhouetted in the dull gray twilight that enveloped the scene, while the roaring, expanding monster continually was drawing nearer and nearer.

Suddenly there came a report as if a shell had exploded at the window. The noise broke the spell which chained her to the spot, and with my sisters and a servant-girl she ran from the house.

All that I have described could not have occupied more than ten or fifteen seconds. The street is only sixty feet wide, and I was but half-way across when the report came from the cottage. At the same moment I discovered that the course of the tornado was changed, and that it was sweeping in a northeastern direction through what is known as Fible's Addition to the city. Fible's Addition is built up chiefly with frame houses one or two stories in height, which are occupied mainly by students, laborers, and small merchants. A large brick building stands just southeast of the Addition, and to the east of the storm-path, while the North Missouri State Normal School building is just beyond the western limit.

I knew that at this hour nearly all the people would be at

home at supper, and the tornado would burst on them without a moment's warning. A great crushing feeling of horror and grief supplanted the awful dread that only a moment before had stilled my heart.

Shouting to my wife that we were safe, and directing her to telephone for surgeons, I ran east, in the direction of the tornado. It had now grown to such gigantic proportions that it seemed to extend from the zenith to the farthest limit of the eastern horizon. When it struck the densely populated part of the city, the continual crashing and tearing of houses was added to that incessant rumbling and roaring, making an awful sound which swelled in volume until the earth trembled beneath our feet. The air was filled with flying debris. Doors, shutters, roofs, and even whole houses were sent soaring and whirling to a height of three or four hundred feet. I saw the wheel of a wagon or carriage and the bodies of two persons flying up into the storm-cloud. One house was lifted upward to a height of over one hundred feet, when it seemed to explode into a thousand fragments, which went soaring, whirling, and mingling with the other debris.

The wind, two blocks away, as it crossed our street, pulled down a cedar-tree in my front lawn, and a large plate glass of the house adjoining was burst outward by the pressure of air within, and shattered into a hundred fragments. During the few seconds that the tornado took in crossing our street, no one was in sight, and I continued my flight toward the scenes of disaster without meeting or seeing any one.

On it swept in its unswerving northeast course, a great black monster obscuring the eastern sky; a raging, baleful thing; a hateful, devouring devil, tearing up houses to their foundation-stones, roaring, rumbling, crashing, thundering in its awful

rage, and yet the most terrifying spectacle man ever gazed upon, until it swept out of sight, leaving a path of smoking ruins in its wake.

The last shingle had scarcely fallen, and the dust-cloud still hovered over the debris, when I reached the edge of the ruins. The cruel monster had gone on, carrying death and ruin into the country far to the northeast, but was now beyond our hearing, and a silence as awful as the noise it had made pervaded the scene. The hush of death, more appalling than the thunder of the storm-king's war-chariot, brooded over that scene of desolation.

This was only for a moment; then bursting from the ruins came the wounded and blood-stained victims able to crèep forth, while the air was filled with wailing shrieks, groans, and sobs of despair. A woman covered with blood and dust, her face badly lacerated, and holding a child on whose cheek was a cruel gash, came toward me.

"Are you badly hurt?" I asked.

"No, no; but my husband and children are killed," she answered.

"Where was your house?"

"There," and she pointed to a mass of boards, timber, brick, and plaster.

Those who had time to reach their cellars were saved. My wife, who followed close after me, rescued one woman from a narrow cellar, one side of which had fallen in.

The news spread on the wings of the lightning to the business portion of the city, and surgeons, merchants, bankers, professional men, students, and mechanics, with lint and bandages, saws and axes, came hurrying to the rescue, meeting a bloodstreaming procession of survivors wringing their hands

and imploring aid for the more unfortunate loved ones buried beneath the ruins.

I first assisted in extricating a young woman with a broken spine lying under some heavy timbers. With the aid of one other we threw off the timbers, which would have been deemed an impossible feat under ordinary circumstances, lifted the unfortunate woman out, and laid her upon a couch which some one had dragged from the debris. Next I remember taking some children from a house. The father, Dr. W. B. Howells of New York City, was killed.

The tornado was accompanied by a rain which continued with more or less intermission throughout the first half of the night.

The shrieking and wailing gave place to silent, earnest work, broken only by the groans of sufferers still beneath the ruins.

We took a gentleman, Dr. H. K. Sherburne, of Montpelier, Vermont, from the ruins of a building. He was badly injured about the head, side, and limbs, and we laid him on a mattress in the rain. He raised himself on his elbow, and pointing to the ruins of what had been his house, said:

"My wife is under there. Save her! Save her!"

Though we tore the ruins right and lift, we were unable to find her. After convincing ourselves that she was not in the wreck about the foundation, we went to another heap of rubbish where two buildings seemed to have collided, and there found the unfortunate woman with a ghastly cut in her head. As we raised her from the debris, a dead hen fell from under her arm, as if she had been holding it. Mrs. Sherburne breathed once or twice after we got her out, and then died. Her husband was taken to my house, and for a long time was too weak to be moved to the hospital. When he became convalescent I asked

him if they had any chickens, and he answered that they had not. The dead hen must have been blown into his wife's arms by the storm.

An old man was found dead in the wreck, clutching his pocket-book, in which were nine hundred dollars. His wife, who lay dead at his side, had twenty-five hundred dollars sewed up in the skirt of her dress. A woman was found dead, holding in her arms her dead child. Another was found dead, holding in her arms her uninjured infant; and when the men who found these removed the boards and timbers covering them, the babe looked up and smiled as if grateful to its deliverers.

About thirty minutes after the tornado had swept through the city, a black, angry cloud rose in the west, and spread over the entire city, deluging it with a downpour of rain, while the wind blew such a gale that many of our younger assistants became frightened and ran to cellars, ditches, and sewers to escape the fury of a second tornado. In vain the older and more experienced shouted that there was no danger. The downpour of rain soaked us all to the skin, and was of course much worse for the unfortunates, many of whom were still under the ruins. Those whom we did rescue were laid on mats, doors, and shutters, until we could get men to carry them beyond the stricken district to carriages and ambulances, for the timbers and debris made it impossible for a vehicle to cross the path.

Night came upon us when our work had just begun. The storm had torn down the electric wires, and all the eastern part of the city was in total darkness.

"We must have lanterns," I suggested to some of the rescuing party. Every one agreed that we ought to have them, but there was no suggestion of a plan whereby they could be obtained. I turned to a youth who stood near, stupefied at the

surroundings, and bade him go down into the city and bring all the lanterns he could find.

He went and brought about a dozen, which were of great service. I returned to my house for a "pommel slicker" I had worn on the Plains and in Hawaii, which was proof against rain, and with my lantern continued the search, overturning the sides of houses and lifting floors to look for the dead. Throughout the long, dark night, lanterns could be seen flashing over the ruins, while people were dragged out and placed in ambulances and carriages.

Some of the buildings had taken fire, and for a time we feared a general conflagration, in which case many of the injured must have perished in the flames. But the fire company kept the flames within bounds, and only one person was seriously burned.

It was a doleful night, an awful night. Not one of the thousands who participated in the search will ever forget it. The list of killed grew, until one became sick at the mention of new names.

When the solemn dawn broke pityingly, dark wreaths of smoke were still ascending from the smoldering ruins of some of the buildings, while the path of the tornado seemed more ghastly in the revelation of the morning light. At the point where the path entered the city it was not more than one hundred yards wide, but it spread as it advanced through the most populous portion until it was a fourth of a mile wide. Great trees were uprooted, while others had the tops twisted off, or were broken off only a few feet from the ground.

In places the very earth seemed to be torn up from the streets, while the young grass started on the once pretty lawns looked as if it had been run over by a lawn-mower. Great

beams of timber were driven several feet endwise into the earth, the opposite ends sticking out like a chevaux-de-frise.

Many strange freaks were played by the tornado. In a tree-top was found a woman's hair, supposed to have been torn from her head as she was carried through its branches, yet no person was found near it. A human scalp was found three miles from the city limits, under a bridge. Notes, letters, and papers were blown from the city into Iowa, and found ninety miles away. One promissory note of four hundred dollars was found in a field near Grinnell, Iowa, nearly one hundred miles away, while clothing and papers were scattered along the entire distance.

One woman was decapitated by a tin roof, and her child was killed near her. Some persons who were outside the rotating current were killed or injured by flying timbers, which, like bolts from the catapult of Jove, flew with deadly force for a great distance, while others in the very center of the storm escaped with little or no injury.

Perhaps the most remarkable experiences were those of Miss Moorehouse, Mrs. Webster, and her son. The three were caught up in the storm, and were carried beyond the Catholic church, nearly one fourth of a mile, and let down on the common so gently that none was killed. Mrs. Webster had some slight cuts about the head, her son had one arm fractured, but Miss Moorehouse was uninjured.

"I was conscious all the time I was flying through the air," said Miss Moorehouse, and it seemed a long time. I seemed to be lifted and whirled round and round, going up to a great height, at one time far above the church steeples, and seemed to be carried a long distance. I prayed to the Lord to save me, for I believed that he could save me, even on the wings of the

tornado; and he did wonderfully preserve my life. As I was going through the air, being whirled about at the sport of the storm, I saw a horse soaring and rotating about with me. It was a white horse and had a harness on. By the way it kicked and struggled as it was hurled about I knew it was alive. I prayed God that the horse might not come in contact with me, and it did not. I was mercifully landed upon the earth unharmed, saved by a miracle."

Young Webster says he saw the horse in the air while he was being borne along by the storm. "At one time it was directly over me, and I was very much afraid I would come in contact with its flying heels."

The white horse belonged to a teamster named Cheney, living in the southeastern part of the city. Its mate was found dead near the wrecked barn in which the animals were standing. Their master had just come in from his day's work, and seeing the rain coming up, put the horses in the barn without removing the harness. The white horse, it is said, was caught up and carried one mile through the air, and, according to the accounts of reputable witnesses, at times was over two hundred feet high, passing over a church steeple. Many who were not in the storm say that they saw horses flying in the wind. Beyond being well plastered with mud, the white horse was uninjured by his aerial flight.

Remarkable as this story may seem, there are others more marvelous. The storm which swept over Kirksville carried with it no fewer than five horses, in addition to many other animals. Mr. Calvin Little, whose home was destroyed, he and his wife being killed, had a horse that was carried two miles by the storm, alighting uninjured, save for a few bruises, and being plastered with flying mud. Three horses carried nearly as far

were found dead in the track of the tornado northeast of the city. One horse was missing from his stall, and found grazing in a distant pasture. A gentleman on the western border of the tornado was lifted out of his own dooryard, over a high wall, into the dooryard of a neighbor, so suddenly that he never knew how he came there. Tin roofs were torn from houses, and found so tightly wrapped around the stumps of trees that it was difficult to remove them. An orchard south of the city had the trees torn up by the roots, carried four or five hundred yards, and piled into some vacant fields. Some idea of the fury of the wind may be formed by the size of the trees uprooted. Some of these were from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, with roots ten feet in length. The earth from which they had been jerked looked as if it had been torn by dynamite explosions.

Lying among the scattered debris on one street, I found three piano-keys, all that was left of a beautiful instrument. The artificial lakes in the path of the tornado were drained, and some of the wells thirty and forty feet deep were sucked dry. The dust-whirls often seen during the hot, dry seasons in the Western Middle States have the same rotary motion, sometimes carrying light objects, such as a newspaper, to the height of fifty feet. The dust-whirl seems to have no marked course, but, after dancing about one spot for a while, will dart away to another. The tornado I witnessed did not always travel at regulation speed, but on approaching the city seemed to hesitate for a moment as if deliberating on the course it would take. It came due north for several hundred feet, then turned nearly due east, then took up and pursued its course northeast.

The origin of the tornado is still in doubt. According to some, it had its beginning in what is known as the Leech field, three miles southwest of the city, while others assert that it can

be traced to Carroll County, fifty miles farther southwest.

I am quite confident that it increased in size, fury, and speed after I first observed it. I estimated the speed of the wind at eighty miles an hour; but Professor Proctor, who studied the phenomena carefully and made an estimate of speed, says it was only sixty miles.

Within a few hours after the tornado, the mayor of the city organized a bureau of information, and took immediate steps for relief of the suffering. Kirksville is a city of between ten and twelve thousand inhabitants, and being a town of schools and colleges, there are always a large number of students from a distance in attendance at the various institutions of learning. It was heartrending next day to witness the search of parents for their children. Almost every train brought some anxious relative or friend.

Tornadoes generally travel toward the east, or in a northeastern course. This is not universal, but is the course more often taken than any other; consequently it is nearly always safe to fly northwestward when you see the funnel-shaped cloud to the south or southwest of you. A strong cellar or a storm-cave of easy access is usually a safe retreat. It is better that the storm-cave should be placed a short distance southwest of the house, and connected with the cellar by a tunnel, as there is not so much danger of timbers falling upon the fugitives within, nor of death from fire. In the Western and Southern States the tornado period is usually from April to July, though it has been known to begin as early as March and extend to October.

There seems to be sometimes an unsettled condition of the atmosphere, and the tornado is the result of an effort of the atmosphere to regain its stability. Terrible as these storms are, destructive as the lightning may be, the peaceful, healthful calm

which follows these convulsions of nature suggests that they may be essential to the perpetuity of the human race. Gail Hamilton says:

"When volcanoes close, and there are no more earthquakes, and the cyclone has ceased to sweep, and the freshets to overwhelm, it will be a settled earth, but it will be a dead earth."

LIFE AT ITS BEST.

By Ernest McGaffey.

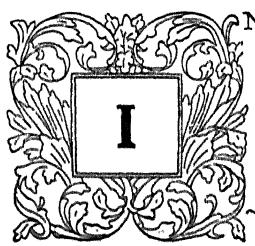
Life at its best is but a troubled sea;
The ship is launched with snowy-spreading sail
To face the reefs, the billows and the gale,
And meet the perils that are yet to be.
The shore she left fades dimly in the lee
And on the beach the forms and faces fail;
Come what come may, or rain or sun or hail
The ship glides on, the mariner is free.

But ah! what joy when backward o'er the foam
From stress of storms and far, unfriendly lands,
Held in the hollow of the sky's vast dome,
To mark at last the well-remembered sands;
To know once more the harbor of a home,
The welcome of a woman's outstretched hands.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By W. V. Byars.

From "The World's Best Orations." St. Louis: F. P. Kaiser. Copyright, 1899, by F. P. Kaiser.



N the character of peoples as of individuals, habits become faculties, and faculties abilities. In America the habits which in the course of a single century tamed a continent, raising it from savage wildness to high cultivation, have developed two faculties which it is the tendency of European life to keep rudimentary and inert. In power of spontaneous individual initiative; in ability to organize rapidly, compactly, and effectively for uncoerced co-operation, the American character has scarcely a parallel in history, unless it is to be looked for in that of the Hebrews under the Judges, the Athenians under the constitution of Solon, or the Germans of the time of Tacitus. Andrew Jackson at New Orleans seemed to represent and, indeed, did represent, a power to command obedience as great as that of Sesostris, Caesar, or Napoleon. But at New Orleans, every rifleman, lying with his fellow-soldiers behind the breastworks and waiting to "see the whites of the enemy's eyes" was morally his own master as fully as if he had been alone in the vast woods of the Mississippi a hundred miles from the nearest house. All the powers of self-reliance acquired by lifelong habits of individual initiative remained in every member of Jackson's army, made effective by

that desire to co-operate for a common purpose, which really constituted all there was of Jackson's authority. As it was with Jackson, the first great leader raised up by the American masses from their own ranks to represent their impulses, so it was also with Lincoln, who was his legitimate successor, created by and representing the same spirit. American leaders may be born, but they must be made also. Unless they are made by the people and become fully representative of popular impulses, they may be great poets, scientists, prophets, philosophers, leaders of future generations, but all they will get from their own will be the usual rewards of the unrepresentative. In their wars, in their politics, in their industrial activities, Americans, acting each for himself, and meeting constantly with contradiction, opposition, and the disorganization of temporary defeat, are constantly seeking some one on whom they can rally and reorganize. As walking is merely a process of falling and checking the fall before it is complete, so all the progress of the first century of American life was the result of everlasting disorganization and reorganization. The secret of leadership under such circumstances is, first of all, willingness to lead. Any strong and representative man who, when lines are being broken, will push forward to be rallied upon, will find thousands seeking him, pushing him forward, and going with him, not only as far as he wishes, but often, if not usually, very much farther than he ever intended to go or imagined himself capable of going.

Such a leader Lincoln became, strong in his generation and for after time, because he represented, or was capable of representing, more fully than anyone else the dominant idea of his times. From Voltaire and Rousseau to Jefferson and Franklin, from Jefferson and Franklin to Danton and Verginaud; from

the American and French Revolutionists to the English Whigs and philanthropists, the Wilberforces, and the Broughams, the idea of the inalienable right of every man to own himself had gathered force, until in William Lloyd Garrison, in John Brown, in Wendell Phillips, enthusiasm for it was always a consuming passion and sometimes such an insanity as that which has made madmen reverenced among primitive peoples as "God's fools"—the inspired prophets of the will of heaven. Thoroughly sane, deeply serious, good-natured as it is given to few men to become, mournfully conscious of his own infirmities, chastened and disciplined by incessant mental struggles, by contradiction in family life as in public life, in his friendships as in his enmities, Lincoln became the greatest leader of his day, because the majority of the people, determined to go forward at any cost, saw their whole system of organization broken, and sought to rally on some one who would lead them forward and allow them to renew their organization.

In Lincoln they found one of the most skilful practical politicians—that is to say one of the greatest organizers—of modern times. As a practical politician he has not been equaled by any one in America, unless it be by Thomas Jefferson himself. Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, in 1809, when it was part of the extreme western frontier, springing from the lowest and least educated class; nursed in a mere hunter's "shack" with a clay floor and a bed made of stakes driven into the clay, he had experienced all the humiliations, all the contradictions, all the disturbances of the principle of self-love, which go to make the possibilities of the highest education for those whose egotism is suppressed while their individuality is developed by them. Having from his youth a "much-enduring mind," Lincoln learned early in his life that it would be worse than idle to at-

tempt to give it full expression. Habitually suppressing himself, he came to wear habitually the appearance of the extreme simplicity which belongs in reality only to those who have never experienced in their own suffering those reactions from the "manifold minds of men" which make the man who does experience them patiently, representative of the intellects, the passions, the impulses of his fellows, rather than of his own egotism. Lincoln was in this sense a representative man understanding others without being understood by them. Over and above this, he was educated in every device of the practical politics of his day, always subtle in his processes, but using his subtlety—as here and there some great soldier has used physical force—to leave men freer than he found them.

He was great as an orator because he was great as a politician, a leader, an organizer. His second inaugural and his speech at Gettysburg are immortal because they come from the soul—from the deep emotion of a man who habitually suppresses himself. They are unique, however, among his speeches. In the rest emotion governs his purpose merely. His utterance is governed by his intellect—subtle, cautious, habituated to retreat to its own ground before an advancing enemy, conceding everything, but surrendering nothing, confessing, avoiding, questioning, and only at the last attacking with irresistible force. Such a man is Titanic in his possibilities of good and evil, because he represents so nearly in their fullness the Titanic possibilities of the common, everyday human nature. With such men, as with all men, the good or evil of the sum of their lives depends on their direction. It is fortunate for America and for mankind that for Abraham Lincoln and his generation the direction was forward—forward at fearful cost, but, at any cost, forward!

SUMMER ON A MISSOURI FARM.

By James N. Baskett.

From "At You All's House," by James Newton Baskett. New York: The Macmillan Company. Copyright, 1899, by The Macmillan Company.

THE summer waned with Shan at varied work. After the corn was ploughed and reploughed, it was "laid-by;" not, however, till he had gone over it with the single "diamond" plough—the mould-board, next the hills to cover the high grass.

The oats-harvest came on, and the shocks stood shiftlessly a long time in the fields, daring a forbearing Providence, while they waited for a thresher to come by—so that the labor of stacking might not be necessary. When the rains chanced to come and the grain rotted, men gathered in little knots or met in "organizations" at the schoolhouses, and said a new political administration was needed.

Then came the cutting of meadows, put off because of the pressure of other work—the timothy heads now half stripped of their seeds at the top and the thickening undergrowth of blades compensating at the bottom.

Shan was early and late afield now, the mower was a-clatter, the rakes and stackers went to and fro, till the great ricks stood browning in the midst of the greening sward. The earth stood out once more as the factor beneath her work, the square walls of vegetation along the fences and down the draws, be-

yond the sickles' reach, showing contrastingly what she had done since she awoke in the spring. A little later there was the flush of the second growth over all the newly cut fields; and the easy curves of swell and swale rounded out again the form of nature, till the freshened landscape, smooth as a stripling's face newly shaven, looked as though it had renewed its youth.

At very early morn or very late afternoon the long shadows lay dark and clear out upon the thickening aftermath, and, as they lengthened from the setting sun, the young prairie chickens strolled out of the tasseled corn to feed on grasshoppers, and the young hares crept from the hedges, or from the ragweed fringe of the draws or fallows, to nibble the second-growth clover.

Finally the thresher came—the first steamer in the region—snorting along the highway, crushing culverts, frightening teams, and dragging after it its load of machinery and a string of curious farmers. Women and children met it at the cross-roads and others peeped at it between the fence rails as it passed.

Men stooped in the highway over its broad barred and rippled tracks, and shook their heads; and their next representative must introduce into the legislature measures of restraint upon its passage through the country.

"It must have a team hitched at its head," etc., etc., they said. It looked too much as if progress had broken loose from the four walls of the factories and the two rails of the tramways, and was running riot almost across-fields.

It was Shan's part at his home threshing to haul in the shocks of oats. At he went out early, and, with a steel-tined fork, swung the bundles up to Charlie Watkins, the loader, the young prairie chickens fluttered up from the dewy stubble be-

tween the shock-rows, where the spiders' webs lay sparkling, and dropped in the "bluestem" of the yet unbroken forty, where the two-year-old steers were grazing, and throwing out their tongues with a snort of exertion at the blanket of black flies upon their shoulders.

Here and there, in the merest depression of the soil only, sat twin young doves of second broods—foolish and fuzzy in their innocence, while the mother was leading Pont a wild chase and giving him some lessons in the art histrionic.

Others of the first brood were feeding in the Hungarian millet patches, offering tempting targets to the wing-shot as they fluttered up; or they went by in straggling twos and threes, with whistling wings. Later in the day they streamed off to drink at the hard-pan ponds, or sat upon dead limbs and jerked their pretty heads above the water.

One of the threshing crew—"hands" they called them—grew sick, and Shan was glad to take his place at the fascinating work of traveling around and cutting bundles, or poking them down the humming separator's insatiable maw.

And thus went out July, with that sweltering heat by day and that sultry calm of the night, found in the corn-belt. As he traversed the dry roads from farm to farm the old dust-colored grasshopper, which as a barefoot he had chased for fun, somersaulted before him now as then, and lit with his head toward him at times in its old suspicious way. On the sides of the narrow lanes the rat-tailed plantain was going away and its conqueror, the rat-tailed ragweed, gray with the flying earth, was crowding back the other ragweeds and the dogfennel, and was creeping into the trodden pastures. The people, horses and vehicles that came and passed were without form and void in the chaos of the dust-cloud around them.

Sometimes the crew of threshers broke tent at midnight, and awoke the farmer and his dog, as well as the nightly echoes, by puffing along to meet a far-off engagement. Then there were at this hour not so many teams upon the road to meet and frighten, and so many chances of damage suits for broken wagon-tongues. Besides, the method of crossing culverts and bridges was not at this hour subject to such close inspection.

At these times, Shan noticed, even so early as three o'clock, that some birds were abroad—even the bee-martin, or kingbird, was giggling his taunting tyranny somewhere, and later many songsters that he thought had ceased their music for the year sang yet in the cool dawning, with a glad spring-like exultation. How active was the field-sparrow! He thought that he was only a hot-hour bird. And here was the lark-sparrow, spreading the white of his outer tail feathers broadly, like a miniature turkeycock, and trilling and jarring out his little song, which Shan had thought the late gloaming only heard.

Once he heard a chee-wink, with a new loud strain that he had never heard before at any other hour—so new that had he not, when he came nearer, heard a familiar twitter as an undertone, he would not have known the bird. The indigo-bird also was not a heat-of-the-day singer only, and the cardinal was whistling "Wheat-year, wheat-year, wheat-year sure! sure! sure!" the same as if the wheat were not now already safely in the bin.

Robins, catbirds, thrashers and familiar friends took up their springtime songs anew for a little while—the new part of the day being like the new part of the year—and even the bluebird warbled a bit of his old April optimism.

Overhead once, while it was yet too dark to see, Shan heard the thistle-bird's "pick-at-a-pea" call, telling how, like a wood-

pecker, he was playing at fast and loose with gravity and how, in festooned streaks of lemon and black, he was trying to decorate the very air even, for his July wedding.

At times, long streams of blackbirds, with their moulting wings whistling weirdly, flew over him, along some definite fly-lines or aerial lanes, the same from day to day, as they passed between some favorite feeding-places in the cornfields and some favorite couches among the thick leaves miles away.

Near midday, over in the dry pastures, sere from the want of rain, the cows stood in the ponds—half water, half mire—and switched their bushy tails, while the young horses bunched themselves in hot groups under some lone tree and stretched their necks above each other's backs to dodge the hateful throat-fly, and pounded the earth with stamps to drive the bot-fly off.

In the dusty corners of the fence, the sheep stood along the road closely huddled, with their noses to the ground to baffle the nose-bot; and the geese jerked at the short grass of the nearly bare slopes, where their white forms fairly glistened in the sun.

Through the day they passed troops of "half-handered," sunbonneted women and children, picking the low blackberries in the narrow lanes; and over the careening fences the red and yellow harvest apples looked luscious upon the trees of the roadside orchards, while the boys envied the birds their wings as the jays and redheads sank their beaks into the juicy pomes.

On the western horizon, as the sun passed further on, the bank of foamy thunder-caps boiled up, white and airy, as if the sky would amuse or mock the hoping, thirsting earth with a play of blowing bubbles in her face. Then they shrank away, leaving no dark and watery cloud-streak—"like the sweeping eyelash of the day."

Men stopped each other and asked when it was going to

rain, and told their signs and their ancestors' signs, and spoke of the faint hints on which they hung their hopes that the drought might break.

Thus the day. As the sun set, with heightened hope still deferred in its coppery-purple beams, making the sky above seem green with envy at the beauty of the mists below, the tobacco-moth dipped its long trunk into the Jimpson vases, now open wide; the quails wallowed in the dusty road, and the little hares kicked high their furry heels along the shady patches, and ran into the weeds at the approach of the puffing monster. Off from the highway could be heard the cries of children in their play, tiring themselves for their sleep—in wild, free action drinking deep of nature's best soporific. Then the night-hawk circled overhead, and darkness came on, leaving over the fields and lots, in the pestilent whiteness of the dog-fennel, spurge, and boneset, the ghost only of the day's floral beauty.

At night they were often belated. Besides the bat that whirled against the sky then, the screech-owl had now begun to set up again his shuddering wail. One night when Shan was "blue" and homesick, there came with this sound the single cry of a raincrow or cuckoo's choking call. Shan hailed this gladly as the herald of a shower. But the owl kept up his cry again and again, and seemed to follow the rattling, puffing cavalcade, as though he would curse it with his wail. Shan was behind, driving the team hitched to the water-tank one night, when the bird lit on a stake near, and seemed, as Thoreau has put it, to say, "Oh-h-h-h-h: that I had never been bor-oo-oo-oo-ooo-r-rr-r-n."

The suicidal cry seemed aimed so directly at the boy that it was doubly depressing. He felt that it was the knell of

all that he had ever hoped. He would have slain the bird, if he could, and he missed it only a little way with the lash of his whip.

Thus went the early part of August. Autumnal hints were blushing forth, as the tired crew worked its way in a circle homeward. The tassels of the corn were sere, and the silks brown and dead. Here and there, some leaves upon the trees showed the colors of early ripening, not due to frost or drought.

On the roadside the wild cherries were swelling into a dark mahogany tone, and robins, flickers, redheads, jays, and others were enjoying the fruits of some old ancestor's sowing. The tight-fisted clusters of the sumac's sour berries were warm with ripening red, and their leaves were maturing in bright crimson patches. Wherever the Virginia creeper had run up and bunched itself on the fence stakes, rounding and softening their rugged beauty, there was a colored leaf peeping out; and the prairie grapes hung from the roadside rails in blue, acid clusters.

The autumnal reign of brilliant yellow, "fringing the roads with harmless gold," flaunting its banners from the corners and the hedges, caught the boy's uncultured eye. Besides the many summer flowers yet persisting, there were clumps of black-eyed Susans—"nigger heads," Shan called them, because of their black, woolly centres; and there was the bold effrontery of the various wild sunflowers. In the damp places was the brilliant gold of the tall coreopsis,—big Spanish needles, they appeared to the boy,—and here and there, over these and the last, the dodder or "love vine" threw its tawny yellow filaments in contrast to the bright green leaves and the dead drab of the fence rails.

On the prairie waysides was the compass plant, in perfect

chrome, whose associations always made the boy sick, as he recalled an attempt to use as chewing-gum its resin before it had sufficiently hardened. For days his teeth were sticky and meals tasted tarry; and so desperate did he become that he submitted to the ordeal of having his mother scrub his teeth with a stick and a rag dipped in spirits of camphor to get the resin off. Ugh. He had always hated the rank thing since, and liked to hear his breaking plough tearing at the tough roots— even if it did struggle to show the prairie wanderer the north and south with its deeply cut, flat, thin leaves, so turned as to avoid the drying sun.

It was a relief to rest his eyes upon the modest partridge-pea-("weed locust"—he styled it) growing in the hard roadside; or to glance at the early stubbles or fallows, brightening now with the brassy glory of the so-called Spanish needles.

At this he thought of Miss Winnie and her challenge that he saw too much of color to be discriminative, and he guessed that there were great beyonds about flowers as there were about "fishin', birds, and things."

The very feel in the air was autumnal. As he rode homeward at last, free from his contract, he felt himself, in the dusk, drop suddenly into cool pools of atmosphere in the swales, and a breeze began to spring up early in the sultry night. Next morning, when he stepped out on the porch at home to see the "devil's darnin' needle," as he called the phasma, or stick-insect, which had spent the summer on the climbing rose, he noted that though he left it a bright green color (lightly browning) it was now as sere and faded as a frosted blade of grass.

He wondered if it were fading for death, or just preparing for further life— putting itself in harmony with Nature by changing protectively to the color of her paling face.

MARK TWAIN'S PERSONALITY.

By W. R. HOLLISTER and HARRY NORMAN.

From "Five Famous Missourians," by Wilfred R. Hollister and Harry Norman. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company.

ANY likeness of Mark Twain presents a strong face, evincing determination energy, and power; a face with broad brow, and eyes that seem to penetrate one's very thoughts, so keen and piercing are they in appearance. His countenance and features are those of a statesman, and peculiarly American—even his eyes and nose are strongly suggestive of the eyes and beak of the American eagle.

Eccentricity is often a conspicuous characteristic of men of genius, and of Mark Twain many stories are told illustrating his idiosyncracies. Some may be properly related, for certain of these peculiarities have ever characterized him.

One morning in the early autumn, several years ago, Mark Twain compelled his manager to keep his contract to the letter in a novel way. In order to reach a certain city, where Mark was to lecture, it was necessary for the party to arise at half past three on the particular cool morning in order to take the four o'clock train. When Mark, his wife, his daughter, Miss Clara, and Major Pond, his manager, reached the station, they were very much chagrined to read on the bulletin, "Pacific Mail one hour and twenty minutes late." Mark eventually became

impatient and said, "Pond, you have contracted that I shall travel, therefore you must carry out your agreement." And, despite the entreaties and remonstrances of Mrs. Clemens and Miss Clara, he sat down in a wheelbarrow, and Major Pond pushed him up and down the platform until the train arrived.

Perhaps the most unique letter ever received by the Agricultural Department, at Washington, was written by this droll and eccentric humorist. It was while J. Sterling Morton was Secretary of Agriculture that he received this peculiar letter:

"Dear Sir.—Your petitioner, Mark Twain, a poor farmer of Connecticut—indeed, the poorest one there in the opinion of envy—desires a few choice breeds of seed corn (maize), and in return will support the administration in all ways, honorable and otherwise.

"To speak by the card, I want these things to carry to Italy to an English lady. She is a neighbor of mine outside of Florence, and has a great garden and thinks she could raise corn for her table if she had the right ammunition. I myself feel a warm interest in this enterprise, both on patriotic grounds and because I have a key to that garden which I got from a wax impression. It is not very good soil, still I think she can raise enough for one table, and I am in a position to select the table.

If you are willing to abet a countryman (and Gilder thinks you are), please find the signature and address of your petitioner below.

"Respectfully and truly yours,

MARK TWAIN.

"P. S.—A handful of choice (Southern) watermelon seeds would pleasantly add to that lady's employment and give my table a corresponding lift."

Secretary Morton, of course, appreciated this keen satire

on the seed distribution function of the Department, and sent the seeds.

Another letter written by Mr. Clemens to Washington also had the desired effect. Just after Cleveland's second inauguration, Clemens walked into the United States consulate at Frankfort, Germany. There he found Captain Mason, the consul, getting ready to depart for America.

"Why, what occasions this procedure?" asked Mark.

"A new President has been inaugurated," was the reply, "and as I am a Republican, of course a Democrat will take my place."

"You wait until we see about this matter." And forthwith Mr. Clemens went to his hotel and wrote the following letter to Ruth Cleveland:

"My Dear Ruth:—I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the most sacred rules of our order prevents us from asking favors of officials or recommending men to office, but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you and telling you that an infernal outrage is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best consul I know (and I know a great many), just because he is a Republican and a Democrat wants his place.

"I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him concerning such matters I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a Government that so treats its efficient officials."

Several weeks later Mr. Clemens was the recipient of a letter purporting to have been written by "Baby Ruth," in which it was stated that the President was very thankful for such information, and that Captain Mason would be retained in the Frankfort consulate.

Mr. Clemens has an intense dislike for clothes; in fact, it is said that the greater part of his manuscripts are prepared while the humorist is in bed, and if it were not for Mrs. Clemens, he would probably appear at important social functions in his pajamas, which he wears almost all of the time. When on a lecture tour he would wear his sleeping-clothes all day, only discarding them in time to appear at the appointed place for his lecture. Several times newspaper men have interviewed him in bed, apropos of which another story is told.

On the trip in which he was engaged in gathering material for his book, "Following the Equator," he became sick at Vancouver and was compelled to remain there four days in bed. A number of reporters were outside requesting to see him, so Major Pond went to Mr. Clemens' room and said: "A number of reporters are outside desiring to see you." "Show them up," he replied, "and ask them to excuse my bed." This was the last interview he accorded to newspaper men in America.

On this same trip occurred another amusing episode. As is well known, Mr. Clemens is an inveterate smoker, and one scarcely ever sees him without a pipe or cigar. The day preceding his sailing from Victoria for Honolulu he purchased several thousand cheroots and fifteen pounds of tobacco. In the midst of his lecture that evening he stopped abruptly, and, beckoning his manager to come to the stage, said: "Pond, I'm afraid that cigar store will close before I get through with this lecture. You go over there and buy fifteen hundred more of those cheroots." Then he turned nonchalantly to his audience and resumed his lecture as if such proceedings were nothing out of the ordinary.

Few men have keener eyes than Mark Twain. He observes with amazing clearness and accuracy, which accounts for

his graphic descriptions and character delineations. A well-known author once said: "I would hate to do something real mean, and have Mark Twain turn those searching eyes upon me, for I verily believe he could tell that I was guilty."

When not engaged in literary work, Mr. Clemens spends the greater part of his leisure hours in playing billiards, a game of which he is very fond. He is also a base-ball enthusiast, attending games frequently when in America. One day at a ball game he became very much excited about a brilliant play that was made, and in his excitement forgot to look after his umbrella. When it came time to go home, he looked for it, but it was gone. The next day he caused this strange poster to be stuck up: "Five dollars reward for my umbrella, and several hundred in addition for the capture of the one who stole it, dead or alive."

It is said that few writers whose works teem with humor are really humorous in their conversation, or brilliant at repartee; however, in the person of Mark Twain is found an exception. At a New England society dinner Clemens had just finished a piquant address, when William M. Evarts arose with his hands in his pockets, as was his habit, and said: "Does it not seem unusual to this gathering that a professional humorist should really appear funny?" Clemens waited until the laughter occasioned by this sally had subsided, then arose, and, with his accustomed drawl, replied: "Does it not also appear strange to this assembly that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

Mr. Clemens use of incidents in his every-day life to make stories rich in humor and extravagance is illustrated by an incident said to have occurred in a German city. He was riding in a street car and making an extravagant display of himself

which astonished the natives and puzzled the conductor. He would ruthlessly, purposely, and surreptitiously destroy the checks given him by the gate-keepers, indicating that he had paid his fare. He is said to have paid his fare eleven times on one trip, just to get the material out of which he made a most laughable and amusing story which commanded a high figure with the editors.

It is said that Mr. Clemens inherited many of his characteristics from his father and mother. His father, John M. Clemens, was one of the hardy pioneers that paved the way for Missouri's development as a State. During his life in Hannibal he officiated in the capacity of justice of the peace for that pioneer village, and, because of his integrity and conservatism. was one of the most respected citizens of the town. He died while Samuel was a youth in Hannibal.

Mr. Clemens' mother lived to the advanced age of eighty-three years dying in 1892, at the home of her son, Orion S. Clemens, in Keokuk, Iowa, and was buried by the side of her husband in Hannibal. Even in old age Mrs. Clemens had retained much of her youthful beauty. Her hair was curly and snow white in color, while her complexion was very fair, with cheeks of rosy hue, even until a few months preceding her death. She was fastidious in her dress, and always adorned her head with fancy white caps trimmed with lace and ribbons. In conversation she was witty, drawling her words very much like her celebrated son, of whom she was very proud, as of her other children.

Mark Twain's immediate family comprises himself, his wife and two children, Clara Langdon Clemens and Jean Clemens, aged twenty-five and nineteen years, respectively. Two other children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Clemens—Langdon,

in 1871, and Susan Olivia, in 1872. The former died in 1872 and the latter in 1896.

Mrs. Clemens and their children generally accompany the humorist on his travels, and their home life, with such a congenial companion, their husband and father, is naturally pleasant. For many years they resided in Hartford, Connecticut, in delightful neighborliness with Harriet Beecher Stowe and Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford has always been their home, with the exception of a few summers spent in Elmira, New York.

Excepting some early verses published in the Hannibal Messenger, Clemens' first writing for publication was a newspaper article, published in the New Orleans True Delta. It was a burlesque upon a paragraph about the river written by Captain Isaiah Sellers under the *nom de guerre* of "Mark Twain." Sellers was an authority upon all matters relating to the stage or history of the river, having been in service ever since transportation and traffic began on its surface. Naturally he possessed a large fund of reminiscences and bits of historical fact concerning the Mississippi. These he would intersperse freely, and often ill-timed, when reporting bits of information about the river to the New Orleans Picayune. One day while Clemens was a "cub" pilot, he chanced to read one of these paragraphs which he burlesqued in a extended article. Samuel exhibited his production to a number of pilots, who secured the manuscript and had it published in the New Orleans True Delta. It elicited a great deal of comment from river men, being enjoyed by all except the man who was the subject of the burlesque. Thenceforth Captain Sellers absolutely detested Clemens.

Clemens' first production to attract general attention was "Innocents Abroad," which established his reputation as a hum-

orist. The principal elements of Twain's humor in this creation are irreverence and exaggeration. To this young Yankee reporter, for such he was at that time, nothing was sacred. His innate hate of shams and cant is easily discerned in "Innocents Abroad." "It laughed away," says Vedder, "the sentimental, the romantic book of travels." But there is in the book more than the iconoclastic satire, for the work teems with skillfully drawn descriptions and strong characterizations.

ALEXANDER W. DONIPHAN AS AN ORATOR.

By D. C. ALLEN.

From "A sketch of the Life and Character of Col. Alexander W. Doniphan," by D. C. Allen, Liberty, Missouri, 1897.

THE oratory of Colonel Doniphan at the bar constitutes only a part of the basis of his fame as an orator. From his immigration to Missouri until the close of 1860, in every canvass he responded to the wishes of the political party to which he was attached, and on the hustings in various parts of our state, he advocated and defended his party's principles in addresses of surpassing logic and flaming eloquence. Enormous crowds met him wherever he spoke, and the people would never weary of listening to his accents. And this was not all. His addresses on various public occasions, educational, social, and patriotic, from his arrival in our state until 1872, were numerous. And yet of all his magnificent orations, so far as I know, but two remain complete, and they were delivered on occasions social or festive. In so far as the records of time—the gravings of history and legislative proceedings extend,—his name is secure. But what of the power and magnificence of his oratory? It rests only in tradition.

Who would attempt to paint Alexander W. Doniphan in the torrent of his eloquence on some momentous occasion? Who would attempt to convey an idea, by language, of his grand person, towering above all the people—his eyes burning with

tenfold the lustre of diamonds—the sweep of his arm when raised to enforce some splendid conception—his pure and flute-like voice, thrilling every bosom like electricity—his rapid, explanatory sketch of preliminary matters, each word a picture to the life—his conclusions, remorseless as death—his flaming excursions into every realm of fancy—his wit, his humor, his pathos, his passionate energy of utterance? All this must forever remain unknown, save only to those who were so fortunate as to have heard his oratory when he was in his prime.

The genius of Colonel Doniphan can only be estimated, in all its height, depth, breadth, and splendor, by one who had known him in his prime, and under all circumstances and conditions. He must have known him in the field of Sacramento, when, six hundred miles in the enemy's country, he led his little army of Missourians to the assault of works manned by four times their number; when, in the defense of some prisoners, charged with the greatest offense known to the law, he called into action all of his intellectual powers, and thundered and lightened in addressing the jury; when, before a great audience of his fellow-citizens, assembled to hear him on some momentous occasion, he brought into play the whole range of his stores of thought, sentiment, eloquence and wit, transported his auditors from grave to gay, from tears to mirth, with a certain divine ease and rapidity, and molded their opinions and hearts to his will with a thoroughness only possible to the greatest orator; and when, the cares of the forum and politics laid aside, at his own or a friend's fireside, or, beneath the spreading branches of some monarch of the forest, he relaxed his gigantic intellect to the needs and uses of social converse, and charmed all listeners with a flow of wisdom, humor, anecdote—strong, yet airy and graceful—so rich, so varied, so flashing, that it would have

made the literary fortune of a dozen writers.

It has been the clear opinion of all who have known him well, that in all the qualities of the loftiest intellect,—breadth of vision, foresight which could, farthest in advance, discern matters that would come to pass, intuitive perception, rapidity of determination, sharp analysis, precision of judgment, corroding logic, subtilty of thought, richness and unfailing memory, compression of words, ease in mental action, and intense, nervous, crystalline and electrical language,—indeed in all the elements of genius,—he has never had a superior in America. This opinion I will accentuate by that of a man well able to judge and whose opportunities to form a safe judgment, were better than those of any man, living or dead,—I mean the late Gen. David R. Atchison. Gen. Atchison was a man of education, of strong, judicial intellect, trained thought, had been senator from our state from 1843 to 1855, and his observation of and experience among men had been of the largest. A few years prior to his death, he said to me: "I was familiar with the city of Washington in my early manhood. I knew all the great men of our country in the earlier days—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Clayton, Crittenden and others. I have presided in the United States Senate when Clay, Webster and Calhoun sat before me. I knew Aleck Doniphan familiarly, intimately, since 1830 and I tell you, sir, when he was in his prime, I heard him climb higher than any of them."

Like Cato, Colonel Doniphan had a wonderful compassion for the weak, defenseless and miserable—only that it was broadened and made more tender, gracious and personal by Christian culture. To compassion, he united, in the highest degree, courtesy and modesty, and, therefore, he was accessible to all alike—the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the

statesman and the peasant. No one who knew him will fail to remember with what charm he drew all to him, nor how a child, a humble slave, a modest woman, a poor laborer in the field or shop, could address him with as much ease and as free from embarrassment as the proudest potentate in the land. There was no oppression in his presence. The great man was forgotten in the genial friend and faithful counsellor.

In the varied circumstances of his life, Colonel Doniphan exerted a very great influence. In parliamentary bodies, he did this mainly through social impress and personal contact. He was wonderfully fascinating in conversation, and his society was sought with the greatest eagerness wherever he went. The people all over Missouri thronged around him when he was among them, and, it seemed, they never could sufficiently drink in his utterances. Perhaps there never was a more delightful or instructive and amusing conversationalist. His faculties of generalization, perception and analysis were very remarkable. His temperament was poetic, even romantic, but guarded by fine taste and the most delicate sense of the ludicrous. Indeed, his mind was so well organized, so nicely balanced, its machinery so happily fitted, its stores of information so well digested and so completely incorporated into his everyday thought, that its riches, without effort, apparently, flowed or flashed forth on all occasions, and placed all it touched in a flood of light.

His personal appearance was truly imposing and magnificent. His was of the grandest type of manly beauty. A stranger would not have failed to instantly note his presence in any assemblage. In height, he was six feet, and four inches. His frame was proportioned to his height, and was full without the appearance of obesity. His face approached the Grecian ideal very closely, the essential variance being in the nose, which

was aquiline without severity. His forehead was high, full and square; his eyes of the brightest hazel; and his lips symmetrical and smiling. When young, his complexion was extremely fair and delicate, and his hair sandy.

At the peace conference in 1861, when introduced to Mr. Lincoln, the latter said to him: "And this is the Colonel Doniphan who made the wild march against the Comanches and Mexicans. You are the only man I ever met who, in appearance, came up to my previous expectations."

A ROMAN AUGURY.

By NATHAN C. KOUNS.

From "Dorcas, The Daughter of Faustina," by Nathan C. Kouns. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Copyright, 1884, by Our Continent Publishing Company.

MAXENTIUS, the Emperor of Rome, having heard vague rumors of the purpose of Constantine, who was then in Gaul, to reclaim the empire by force of arms, determined to make every possible effort to wage a successful war, and to add Gaul and Germany to his own dominions rather than to surrender the sovereignty of Italy, and limit his imperial claims to Spain and western Africa. He was a thorough pagan in every thought, purpose and desire of his soul, and was consequently the dupe of the priests who administered the religion of Rome. First of all, being terribly afraid to engage in war with Constantine, and desiring to fortify his courage by such confidence as superstition could generate in the heart of a heathen emperor, he secretly consulted the haruspices, auguries and oracles, and having construed all of their divinations to be favorable to himself and his purpose, with good hopes he entered upon the work of preparation for the impending war with Constantine. But not only did he desire to be assured in his own mind that the gods were propitious unto him, he desired, also, to impress upon the whole Roman people the conviction that the immortals had solemnly pledged all heaven to give him the victory in the approaching contest. For this purpose he

caused proclamation to be made throughout the city that upon a day appointed the Emperor would go in solemn state to the Temple of Jupiter of the Capitol to consult the Pontifex Maximus, and have him publicly announce the divine will in regard to the issue of the war which seemed to all of them to be inevitable. It happened that the day named by Maxentius was the Wednesday after that Sabbath upon which Marcellus had discovered the retreat in which the maiden, Dorcas, abode, and had conversed with her and Epaphras. The young man was dimly self-conscious that the idolatry of Rome was losing its life-long hold upon his intellect and conscience, but the process of disenchantment was so gradual and indefinite that he had no clear perception of it; and so when the Emperor and the great men of Rome, proconsuls, consuls, prefects, senators, aediles, all persons of patrician rank, all officers of the legions stationed in and near the city, "and all Romans who were well-disposed toward the most holy Emperor Maxentius" were solemnly warned to observe the day, and to participate in the sacred ceremonies by which the Emperor sought to learn the will of the gods concerning him, the young centurion, like the other young men of his own rank, joined the solemn procession that wended its way up to the Capitoline Hill, upon which stood the vast temple dedicated to the Jupiter of the Capitol.

It was a grand, impressive, and beautiful pageant. The Emperor went first on horseback, accompanied by his favorites of the palace, all clad in magnificent and variegated costumes appropriate to their different official stations about the person of the Emperor. Then followed proconsuls, consuls, aediles, and prefects on foot—a throng of splendid men distinguished by mighty deeds done for Imperial Rome in every quarter of the then known world. Then came the august senators in

solemn black, the severe and classic lines of the senatorial toga agreeing well with their most grave and reverent demeanor. Then followed in dense array, and in all the panoply of war, the officials and men of the legions, bearing standards which in other days they had advanced in victory in the fierce storm of battle in almost every province of the empire. After these came a mighty procession of wealthy and influential citizens, representing every grade and occupation known in the most populous and busy city in the world; and the long procession ended with a vast and indistinguishable crowd of plebians, all of whom, high and low, bore gifts unto the temple, each according to rank and station, to propitiate the gods.

Long before the hour of noon the hill was covered by the restless human sea that rolled away on every side, and surged over into the adjacent streets and vacant lots. All the vast area of the temple—at one end of which Maxentius and his immediate attendants stood upon a slightly elevated platform, while at the other appeared the altar and the statue of the god, far above which was a covered balcony for the vestal virgins—was confusedly crowded by the highest dignitaries of the Roman state, both civil and military, and by as many of those whom their rank or some special permission allowed to intermingle with them, as could find space on which to stand.

The splendid altar glowed with various flames, and clouds of incense rose and filled the place while slowly drifting upward to the roof. Then from the lofty balcony on which they stood concealed by most delicate lattice work the vestal virgins chanted that lofty hymn which Callimachus, of Cyrene, composed in honor of the mighty Jove, and the sweet cadence of the mellifluous Greek verses wandered like angel voices all through the mighty temple. Then swinging the sacred censers with many

graceful genuflections before the statue of the god the Pontifex Maximus, clad in gorgeous robes, embroidered with laces and woven gold and precious stones, prayed unto Jove to be most favorable to the Emperor, to accept the offerings made by him and by all pious citizens of Rome, and to indicate by the flight of sacred birds and by the entrails of the sacred beasts, and by the oracles, that he would give victory to Maxentius.

Afterwards, the Pontifex Maximus took from the sacred cage the birds that prophesied, and placing them upon his wrists, released them at the open window in the rear of the altar, and he and the priests delegated for that office carefully noted their prophetic flight. The birds that had been well fed and long confined rose a short distance in the air and then circled around the temple on their unused and heavy pinions, and then, not caring to pursue their flight over the city to the distant fields and woods, soon sailed home and alighted upon the open window sill. Then the Pontifex Maximus took them and exhibited them unto Maxentius. Then he advanced to the edge of the raised platform on which the altar rested, and in a loud voice cried out: "Behold, the sacred birds have refused to leave the temple, and the holy, safe and prosperous city, but have come back. Thus the god promises to be propitious unto Rome."

Then the priests restored the birds to their cages, and the assembled multitude burst into a shout of triumph: "Glory to the most holy Emperor Maxentius, to whom the god Jupiter is most favorable."

Close at hand, the priests, with their sharp, sacrificial knives cut the throats of the beasts of sacrifice, and bore the reeking entrails, hearts and livers, to the Pontifex Maximus, who diligently inspected them while the priests were burning at the altar such portions as were required to be burned in sacrifice.

Again the Flamen of Jupiter advanced to the edge of the platform, and made proclamation that the augury was altogether favorable unto Rome. And once more a mighty shout of triumph pealed through the vast temple, and was taken up by those without and rolled down the slopes of the sacred hill, and spread throughout the waiting city.

Then said the Emperor Maxentius, in a loud voice unto the Pontifex Maximus: "Thank thou the mighty god for me, and promise what thou wilt in my name unto the temple. But go now and consult the oracle."

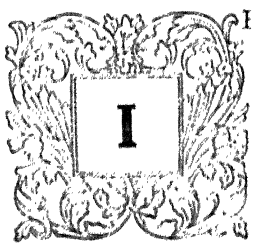
Then the Pontifex Maximus passed out of sight unto another chamber to the right hand of the altar and after some delay, during which an indistinguishable murmur came out from that place, the Pontifex returned, and, advancing once more to the edge of the platform, in a loud voice answered: "The oracle sendeth to the most holy Emperor Maxentius and to the people of Rome this message: *Certum est Imperatorem Maxentium super esse Constantinum.* And again the vast multitude gave forth a shout of triumph, saying: "Glory to the most holy Emperor Maxentius, the conqueror of Constantine, to whom the oracle hath promised victory."

Then, while the vestal virgins chanted, the Emperor left the temple, with his immediate attendants.

CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

By Hon. G. G. Vest.

From a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, 1896.



I HAVE not the slightest idea of detaining the Senate by any elaborate argument or remarks upon this question. I had not expected to speak at all. I can not, however, resist stating that if the Senator from California (Mr. White) is correct as to his legal propositions, and I think he is so far as concerns the rights of belligerents or the effect of the recognition of belligerent rights, our action here will amount to nothing. If he is correct in regard to what should be done as to recognizing the independence of a country at war with another and attempting to assert its independence, then until the whole result has been achieved by that country itself we are powerless in the premises. That, sir, it seems to me, is a most astonishing proposition. We must wait, according to the Senator from California, until all vestige of Spanish power has been swept by force of arms from the Island of Cuba before we can, without violating international law, recognize the independence of that struggling people.

Mr. President, if that be the doctrine of international law where would be the Government of the United States to-day, and the people in the United States? Instead of assembling here as Senators from sovereign States under the Constitution of

a free country, this would be another dominion parliament like that of Canada, and the United States of America would simply be an appanage of the British Throne. If France had acted upon the doctrine announced by the Senator from California and waited until our fathers had achieved their own independence, the result would have been far different and we to-day would be English subjects instead of free citizens of a free country.

France recognized the independence of the United States and then went farther than any other country has ever gone in behalf of another, except for purposes of self-interest. She sent her armies and her fleets here, and placed upon the whole people of the United States a debt of undying gratitude. When I heard the Senator from Maine (Mr. Frye), our President pro tempore, read the wonderful Farewell Address of the Father of his Country last Saturday I was struck with the argument which Washington felt himself called upon to make in defense of his proclamation of neutrality in 1793.

In all the life of that most remarkable man, the greatest in all respects the world has ever produced, there is no episode more startling or interesting than the history of his issuing that proclamation in 1793 which declared that the people of the United States would remain neutral in the struggle between France and the combined armies of Europe. France with a disinterestedness which, I say, has put a debt of undying gratitude upon us and our children, had sent her armies and fleets to help us in a struggle with the throne of England. When the continental armies combined against France and when the soldiers of France had marched across the Continent fighting the world in arms, with their flags upon which was emblazoned "Death to tyrants and liberty to all," Washington refused to give one dollar or send one man to assist our former allies, although England

headed the combination against republican France.

Washington was right, and his greatness was never so demonstrated as when he stood against popular clamor in the United States and declared that we could never with safety depart from the great doctrine of absolute neutrality in the affairs and wars of Europe.

It is a singular fact, sir, that while to-day we almost deify Washington, while he is now and will always, so long as a single colony of Americans can be found, be "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," at the time when he issued that proclamation with the assistance of Jefferson, a mob gathered around his private residence, then the Executive Mansion, and personal violence was absolutely threatened to the President of the United States and the savior of the Republic. That he stood against that clamor is a tribute to his memory greater than can be paid by the most fervid eloquence.

Mr. President, I do not agree with the views of the Senator from California as to the recognition of the independence of a foreign country, or a foreign people struggling for their rights to self-government. If the doctrine be correct that all vestige of military power on the part of the mother country or the country that seeks to put down the insurrection must be swept away before we can act, then our action is simply brutum fulmen and amounts to nothing. The people themselves have already struck the blow that made them free, and we can only accept the results and say that the fiat of the god of battles has been put upon their endeavor to assert the right to govern themselves. If we as the great Republic of the world mean to stand by these people who are imitating us and endeavoring to make a government for themselves like that of this country,

we must help them in their hour of need, and if we do not go so far as to do it by arms, which is not advocated by anybody in this Chamber or out of it, we can at least do so by stating to the world that we believe the attempt of the monarchy of Spain to suppress this insurrection, as they term it, this endeavor to form a republic upon the Island of Cuba, is absolutely hopeless and desperate, as I believe under God it is to-day. There will never come the hour when Spain can reassert her dominion over the Island of Cuba. It is impossible that she should do so, and I speak from the great teachings of history and experience.

Sir, the course of Spain upon this continent is marked with blood. There was a time when the Spanish dominion extended almost from the southern limits of the United States to the farthest and southernmost point in South America. No American can ever forget those burning pages of Prescott that describe the conquest of Mexico and the conquest of Peru, when the Spaniard, with the lust for gold and the lust for blood, marked their terrible pathway across the countries lying south of us. Of all those vast dominions won by blood, won through torture and fire, there remains to this toothless old wolf the single island of Cuba. And Spain to-day, like the old giant in that wonderful picture of Bunyan, almost helpless, sits at the door of the dark cave of despotism and grins with impotent rage at the procession of splendid Republics that march on in the progress toward civilization and liberty.

No instance can be found in which a people combined and confederated and unanimous as they are, a million and a half of people, have ever been subjugated except by extermination. Why, sir, what American boy does not recollect that burning oration of Henry Clay, the great orator of the West, when he spoke for Greece in 1824 and when he predicted that so long as

Thermopylae and Marathon were there no Greek would lay down his arms before the Turkish power?

We are told that these are negroes, mulattoes, Indians who are fighting for independence. So much the more cause why we should sympathize with them and say God help them in their dire extremity. Liberty lives with the poor and oppressed, not with the wealthy and powerful. It throbs in the breast of the caged bird, and has gone with martyrs to the stake and kissed their burning lips as the spirit winged its flight to God. Liberty can not be extinguished when a people are unanimous in defense of the rights which God has given them. If these people, ignorant and poor, struggling against this despotism, have imitated us, why should we content ourselves with the poor expression of sympathy with their cause. * * * * *

We, Mr. President, are confronted now with one overwhelming, overruling, absolute, and determinate question in this debate: Shall we, the great exemplar of republican institutions throughout the world, declare that in our opinion the people of Cuba are able to maintain their independence and have achieved it? Are we to wait until that island is desolated by fire and sword? Are we, a Christian and God-fearing people, to stand silent and dumb while the Spanish governor, called a general, declares that he intends to pen the people of Cuba and butcher them into subjection to the Spanish throne? Sir, if we do it, God will curse us. If we do this thing and stand here until a desert has been made of that splendid island, you may be certain that the time will come when there will be retribution upon us as a people, because we have not been true to the task assigned us by Providence, because we have not cherished the legacy of self-government as bequeathed to us by our fathers.

THE BASIN OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

By CALVIN M. WOODWARD.

From "The St. Louis Bridge," by Calvin M. Woodward. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Company. Copyright, 1881, by C. M. Woodward.

THE upper Mississippi unites with the Missouri River about twenty miles above St. Louis, so that the Mississippi, as it rolls by the city, contains only the waters of those two streams. The basin of the Missouri River includes an area of 518,000 square miles; that of the Upper Mississippi about 169,000 square miles; hence the drainage of 687,000 square miles of earth's surface forms the river at St. Louis.

The great extent of this joint basin is better appreciated when it is compared with other areas well known. It is eighty-eight times as large as the State of Massachusetts, or equal to the combined area of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. Again, it is equal to the sum of the areas of the basins of the Vistula, Oder, Elbe, Rhine, Seine, Loire, Caronne, Duro, Tagus, Guadiana, Ebro, Rhone, Po, and the Danube. It is, however, probable that the volume of water discharged from this vast territory is not proportionally great.

In a stream full of whirlpools and boils (or vertical currents in opposite directions), the water is intermittently impinging upon the bed and banks. These currents not only prevent

the deposit of what would otherwise come to rest on the river bottom, but when not fully loaded with sedimentary material, they seize upon all within their reach and carry it along. So far as velocity in the direction of the axis of the stream is concerned, the greatest "difference of velocity" in adjacent water-layers, or masses, is found near the bed and banks of a stream; but where cross and vertical currents exist, the resultant difference in velocity is likely to be greatest where the onward flow is greatest.

The modifying effect of depth on the power to transport solid matter in a sediment-bearing stream is shown in two ways: In the first place, as the depth increases, the internal, relative motion of adjacent layers is diminished ("still waters run deep," and conversely)—this alone lessens the transporting power. In the second place, the relative motions of a deep stream are powerful, and slowly moving masses of water produce great inequalities of pressure on the material of the bed. These unequal pressures suffice to keep the loose material on the bottom in continual motion, thus increasing the transportation. A paragraph in Mr. Ead's report of May, 1868, is so pertinent that I quote it here: "I had occasion," he says, "to examine the bottom of the Mississippi, below Cairo, during the flood of 1851, and at sixty-five feet below the surface I found the bed of the river, for at least three feet in depth, a moving mass, and so unstable that, in endeavoring to find a footing on it beneath my bell, my feet penetrated through it until I could feel, although standing erect, the sand rushing past my hands, driven by a current apparently as rapid as that at the surface. I could discover the sand in motion at least two feet below the surface of the bottom, and moving with a velocity diminishing in proportion to its depth." At Carrollton, gravel, sand, and earthy matter were found mov-

ing along the bottom at a depth of about 100 feet, by Professo Forshey. It is obvious that increase of depth diminishes rathe than increases the "suspending" power per unit of volume though it adds largely to the motive force of the stream.

There is something almost sublime in the immense volum and apparently irresistible power of this great river. The eas with which it devours island after island, and forms for itsel a new channel; the wild deluge of waters with which, withou apparent loss of size, it covers thousands of miles of fertile fields and the unequaled strength and depth of its current,—suggest power so far beyond human control as to seem almost lawless and yet nothing is more certain than that, in all its moods an phases, it is wholly obedient to nature's laws, and that the en gineer who would grapple with the problems involved in th practical management of the Mississippi, must study and maste those inflexible ordinances.

Said Charles Ellet, forty years ago: "The power of thi great river does not prohibit any attempt to restrain, to force, o to change its current; on the contrary, it may be almost wholl subject to the control of art. Apparently, it varies its deptl alters its direction, reduces or increases its width, with regar only to its boundless power; but these movements are all mad in obedience to certain laws, uniform and universal in thei action, to the rule of which it is completely subject as an other effect in nature to the cause by which it is produced. T govern it, the labor of man must be applied with a knowledge c the influences which it recognizes; and that power which ren ders it apparently so difficult to restrain may then be made th means of its subjection."

While Ellet thus wrote, James B. Eads was studying th habits of the river from the deck of a Mississippi steamboat, c

on the bed of the river under a diving-bell. Over thirty years later, after an intimate acquaintance with the river for nearly forty years, Mr. Eads eloquently gave utterance to the same thought. "My experience of this current has taught me that eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and constant watchfulness is one of the first requisites to insure success, almost as much as knowledge and experience. To the superficial observer, this stream seems to override old established theories, and to set at naught the apparently best-devised schemes of science. But yet there moves no grain of sand through its devious channel, in its course to the sea, that is not governed by laws more fixed than any that were known to the code of the Medes and Persians. No giant tree, standing on its banks, bows its stately head beneath these dark waters, except in obedience to laws which have been created, in the goodness and wisdom of our Heavenly Father, to govern the conditions of matter at rest and in motion."

It was necessary for this young engineer to master these laws before he dare attempt to plant one of these stately piers. Once assured, by careful study, patient experiment, and close observation, that he was applying those laws rightly to accomplish his end, the vagaries of the stream were to him as easily comprehended and as simple as the ordinary phenomena of every-day life. No halfway knowledge of the laws which control this ceaseless tide, or govern the effects of temperature and the strength of materials, would suffice to accomplish what he has done,—to place these piers in this river, and to spread cross its turbulent bosom, like gossamer threads, this beautiful and strong iron structure, over which the commerce of mighty States is henceforth to roll with speed and safety.

HOW THE CAPTAIN SAVED THE DAY.

By Walter Williams.

From "The Saturday Evening Post," Philadelphia. Copyright, 1898, by the Curtis Publishing Company. Reprinted here from "Shoemaker's Best Selections," No. 26.

THE Cap'n was such a little fellow. The lily which bloomed in the corner of the yard was taller and scarcely more slender than he. His head, even when he wore his high-heeled shoes, did not reach up to the great iron knocker that hung on the front door. The calendar said the Cap'n was five years old, but nobody believed the calendar, least of all those who saw the small figure for the first time. Everybody called him the Cap'n, because he held himself up so straight, and walked with such military precision. He wore a bit of flag on his tiny coat one day as he went down to the negro cabin where his old "mammy" stayed. "Lawd bless us," said she, "heah come de Cap'n." The name stuck to him.

When the soldiers came to town the Cap'n sat on the gate-post and waved his little flag. He looked a part of the post, so still he sat, save for the arm that waved the flag, so solemn he was, and white, like a carven image, his face. The men took off their hats to him, and threw kisses as they passed. They camped on the common, not far away, and the Cap'n, in charge of his old black mammy, went to see them every day.

It was not long before the soldiers became his devoted slaves. Perhaps they thought of the dear ones at home, and of

a little figure that had waved good-by as they marched off. From the grave and reverend colonel down to the scrap of a drummer-boy, the whole regiment was literally at the Cap'n's feet.

It was Company B that first adopted him. One morning on dress-parade, Lieutenant Martin stated that he had a new recruit, a commissioned officer, whom he would introduce to the men. He went into the officers' tent and led out the Cap'n dressed in full uniform, sword, belt, and all. The soldiers set up a cheer that shook the very trees. And the Cap'n walked slowly down in front of the long line, and took off his little hat and bowed a sober bow; and said, as though he had been fifty years old and a real general: "My men, I'm glad to belong to Company B. I thank you for your kind reception." Company B was the most elated company in the entire regiment from that day forward.

Did not the Cap'n belong to it? Men of the other companies tried to beg or borrow the Cap'n but Company B only laughed at them. They sought to bribe the Cap'n, but he indignantly refused to leave his first love. Only once was he tempted, and that was when Company F offered him a little pony, with saddle and bridle, if he would ride with them on dress parade. But he did not go any further than the officers' tent, and then said, in his childish drawl, "Ex-cuse me, but I must go back to Company B."

The men of Company B heard of it, and they ransacked the country for a pony for the Cap'n. Finally they found one, about the size of a large St. Bernard dog, and equally as gentle. They fitted the pony out with bridle and saddle, and made the presentation in proper form to the Cap'n.

Each morning thereafter the Cap'n rode his pony out in

front of the men, and gravely inspected them. He would blow a little bugle and wave his sword. He sat firm and dignified, and touched his hat in a military salute like a trained veteran of a half hundred years. Not a man in the company but would have rolled in the dust for him; or, what seemed a little more serious to them, would have faced death at the cannon's mouth. He ruled them like a tyrant.

Thus the long summer days came and went. The Cap'n would ride from his home, a mile away, to the white city of tents; his old mammy followed him on foot, and hung around the camp and watched him from afar. Sometimes his little sister came, a bit of baby, with rosy cheeks and great brown eyes. The soldiers thronged around him, made him curious toys of twigs and leaves, and talked to him in fashion almost reverential. He stood in their eyes for wife and children.

But one day the unexpected happened, as it always does in war and peace. The regiment was stationed on guard duty. The men were held in reserve miles away from active warfare, and had grumbled much thereat. They were eager to show their patriotism by fighting. The opportunity came. The enemy by forced march, hurled a detachment double their number upon the camp. The pickets were surprised, captured, or driven in. The regiment was at breakfast. There was a hurried call to arms, and lines were formed as rapidly as possible under the fire. But the attack came with such swiftness and force that the regiment was borne back. Slowly they retired at first, and then the orderly retreat became a rout. Down the hill the panic-stricken soldiers went. Officers tried to rally them in vain. They rushed hither, thither, everywhere, seeking only to escape the shower of lead which the enemy poured furiously upon them from a neighboring thicket.

As the missiles flew the thickest, out from the long lane into the opening between the contending parties a new figure came into view.

It was the Cap'n on his little pony, wholly unconscious of the belching cross fire into which he rode. Dressed in his uniform, with shining sword dangling at his side, he rode on. He looked around. The camp was in confusion. Smoke from many guns filled the air. The crack of muskets sounded sharp and clear. Through the thicket he could see a strange flag fluttering, and down the hill he watched for a few moments the fleeing forms of the members of Company B.

The Cap'n was greatly puzzled; he could not understand at all. He thought it must be a sham battle, a mimic warfare that he had once seen. He wondered why he had not known it. And what were all those soldiers lying down for? And why did no one come to meet him? He would call them. He raised his bugle to his lips and over the crack of muskets and the other noise of battle sounded the bugle call to charge. Louder and louder he blew until his whole strength went into the inspiring summons.

The enemy heard the bugle call and were puzzled. Had reinforcements come? They saw the little figure perched upon his pony's back and wondered more. Was it a trick to divert their attention? They could not fire at children, and there came the Cap'n's little sister trudging along in the dust after her big, five-year-old brother.

Company B heard the bugle call as the soldiers tumbled, rather than ran, down the hill. At first it awakened no response; then the frightened men stopped in their wild, mad flight, one here, one yonder. A corporal turned and looked. Through a rift in the smoke, blown by a passing breeze, he saw

the pony and its rider. "Boys, it's the Cap'n; he's calling us."

The bugle rang out again. 'Twas the only note the little fellow knew—the first note to the battle charge. "I'm going back, boys," said the corporal. "I'm going back after the Cap'n."

"For the Cap'n's sake," cried Lieutenant Martin, as he wheeled his horse. "Back, for the Cap'n's sake." The cry went on along the hillside. Cowards were stayed and turned into heroes. The broken line re-formed. Nobody knew that the enemy had ceased firing. Nobody cared. They were going back for the Cap'n's sake. He must not be ashamed of them. The line swept up the hill. The Cap'n saw his familiar Company B come steadily, swiftly, forward. He laughed in childish glee. He blew his bugle. He called in a shrill, childish treble, and then—

"What's that?" The Cap'n had sunk back in his saddle; his bugle fell to his side, and then a baby form was on the ground and the blood of the innocent was upon the clover and green grass. A stray bullet from an enemy's rifle had struck him there.

It had not needed this to win the battle. The baby's bugle call had settled it.

But now Company B fought like tigers, remembering the little form upon the ground. Each man had the strength of ten. Somehow, someway, they blamed each individual opponent for the firing of the shot which struck the Cap'n, and dealt with each accordingly. No enemy could stand before an onslaught like that of Company B. There was a resistance of course. There was a sharp fight, a hand-to-hand struggle within the thicket, but "For Cap'n's sake!" was the cry with which the enemy was driven from the field.

Two hours later the soldiers came slowly back to camp. The Cap'n lay in the ambulance wagon, white as the sheet which covered him. His little hand held a silver bugle. His black mammy hung over him, and the old regimental surgeon stood by with anxious look. Suddenly the pathetic little figure stirred. He was speaking, "Sister, tell the boys I'll play for them to-morrow; I'm tired now." His blue eyes closed. The Cap'n was asleep.

He did not die, though for days his life hung on a thread, and his voice was almost gone. Through all his illness he held the bugle, and would raise it to his thin, parched lips and try to blow a charge, but could not. To this glad hour the glory of Company B is the battle which they fought and won that summer morning. And if you ask them, each member of Company B will tell you 'twas the Cap'n who saved the day.

THE ORATORY OF ANGLO-SAXON COUNTRIES.

By Edward A. Allen.

From Introduction to "The World's Best Orations." St. Louis: F. P. Kaiser
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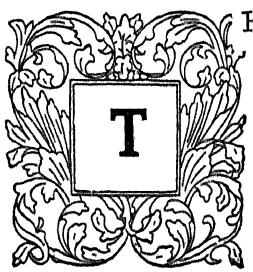

HE English-speaking nations of the earth have always been the freest people, the greatest lovers of liberty, the world has ever known. Long before English history properly begins, the pen of Tacitus reveals to us our forefathers in their old home-land in North Germany beating back the Roman legions under Varus, and staying the progress of Rome's triumphant car whose mighty wheels had crushed Hannibal, Jugurtha, Vercingetorix, and countless thousands in every land. The Germanic ancestors of the English race were the only people that did not bend the neck to the lords of all the world besides. In the year 9, when the Founder of Christianity was playing about his humble home at Nazareth or watching his father at work in his shop, our forefathers dealt Rome a blow from which she never recovered. As Freeman, late professor of history at Oxford, said in one of his lectures, "in the blow by the Teutoberg wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender at Yorktown." Arminius was our first Washington, "*haud dubie liberator,*" as Tacitus calls him, the savior of his country.

When the time came for expansion, and our forefathers in the fifth century began the conquest and settlement of the

island that was to become their New England, they pushed out the Celts, the native inhabitants of the island, just as a thousand years later their descendants were to push out the indigenous people of this continent, to make way for a higher civilization, a larger destiny. No Englishman ever saw an armed Roman in England, and though traces of the Roman conquest may be seen everywhere in that country to-day, it is sometimes forgotten that it was the Britain of the Celts, not the England of the English, which was held for so many centuries as a province of Rome.

The same love of freedom that resisted the Roman invasion in the first home of the English was no less strong in their second home, when Alfred with his brave yeomen withstood the invading Danes at Ashdown and Edington, and saved England from becoming a Danish province. It is true that the Normans, by one decisive battle, placed a French king on the throne of England, but the English spirit of freedom was never subdued; it rose superior to the conquerors of Hastings, and in the end English speech and English freedom gained the mastery.

The sacred flame of freedom has burned in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon race through all the centuries of our history, and this spirit of freedom is reflected in our language and in our oratory. There never have been wanting English orators when English liberty seemed to be imperiled; indeed, it may be said that the highest oratory has always been coincident with the deepest aspirations of freedom.

It is said of Pitt—the younger, I believe—that he was fired to oratory by reading the speeches in Milton's Paradise Lost. These speeches—especially those of Satan, the most human of the characters in this noble epic—when analyzed and traced to their source, are neither Hebrew nor Greek, but Eng-

lish to the core. They are imbued with the English spirit, with the spirit of Cromwell, with the spirit that beat down oppression at Marston Moor, and ushered in a freer England at Naseby. In the earlier Milton of a thousand years before, whether the work of Caedmon or of some other English muse, the same spirit is reflected in Anglo-Saxon words. Milton's Satan is more polished, better educated, thanks to Oxford and Cambridge, but the spirit is essentially one with that of the ruder poet, and this spirit, I maintain, is English.

The dry annals of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle are occasionally lighted up with a gleam of true eloquence, as in the description of the battle of Brunanburh which breaks forth into a pean of victory. Under the year 991, there is mention of a battle at Maldon, between the English and the Danes, in which great heroism must have been displayed, for it inspired at the time one of the most patriotic outbursts of song to be found in the whole range of English literature. During an enforced truce, because of a swollen stream that separated the two armies, a messenger is sent from the Danes to Byrhtnoth, leader of the English forces, with a proposition to purchase peace with English gold. Byrhtnoth, angry and resolute, gave him this answer:

"Hearest thou, pirate, what this folk sayeth? They will give you spears for tribute, weapons that will avail you nought in battle. Messenger of the vikings, get thee back, take to thy people a sterner message, that here stands a fearless earl, who with his band will defend this land, the home of Aethelred, my prince, folk and fold. Too base it seems to me that ye go without battle to your ships with our money, now that ye have come thus far into our country; ye shall not so easily obtain treasure. Spear and sword, grim battle-play, shall decide be-

tween us ere we pay tribute."

Though the battle was lost and Byrhtnoth slain, the spirit of the man is an English inheritance. It is the same spirit that refused ship-money to Charles I. and tea-money to George III.

The encroachments of tyranny and the stealthier step of royal prerogative have shrunk before this spirit that through the centuries has inspired the noblest oratory of England and America. It not only inspired the great orators of the mother country; it served at the same time as a bond of sympathy with the American colonies in their struggle for freedom. Burke, throughout his great speech on Conciliation, never lost sight of this idea.*

So, too, in the speeches of Chatham, the great commoner, whose eloquence has never been surpassed, an intense spirit of liberty, the animating principle of his life, shines out above all

*"This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth. The people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are, therefore, not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and our English principles. * * * The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We can not, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. * * * In order to prove that Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself, and we never gain a paltry advantage over them in debate without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood. * * * As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere—it is a weed that grows in every soil. They can have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you."

things else. Though opposed to the independence of the colonies, he could not restrain his admiration for the spirit they manifested.

Wherever the principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom and the rights of man have been at stake, the all-animating voice of the orator has kept alive the sacred flame. In the witenagemote of the earlier kings, in the parliament of the later kings, in the Massachusetts town-meeting and in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in the legislature of every state and in the congress of the United States, wherever in Anglo-Saxon countries the torch of liberty seemed to burn low, the breath of the orator has fanned it into flame. It fired the eloquence of Sheridan pleading against Warren Hastings, for the down-trodden natives of India in words that have not lost their magnetic charm. It aroused the enthusiasm of Samuel Adams and James Otis to such a pitch of eloquence that "every man who heard them went away ready to take up arms." It inspired Patrick Henry to hurl his defiant alternative of "liberty or death" in the face of unyielding despotism. It inspired that great-hearted patriot and orator, Henry Clay, in the first quarter of this century, to plead, single-handed and alone, in the congress of the United States, session after session, before the final victory was won, for the recognition of the provinces of South America in their struggle for independence. It loosed the tongue of Wendell Phillips to plead the cause of the enslaved African in words that burned into the hearts of his countrymen. It emboldened George William Curtis to assert the right to break the shackles of party politics, and follow the dictates of conscience.

So long as there are wrongs to be redressed, so long as the strong oppress the weak, so long as injustice sits in high places, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the

rights of man. He may not, at this stage of the republic, be called upon to sound a battle-cry to arms, but there are bloodless victories to be won, as essential to the stability of a great nation and the uplifting of its millions of people as the victories of the battle-field.

When the greatest of modern political philosophers, the author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that, if men were left free to declare the truth, the effect of its great positive forces would overcome the negative forces of error, he seems to have hit the central fact of civilization. Without freedom of thought and absolute freedom to speak out the truth as one sees it, there can be no advancement, no high civilization. To the orator who has heard the call of humanity, what nobler aspiration than to enlarge and extend the freedom we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon fathers, and to defend the hope of the world?

ITE, MISSA EST.

(On the death of President McKinley.)

By Henry Tudor.

The Mason's hands are folded; but the breach
Within thy walls, Columbia, gapes no more;
He healed thy wounds, though deep and old and sore;
His own he could not heal. Thus God doth teach
Once more, that we must sacrifice our best
Upon his altar. "Ite, missa est."

His work is finished; coupled once again
By his deft hands they race along the road
Of empire, North and South, in one through train
That bears the wealth of nations for its load.
The Switchman's task is ended; let him rest
On Earth's calm bosom. "Ite, missa est."

Thy will be done, oh God. Nearer to thee
That strong, true heart shall beat so loud and clear,
That peoples yet unborn shall pause to hear
Those throbbings which have made mankind more free.
His part is done, trust God to do the rest.
Hush, World, he sleepeth. "Ite, missa est."

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